THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D¹ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

APRIL 7, 1906
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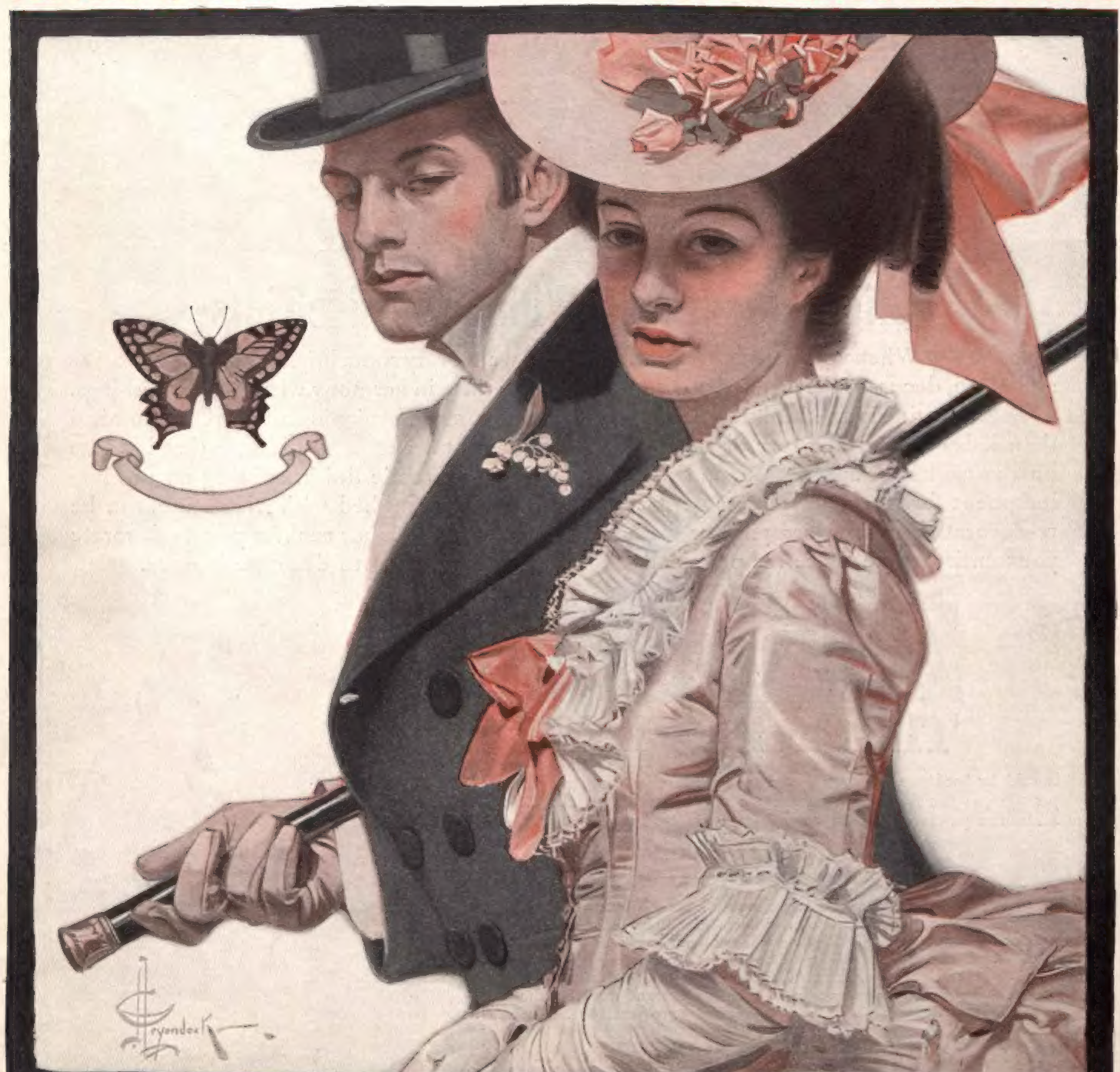
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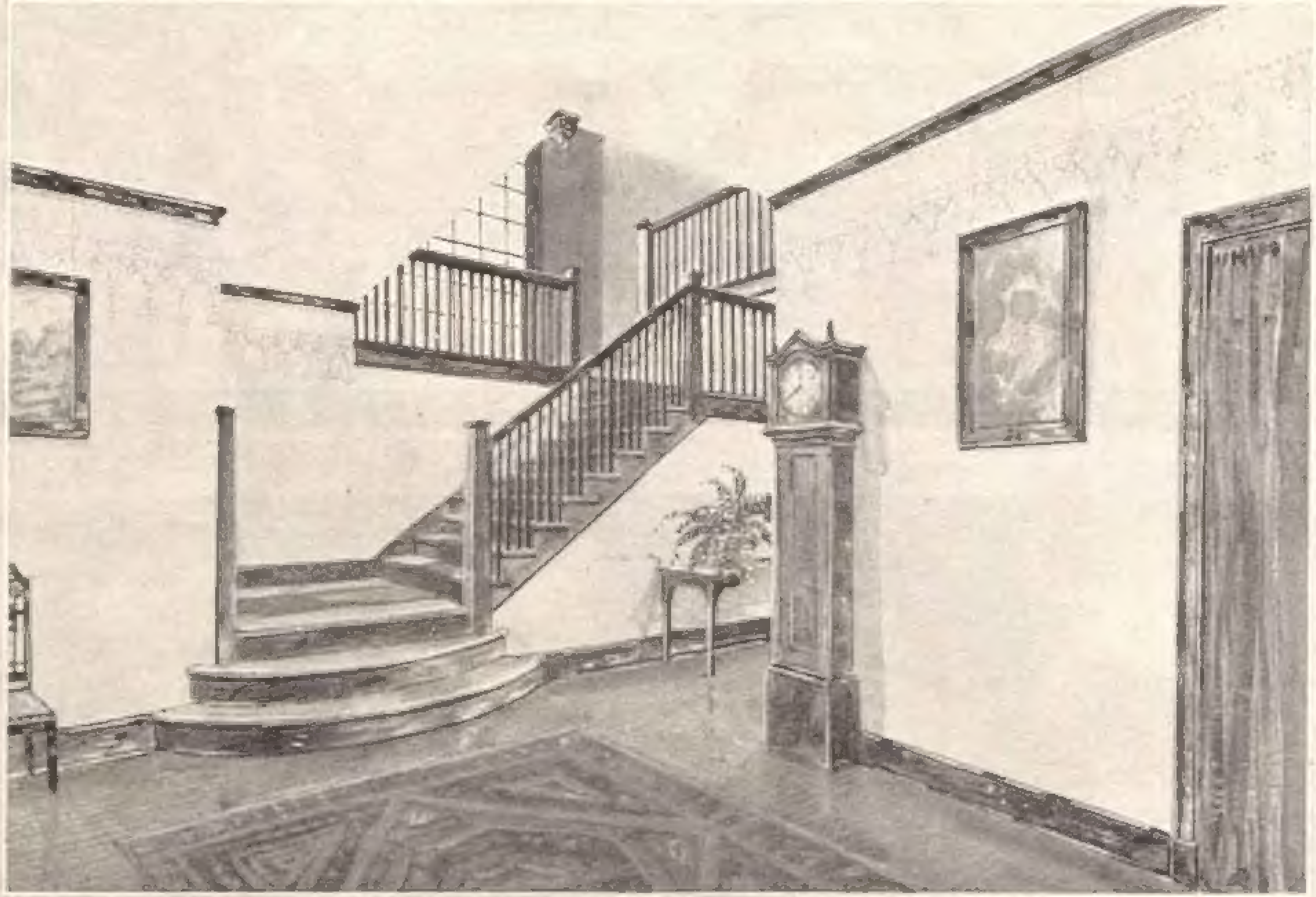

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"TILL RUSSIA SHALL BE FREE!"

BY ERNEST POOLE

(Spoken by Ivan Norodny)

ALREADY am I two weeks in America, and not yet do I speak fluently the English! It is hard to speak slow at such a time. But now I learn in the day and in the night; soon I speak in meetings to Americans; I must speak into their hearts; and they shall help—till Russia shall be free!

One year ago our party sent Catherine Breschkovsky to this country, and she told Americans that in a few weeks the Revolution would begin. Did she tell you true? The Russian fire rose—was beaten down by Cossacks—rose again! And now again it is beaten down, and all Russia lies very quiet. But now I am sent by Breschkovsky's party to tell you the fire still burns deep in many million souls. Very quiet. But now we make ready the most mighty rising of all!

. . . .

It has been long—this making ready.

The first Revolutionist I knew was my mother. She was quiet and so gentle; her only Revolution was to teach me Lutheran hymns and prayers; but this was treason against her Czar. For this she might be put in the prison many years. So she taught me secretly in our big log house in Esthonia.

That was a beautiful valley—up near the Baltic Sea. We were happy. We had five wide, low rooms for us and our men. Very good and warm, even when the snow came up in piles to the roof. All our neighbors were thrifty farmers; they had their own peasant school and there every child was forced to go. In the morning I went to the gray log schoolhouse under the very old white tree with the big, crooked branches. In the afternoon I helped my father's men at the plows or I fished in the crooked river or I hunted in the forest—the great cool forest of pines and white birches.

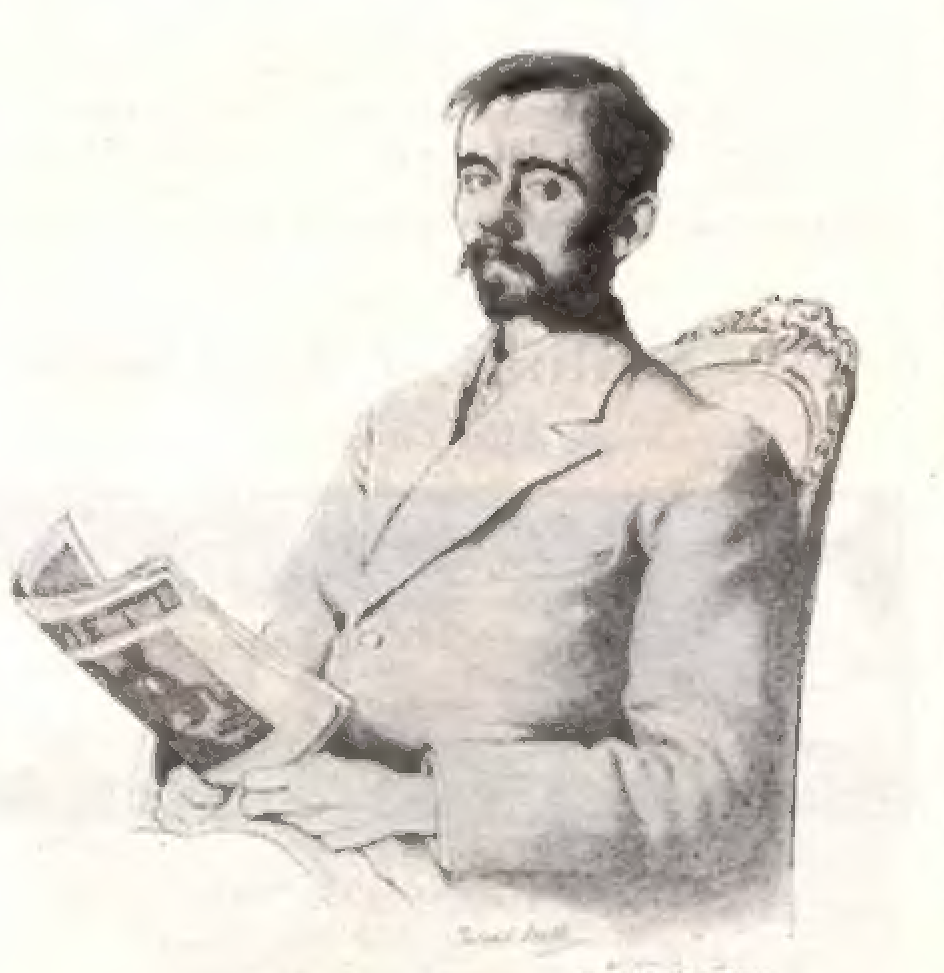
We Esthonians were in the Finnish race. Many hundred years ago we had with the Finnish people a splendid free Republic. Then we were held by the Germans, and for centuries German barons have owned the big estates in our valleys; their language has been spoken in the churches, in town schools and in the business places. But we farmers still held the old Esthonian language, which is very like to the Finnish and all different from the Russian; in our little peasant schools this language was still taught.

Then one hundred years ago came the rule of the Czar. The Russians wished to break the German power, so they told us to have our Esthonian language everywhere free. This was splendid! This made the German barons angry, but they could not help, and our language swiftly spread.

But twenty years ago the Russians tried to place on our souls their religion. And this was bad. It told us that the God in the Heaven was exactly like to the Czar on the earth. All the prayers and the hymns and the rules were in Russian, which we could not understand. There was a big, stiff rule, in Russian, for every smallest thing in Heaven or on earth, and the priest must be there to interpret the rule—and be paid; or to punish the breaking of the rule—and be paid! We thought this was a bad way to worship God.

So my mother taught me. She was from Russia. She was so quiet. Only sometimes, sitting sewing with big wooden needles by the stove, she spoke of her old home near the River Volga; her face grew hard, often she broke her needles, and she spoke fast but not loud—terrible things! Pictures burned in my eyes! Cossacks leaning from horses and lashing—black prison rooms—deep, wet holes in Siberian mines! . . . And then again she was quiet—sewing. Soon she would sing very low a Lutheran hymn. She loved this religion because it was more free, like Esthonia, which was happy because the Cossacks had not yet come; she laughed and she said she was glad because her children could be here! . . . But again she would think of Russia, and then the big shadow came in her eyes. My mother was so quiet.

The pictures made me think.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH STELLA

I was now sixteen, I had finished the school, and while I plowed in the fields I thought slow and hard. I wished to find out for myself the truth about this new Russian Heaven, this Czar and the whole world, too. I began to read German books. Soon I found nine older boys who wished the same thing, and we formed a club which met in the night in a wide cave under a big black tree in the forest. Here we discussed the things that we read. I laugh now when I think of those talks—so eager! We read Kant's Critique of Pure Reason all in seven weeks; we discussed it fiercely. It was for us too deep down! We must learn to think better! So then many other great thinkers we read. We wished to find out all the wisdom in the world, and then to stop all the stupidity of these Russian Cossacks and priests and judges—and this Czar. Our wish was big enough!

When my mother knew this she was only more quiet; but watching her I could see the shadow come more dark in her eyes.

One night two gendarmes broke into our log house and seized me by the arms. Even then she said nothing, but I shall not forget her eyes—as she stood up stiff and silent, staring at the Russian police.

They took me to the jail, and there I found three of my young comrades. They gave us a great solemn talk about our dangerous conspiracy against the God and the Czar, they warned us never to hold the meetings again, and at last they let us go free.

In 1895 I went to the University in our Livonian city, Dorpat. I was very strong and healthy because of the plow; I worked hard in my studies in the day, and in the night I earned my living by writing. At nineteen I was editor of a little Esthonian paper, and in this I was helped by three of my University comrades. We had splendid talks in my room, which was very narrow, crowded with a big blue printing press and the type and the ink, and piles of paper and as many books as I could buy—and also a bed.

We liked best the writings that came in the French and American Revolutions. One of my friends, always gay, loved to speak very loud the Declaration of Independence: "All men are born equal and free!" Another tall, thin student never spoke much, and never did he laugh, but always he read about Danton, Marat, and the Paris street barricades to find exactly how they were built. His sister had been outraged by Cossacks.

I made a club of fifteen. We met in a little old house of the big brown logs, which stood in a desolate place about five miles out of the town, half-way up a slope which led to the mountain. Here we came very quiet—one by one—every Sunday night; and we sat between two candles. Almost always we talked till the day came in through the old broken window-shutter. So secret and careful were we, the police never found us; twice they suspected and once they even came out toward this house; but our sentinel saw them—black spots moving over the gray, misty prairie; he gave the long cry of a wolf; at once the candles were down and we had fled far up the mountain.

We saw that to make Esthonia free we must help to free all Russia. We studied the story of that country—so big, so unhappy; we read the speeches and writings of the men and women so brave—like Madame Breschkovsky, who in the early seventies sacrificed wealth, noble titles and lives to begin the long struggle—till Russia shall be free! We read in low voices. How in order to rouse the peasants they went as peasants themselves; putting acid on the face to make rough the skin, wearing coarse peasant clothes and big, stiff, bark shoes, walking from hut to hut, from hamlet to hamlet—each one alone, over the prairies. Then the arrests, the starvation and filth of the prisons, insults to the women by brutal police, the icy road to Siberia, the black death-places to which it leads; the Kara mines—all these pictures we saw! At the same time in our readings we saw the beauties in France and America—the big beauties Freedom can give!

We became a branch of The Will of the People Party. At that time it was secretly reaching to every little province, sending propaganda from its presses in Switzerland all through Russia—passing it on from hand to hand, in the day and in the night, by the "underground mail." We were told how already fifty thousand men and women were working to organize workmen and peasants. And we were glad! Often in our meetings the daylight came too soon!

But to our youthful souls this method felt too slow. We hoped that freedom might more soon be reached if the Czar and his Grand Dukes and Ministers could be killed—all in one night. We decided to do this ourselves. So the lots were drawn! . . . I was to kill the Czar.

We were very careful in our plans. It might take years till all was ready. So we began at once. The man who was chosen to kill the Army Minister became an under-officer in the army, and so in all our other departments.

Our club broke up, never to meet again. Of the fifteen that sat between the two candles on that last night eight years ago, two have since died by starving in the prisons, and the others are scattered each where there is need—working—very quiet.

At that time I had saved a little money and I had bought near Dorpat a farm on the edge of a beautiful very fast stream, with the old black mill to grind the corn. There I now left my young wife whom I had married in the University. I must leave her there with my splendid little baby, because it was the only way, till Russia shall be free.

I made for myself a new name which sounded very respectable, and with this name I went to Petersburg. There I worked hard writing articles. I met hundreds of young men and women who wished to give to the struggle all the life they had. Every night we made secret meetings in the tenements, where workingmen stood tight-crowded in small low rooms and listened without the breathing—so eager! These men had been dull peasants till the modern factories coming from Europe into Russia had gathered them into the cities; the factories had brought them together and made them talk and think and plan. So we started the movement which led to the big political strike last fall.

Now I approached one by one the Czar's own guard, sentinels in the Winter Palace. It was the slow work. Sometimes I would meet one guard again and again for weeks before I was sure of him, but at last I would tell him how the struggle must soon begin, and ask him if in the splendid hour I could depend on his help. I soon found eight of the men in the palace who swore they would help me with all their lives.

But the months went by and I heard many other plans to get freedom—plans more big and more sure than my own. And when my eight guards told me it was not possible to come near Nicholas in his palace, I gave up thinking about him.

But before I leave this first plan I must say this to Americans: You look with horror on such a scheme because you live in a country that is free. But consider this. The Czar Nicholas has now been exposed to the world as he is—stupid, obstinate and arrogant—a very little man. And yet he has the life and death power over a hundred and thirty million men and women and children! This power he used last year: he made the murder of three hundred thousand Russians in a war which none of us wished. If Nicholas had been killed six years ago—might not the three hundred thousand have been saved? That was our whole plan—to make freedom by the deaths of ourselves and the Czar and his leaders, instead of by the many thousand deaths which must come in Revolution.

But this plan I gave up. Again I made for myself a new name. Still talking to the workingmen in towns and cities, we were fast rousing them to organize in bands of fives and tens. The "underground railroad" was now systematized until its secret carriers reached to a million readers. All over Russia revolutionist presses were hidden in tenement rooms and even in secret chambers in the great houses of rich, respectable merchants and nobles.

We who directed all made our plans more coherent; we began to divide up the work. My friends said that I was ill, and I was sent down into my old valleys. There I was happy again with my wife and my splendid baby. It was a beautiful home she had made and I often was able to stay there a whole week in one time.

I walked for hundreds of miles through the valleys and mountains, organizing "temperance societies." And in truth they were "temperance," for those young men and women gave us all, and had nothing to spare for dissipations. I organized two hundred of these societies, in meetings at night in the forests and up on the mountains. I walked in the day and the night from meeting to meeting for months and months.

But then I had bad luck. One night I stayed in my home. My baby was now three years old, and another baby was born. From my work I was tired, but very glad.

But suddenly a neighbor burst in and told me that my friends had been taken in Petersburg; the police were even now coming out to my farm! So I went away in the night.

I took a fourth-class ticket and traveled to Poland. I made for myself a new name. I had no kopecks (halfpennies) left, but a Polish Revolutionist gave me twenty roubles ($10).

How to cross the German frontier? It was not possible for me to get a passport, and in the country of the Czar no subject can leave without permission. All Russia is a prison. But the jailers can easily be bribed.

The frontier was thirty miles away. The line was a little canal. Every half-mile was a sentry box, and between boxes were two infantry sentinels and one mounted Cossack patrolling always.

But in the Polish town was a man who made a business to help Russians to go over the frontier. I gave him ten of my roubles. We left the town at night and we walked till daylight through the forests and over the snowy prairie. All that day we lay in a peasant's mud hut, and at night we went on. Just before the day we came to the canal—the dark curving line in the white of the prairie. It was a starlit night and you could see the sentries—black spots moving. We came creeping up and then lay still in a hollow. A sentry walked slowly by. Then another—and this one whistled a little song. At once my guide whistled the same song. We sprang up and ran to the canal. The sentry sat down to tie his shoe. The canal was but a few feet wide—and hard ice. I was out of Russia!

But an hour later in the darkness a German patrolman met me. No bribery here. He thought I might be a smuggler; he searched me, and found in my overcoat pocket a piece of dried meat by which I had lived for the last two days. In that month the neighborhood was frightened by cases of cholera from Russia, so he took me to a police-chief in a town. I was thinking very fast—afraid I should be sent back to the Russian frontier; but by good luck the chief was a kind sort of man. He only took my meat and let me go. I still had five roubles.

I went to Berlin to the house of a Russian friend. There all was good for two weeks, but then I could not wait longer to hear of my wife and my babies. All the night I was thinking. Had the police done them harm?

I wrote to my brother and asked him to write to me. I gave him not my own address but the address of another friend in Berlin, because I feared that the Russian mail-censors would open my letter and find my address and send to me their secret police. In Germany the Emperor's gendarmes always help the police of the Czar. So it happened. The secret officer came to my other friend's house, and with him was a German gendarme. My friend by bad luck was not at home; his wife was there alone. The Russian officer showed a revolver to her very close and said he would kill her if she did not tell him my address. The poor woman thought he would really do this, so she told. The same night they came to the room where I slept and took me to the prison.

I never had a trial. I was taken from one jail to another until at last I was thrown into the very old fortress in Petersburg.

In this dark castle hundreds have slowly died.

I was left in a cold cell six feet square, with one very narrow window high up. An iron shelf with two gray blankets was folded to the wall in the day and I put it down as a bed in the night. There I was for five months. I was always thinking. I also talked with my friends. And this is how I talked:

Two Sundays a month we were allowed to go to the prison chapel. In this dark place one morning a little lump of bread struck me on the face and fell at my feet. I picked it up; in my cell I opened it and found a little piece of paper—a code of signals. And then at once, by tapping on the steam-pipe, I could talk with the men in the cells on each side and below and above me.

The man in the dungeon below had been there thirteen years. His crime was that he wished to worship God free. So he lay buried in this dungeon all the best time of his life, and now he was very old and sick and almost ready to die. How glad he was to hear of our struggle! He had been always thinking in that place, and now he was very eager that, though he must die, those who still could live should have all the country free. I have never seen his face, and never will I see it. But that old man was splendid! . . . Six years ago. . . . I wonder if still he lives.

In the cell next to the monk was a murderer. A peasant. Thirty-two years before he had robbed another peasant and killed him and thrown his body in a swamp. This man had been caught and started off on the road to Siberia. He traveled with thousands of other murderers, thieves and women of ill-fame; but sprinkled among these leper people he had found "politicals"—men and women of refinement. He had met Madame Breschkovsky when that young daughter of a nobleman was beginning her twenty years as a hard-labor convict in the mines of Kara. These men and women spoke into this peasant's heart the fire of the Revolution and made him ashamed of the deed he had done. But, because he was by nature fierce like a wolf, this man had continued robbing—with this change, that now he robbed only the Russian police. Five times he escaped from prison and roamed about in the rough Siberian hamlets, robbing the Russian officials. This money he had always given to help the Russian Revolutionists escape—till at last he was caught and brought back to Petersburg. He had lain in his cell many years and now he was very weak. It was very dark in his soul. And yet he too was eager—so eager! But sometimes for many days he was silent—no taps at all—till we thought he was dead.

In the cell above me was a glad young Russian student, the son of a noble, and he had a wonderful voice. He had meant to be a singer, but he found more big beauty in the struggle for freedom than in singing, and so he joined the movement—till Russia shall be free. He was arrested for carrying secret books. He had been doomed to spend in this cell the rest of his life. But he was always joking. He had a tap which he said was a laugh.

"I am laughing because you fellows can never hear my voice, which is splendid!" he would signal.

And at this the old professor in the next cell would tap a big, long curse.

"Oh, light-headed young idiot!" he would signal. "Stop your voice and leave me alone. I wish to study!"

This professor never laughed and could not possibly see any joke, because in the night and the day he studied the deepest theories and methods of Revolution. He knew them all for a thousand years back, in order that in ten years more when he was set free he might be ready to show us the most scientific Revolution method picked from them all, something so tight-bound by laws of science, mathematics and history that it could not possibly fail. "Stop your noise!" he signaled.

So I had a very interesting time. The only bad part was that I always grew more sick. At last the prison doctor, who was almost kind, said I must be put in a new prison where there was some light and air. So I left them.

I wonder if they are all still tapping. I wonder if the old professor knows how soon now his studies will be stopped!

I went to another prison and made another club by tapping, and there I stayed four years. And this was bad. About two years ago I was freed.

My two babies—now they were splendid!

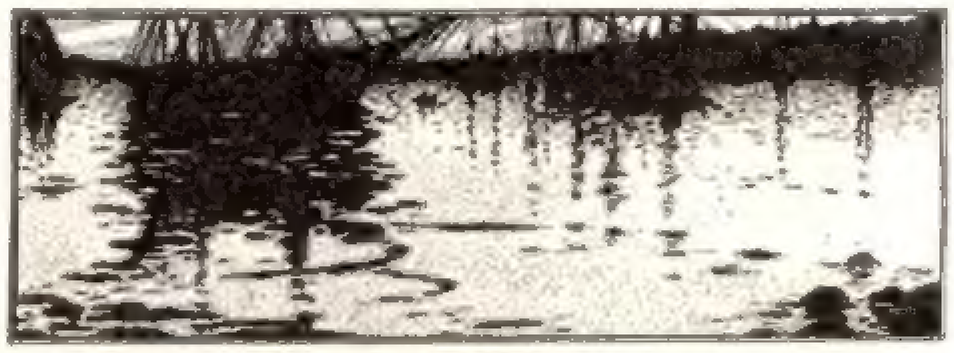
Then I went on with my work. I made for myself a new name. It was a happy thing to meet so many of my old comrades, although many had gone to prison or in Siberia had died. Our cause was spreading from one end of Russia to the other!

My temperance societies had increased so fast! Now there were over five thousand young men and women, and even the older men were coming in. Everywhere I went—in huts, out by the plows in the fields, and in secret torchlit meetings in the forest—everywhere was deep impatience to begin. But always I said:

(Continued on Page 26)

The Sailing of the Fleets

By Bliss Carman



Now the spring is in the town,
  Now the wind is in the tree,
And the wintered keels go down
  To the calling of the sea.

Out from mooring, dock and slip,
  Through the harbor buoys they glide,
Drawing seaward till they dip
  To the swirling of the tide.

One by one and two by two
  Down the channel turns they go,
Steering for the open blue
  Where the salty great airs blow;

Craft of many a build and trim,
  Every stitch of sail unfurled,
Till they hang upon the rim
  Of the azure ocean-world.

Who has ever, man or boy,
  Seen the sea all flecked with gold,
And not longed to go with joy
  Forth upon adventures old?

Who could bear to stay indoor,
  Now the wind is in the street,
For the creaking of the oar
  And the tugging of the sheet?

Now the spring is in the town,
  Who would not a rover be,
When the wintered keels go down
  To the calling of the sea?

LEASED HAPPINESS

Emlen McConnell

DRAWN BY EMLEN MC CONNELL

A Story of Hard Cash and Soft Hearts

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER

THERE could hardly have been a worse time for Billy Lansing and Bessie Cole to break in upon Martin Cole with the great news. Things had gone very much wrong with Martin. He had just received unpleasant news from Bullen, his real-estate man, by telephone, and Bullen was then on his way to the office for a further discussion of the problem. Martin did not like to be robbed in a real-estate deal, and he thought a real-estate man ought to know how to prevent it. He had said so over the telephone. At the same time, his judgment told him that robbery—what he considered robbery—was possible in spite of all that he could do.

It was at this unfortunate moment that Billy and Bessie burst in upon him.

"Well, Daddy, it's done!" cried Bessie joyously, as she ran over to his desk and kissed him.

This impulsive and loving greeting lightened the frown on his face, but did not drive it wholly away. A smile that fought for lodgment finally retired discomfited.

"Yes, Daddy, it's done," said Billy jovially.

The frown deepened again, and Martin glared at Billy with as much severity as was possible while his daughter's arms were encircling his neck.

"What do you mean, sir," he demanded, "by speaking to me in that familiar and flippant way?"

"Flippant!" repeated Billy. "Why, I only wanted to break it to you gently."

"Break what gently?"

"That you are."

"That I am what?"

"Daddy."

Martin disengaged himself from his daughter's arms.

"Perhaps you know what he's talking about, Bessie," he remarked irritably.

"Of course," returned Bessie merrily. "Can't you guess?"

"No, I can't guess, and I don't want to guess. I'm in no humor for conundrums to-day."

"Awfully stupid of you, Daddy," commented Bessie disappointedly. "Anybody ought to know what it means when a young man comes in with your daughter and gives you filial greeting. We're married."

Martin Cole seemed unable to comprehend. Perhaps it was because he experienced some difficulty in withdrawing his mind entirely from the subject of the telephone message he had just received.

"You don't mean that, Bessie," he said.

"Yes, I do," she returned.

"You see," explained Billy cheerfully, "it's a sort of modified prodigal-son act, and we've come for the fatted calf."

"You don't get it!" exploded Martin, finally comprehending the reality of this new blow of fate. "You've stolen your wife, and now you can look out for her yourself."

"He didn't steal me!" protested Bessie indignantly.

"As for you," said Martin, turning on her angrily, "you've chosen, and you'll have to make the best of it. Don't expect forgiveness from me!"

"Why—why, that isn't right, is it, Bessie?" expostulated the astonished Billy.

"No, that isn't right," agreed Bessie, divided between indignation and tears.

"I never heard of anybody acting that way," argued the dazed Billy. "When it's all over and done and can't be helped, there ought to be a blessing. It's fair enough to object when objecting will do any good, but it's silly to object when it won't. That's the way Bessie and I figured it. Didn't we, Bessie?"

"Of course we did," said Bessie.

This view of the situation was so amazing that Martin momentarily forgot his anger and was lured into asking: "What did you expect?"

"Why, parents always forgive when it's too late to do anything else," explained Bessie. "Anybody who reads knows that. All we had to do was to make it too late for anything else."

"And we did," added Billy.

The apparent sincerity of the two overwhelmed Martin; he sank back in his chair weakly.

"You had it all figured out?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Bessie, now hopeful again.

"Just like a play?"

"Why—why—yes, I suppose so."

"And you had my part all arranged?"

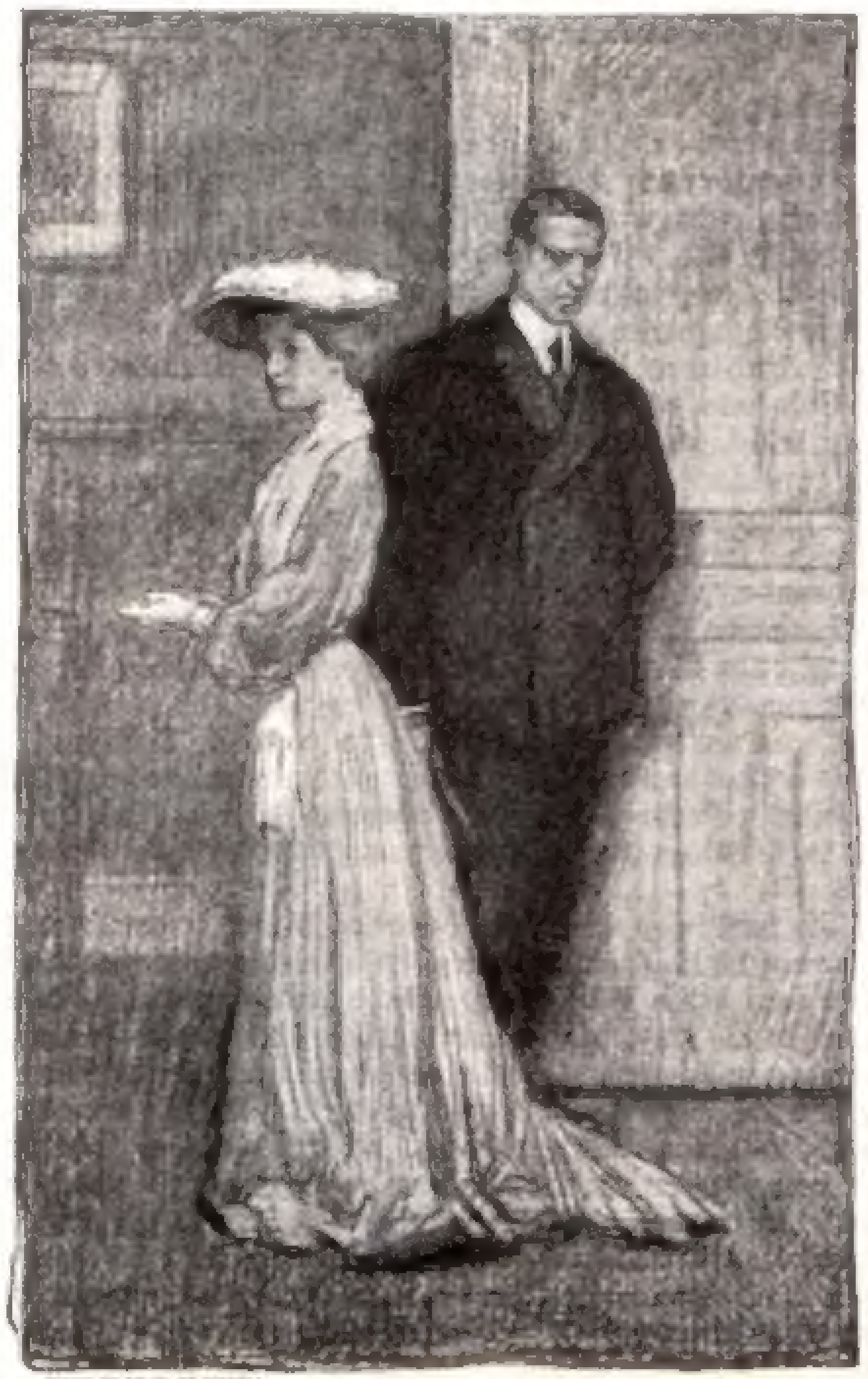
"Y-y-yes," falteringly.

A smile finally found lodgment on Martin's face, but it was rather a grim smile.

"What was I to do?" he asked.

"Well, of course you were to be a little bit annoyed."

"I must have overdone that part of it."



DRAWN BY EMLEN MC CONNELL

The Girl Lingering as if She Expected to be Called Back

"You did; but no matter." Bessie was gaining confidence. "Then," she went on, "you would become sensible——"

"Yes," broke in Billy, "you would look at it properly, and my little shop would be consolidated with your big shop, and it would be all in the family and everything would be lovely. We couldn't see it any other way."

"Oh, you couldn't!" Martin straightened up in his chair suddenly, and the smile gave place to a black frown. "Well, I can—and I can see your motive now, young man! Your father and I fought for years, and I beat him: I put him where his little business was no serious menace to me, and you've been making that business a little less valuable every minute since your father's death. Now you've chosen to make a business convenience of my daughter, and she's been fool enough to let you do it!"

"Why, Daddy!" cried Bessie.

"Keep still!" ordered Martin sharply. "I never had much use for the Lansings, but I thought this one," indicating Billy, "was at least harmless. His father was a fighter; *he* wouldn't dodge behind a woman's petticoats in a business deal. I didn't like him, but I give him credit for being incapable of that kind of a trick. I wouldn't take the shop as a gift now, and I certainly won't be tricked into a consolidation by an unscrupulous nonentity who tries to work out his salvation through a foolish girl!"

"Why—why—why——" stammered Billy, aghast.

"Never mind the rest of it," broke in Martin. "There's just one thing to be settled here." He turned to his daughter again. "You can go home and be my daughter, or you can go with this man and be his wife—you can't be both."

"Oh, Daddy!" She held out her hands beseechingly.

"It's your choice," he said uncompromisingly.

"It's all a lie," began Billy, recovering something of his self-possession; "I never——"

"It's your choice," repeated Martin, his eyes on his daughter.

"I must go with my husband, of course," she said, her voice trembling and the tears coming to her eyes; "but, Daddy——"

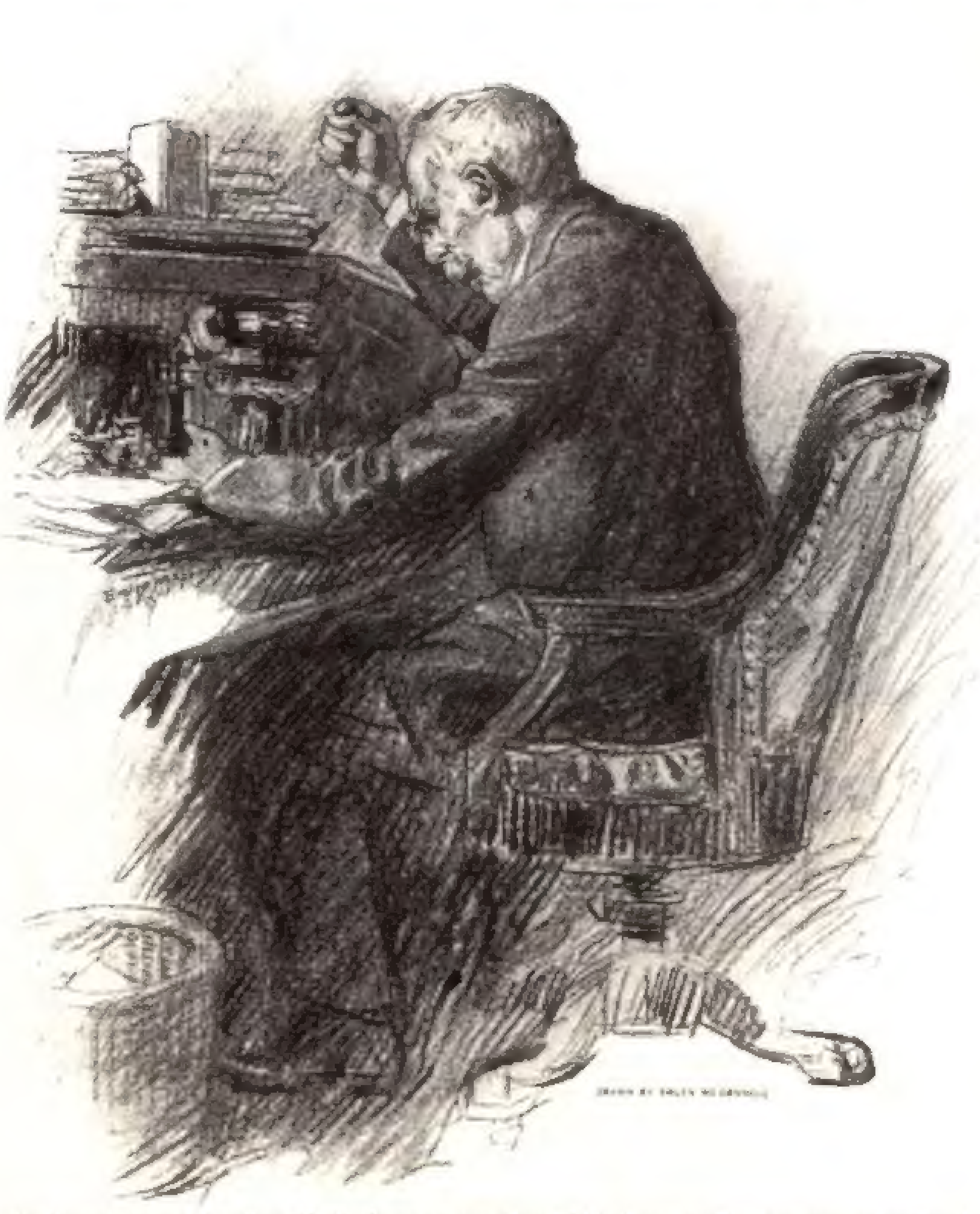
"There is nothing more to be said," Martin interrupted in even tones, although behind the frowning face there was a great longing and a great pain.

"Never mind, dearest," consoled Billy; "we can be happy together."

"Happy!" broke out Martin. "You haven't bought happiness; you've only leased it, and it's a short-term lease. Every young couple that gets a sort of thirty-day option on happiness thinks there is something permanent about it. But it's your choice."

He picked up some papers from his desk, and the two went slowly out, the girl lingering as if she expected to be called back.

Martin put aside the papers the moment they were gone and stared unseeingly at a window. It was a great blow to him. Everything seemed to be conspiring against him of late; but he was no weak fool to be overwhelmed, and the iron will that had always conquered must uphold him now. That the son of the man he had fought for years should try to circumvent him through his daughter was intolerable; that she should permit herself so to be used made it worse. There was a little tremor of weakness once, but indignation and pride overcame it.



He Smashed an Inkwell in His Excitement, but that Didn't Seem to Do Any Particular Good

Bullen, the real-estate man, found him in an ugly mood. Bullen had expected that the news sent over the telephone would disturb him, but he had not expected to find him quite as irascible.

"Delafield refuses to sell on any terms that you would consider," explained Bullen, "and he demands $10,000 a year additional rental for the land."

"Let him go to the devil!" exclaimed Martin. "I won't pay it."

"I tried to bluff him that way, Mr. Cole," said Bullen, "but it didn't seem to worry him at all. He knows he has you in a tight place."

Martin Cole was trying to light a cigar, but his humor was so vicious that he bit clear through it, got his mouth full of tobacco, and finally had to throw the cigar away.

"Old Ramsey," he sputtered, referring to the man who had founded the business that he now controlled, "was an inspired idiot. No man of sense would have tried to establish such a plant as this on leased ground."

"It does seem rather foolish now," admitted Bullen; "but we must remember that he started in a mighty small way, and when he wanted to broaden out the title to the land he needed was in litigation. The best he could get was a lease, under order of court, all parties agreeing, and he thought he had things fixed for a satisfactory deal when the question of ownership was settled; but it was a long time in the courts, and Delafield, who finally got it, is merely the heir of one of the original parties to the litigation. He had to accept the court lease, now expiring, but that's all. And there you are!"

"He's a fool!" declared Cole.

"That depends on the point of view," said Bullen.

"He's a fool!" repeated Cole. "This land is good only for manufacturing purposes, and there isn't another concern that wants it for that at the present time—there isn't another that could use it all, and there isn't another that would touch it on a lease. He'll have it idle on his hands unless I take it."

"He thinks you'll have to take it," suggested Bullen. "There are your buildings, you know."

"I'll tear them down!" blustered Cole. "I'll get a new location and build a new plant! You tell him I'll buy at any reasonable figure, or I'll take a long-term lease at the old figure—or I'll move. You tell him that."

"I have told him that!"

"Tell him again! I won't be robbed! I've got him in a tighter place than he's got me. He'll see it, Bullen; he'll come to time! He has head enough to know that an infernal hog stands to lose everything but his appetite."

"He maintains that the property has increased in value," explained Bullen.

"Of course it has!" stormed Cole; "but it's my business that has made it increase, and the value will go with me—if I go. Delafield's a fool and Ramsey was a fool, and I've got the Ramsey problem with the control of the property; but I won't let anybody hold me up!" He paused, and an idea that occurred to him forced a smile to his face. "Bullen," he said, in a calmer tone, "you pick out a nice available piece of property somewhere, and get an item in the papers—you know how to do it—to the effect that I am negotiating for it as a new site for the plant. That will bring Delafield to time mighty quick."

"It ought to help," admitted Bullen.

"It will do the business," asserted Cole emphatically. "It will give him a vision of vacant land that will change his tune, and then you can throw it into him, Bullen; tell him I've about settled on a new location and got my plans made—this trouble has sickened me of leased land, and all that sort of thing—have to replace some of the old buildings anyhow, so might as well make a complete change. Work it right, Bullen, and you can force a sale at our own figure. We haven't made our bluff strong enough before, that's all."

"It might be worked," said Bullen cautiously.

"It's got to be worked!" declared Cole. "I'll soon get some one who will work it if you can't, Bullen. I've got to get even with somebody for the way I've been treated!"

Bullen promised to arrange the matter with the utmost care, in order that a really convincing item might be published in two or three papers simultaneously—an item that would seem to be based on solid fact and not mere rumor—and Martin Cole felt much better. Still, that temporarily settled, his mind soon reverted to Bessie and Billy, and it resulted that he continued to be a disagreeable man to see on any matter of business that day and the next. He seemed to be angry about something, but it is possible that he was merely hurt, for occasionally his face took on a wistful look that had nothing of anger in it. This was only when he was alone, however; at other times he was arbitrary, cross and generally irritable.

The plan evolved certainly looked promising. It would be no difficult thing for a real-estate man to give out an item of "news" that would answer their purpose, and it was only necessary to convince Delafield that his land was not the necessity he considered it.

But it happened that Delafield was capable of a little scheming himself. It occurred to him, as it had occurred to Cole, that the thing to do was to make his "bluff" stronger and more convincing.

"He thinks," mused Delafield, "that he represents my only chance to get anything out of the property. Now, if I could get some one else to dicker for it he would fall over himself to close the deal on any old terms I want to make. I don't see any one else scrambling for it, but there's no reason why I can't make him think there's another in the field. All I've got to do is to work the right kind of an item into the papers."

This was a simple proposition. He devised a story of a new manufacturing concern that had been quietly organized and was working with some secrecy to secure a favorable site. The fact that the promoters naturally wished to keep in the background until plans were matured and arrangements perfected enabled him to avoid details that might be easily investigated, but the circumstances of the Cole lease were explained, to show that this site was on the market, and the statement was made that this location was considered particularly desirable for the purpose.

"I guess that will fetch him!" chuckled Delafield, as he arranged for the item to leak out through the office of his own real-estate man.

These two items, published the same day, ought to have brought the disagreeing parties together half-way between their respective offices, each rushing to see the other; but that was not what happened. Indeed, the first man to get in action as a result of these strategical moves was Billy Lansing. Perhaps that was because Billy had his breakfast earlier than the others and consequently read his paper first.

Billy had been so much disturbed by his interview with Cole that he had really done a little thinking, and that was not usual with Billy. He was a bright enough young fellow in his way, but he had neither the executive ability nor the experience to manage even a small plant. He was capable of earnest work, and he had ideas, but executive ability is quite another thing. He was a nice boy who never had taken life very seriously, there seeming to be no particular reason why he should; but it now occurred to him that Cole was quite right in what he had said about a dwindling business: the business was doing just the reverse of expanding. This had not worried him particularly, because he had an income sufficient for his needs, but after acquiring a wife a man usually looks at the world somewhat differently. The business was not on the limited express for perdition, but it was certainly headed the wrong way.

"Daddy," said Billy at breakfast, "was real ugly."

"Poor old Daddy!" returned Bessie. "He was badly broken up over it!"

"Was he?" asked Billy. "I thought we got the breaking up."

"Oh, no!" replied Bessie confidently. "He was hurt."

'I didn't recognize the symptoms," said Billy. "I thought he wanted to hurt somebody else."

"You don't know Daddy," asserted Bessie.

"No," admitted Billy, "I don't. I thought I did, but I don't. He didn't play the game right at all. I'll leave it to any story-writer or any dramatist if he did. Why, the way I tried to break it to him gently was an inspiration; he ought to have appreciated that, and he never even smiled. He spoiled my best point, too."

"How was that?"

"Why, I thought he'd surely ask: 'Who said you could marry my daughter?' and I was all ready for him with: 'She did.' He couldn't have passed that without a smile, but he never gave me a chance. Then it hurt, Bessie, to have him accuse me of marrying you with a business motive."

"Oh, he didn't really mean that!" she assured him.

"I don't believe he did," returned Billy thoughtfully. "He ought to know me better than that."

"I'm sure he does," she said.

"It's giving me credit for more business ability than I possess."

"Billy!"

"Oh, I don't mean that exactly," he hastened to explain. "I wouldn't do it if I could——"

"What? Marry me?"

"No, no, sweetheart. I did that, didn't I? But don't you see——"

"No, I don't see, and I don't think you're very nice to me."

"I'm trying to explain, dearest. You see, it was an insult——"

"Daddy wouldn't be insulting!"

"And it was also a compliment to my business forethought," he hastened to add.

"I don't see how you can consider such a despicable suggestion a compliment," she protested.

"I don't," he assured her.

"But you just said you did!"

"You don't understand," he urged, sadly worried. "The idea that I had the business head to make such a plan was a compliment, but the suggestion that I would do such a thing was an insult. Is that clear?"

"Not very," she answered slowly; "but if you'll tell me again that you really didn't, I'll be satisfied. Of course, I know you didn't, but I like the way you tell me."

So he went over to her and devoted fifteen minutes to telling her that he had married her because she was the sweetest girl in the world; and the only reason that the ceremony was limited to fifteen minutes was because the maid entered unexpectedly. Then he hurried back to his own place and picked up the morning paper.

"Daddy must be worried about something else," she remarked. "That's why he acted so."

"I should say he was!" he exclaimed, as his eye happened on the Delafield item. "Another concern is after the site of his plant, or else the owner is trying to hold him up."

"It's the owner," she said. "I heard him say something about increased rental."

"He'll have to pay it," said Billy thoughtfully. "His buildings are there, and it's an ideal location for his plant. There's a chance for a speculator in that item, if one of them happens to know how necessary the land really is. By George!" he added suddenly, almost overturning his coffee, "there's a chance for me!"

"You're not going to do anything to hurt Daddy?" she exclaimed anxiously.

"No, no," he told her, as he quickly finished his coffee. "I'm only going to convince Daddy that he ought to continue to be Daddy and keep everything in the family. If I don't, somebody else is likely to get him. Lots of sharp men will see that item."

He gave her a kiss—several of them, in fact—and hurried away.

On such trifles do events depend that Billy's haste had a direct bearing on the outcome in this case. If he had delayed to finish the paper he probably would have seen the other item, and that might have discouraged him. He would hardly have backed his personal judgment against the direct statement that Cole was figuring on a new location. As it was, that item escaped him, and he thought only of getting ahead of any speculators who might see an opportunity in the situation and of the mysterious new company—if there really was such a company. However, the item that Billy overlooked caught the eye of Delafield, which was much more to the point. Delafield was disposed to see a "bluff" in it at first, but a second reading showed it to be very circumstantial and convincing. He also knew it to be a fact that Cole was so deeply incensed that he might make a considerable financial sacrifice for the personal satisfaction of getting even. Finally, it might be worth something to the company to get away from leased ground. All in all, Delafield regretted that he had been so grasping and arbitrary. That Cole should go to the expense of building a complete new plant did not seem probable, in spite of his threats, but it was possible.

Cole, meanwhile, reasoned similarly in the matter of the other item: it might be a "bluff," but this was no time to take chances. If another company was after his site he could not make sure of his own position any too soon. He made it a point to get into communication with Bullen promptly, and Bullen promised to see Delafield at once. Delafield was at that moment planning to see Bullen, and Billy was wondering why the cable cars were so slow.

Being the first in the field, Billy was naturally the first to get into action. He found Delafield before the latter had seen or heard from any one else.

"I understand the site of the Cole plant is on the market," said Billy, and Delafield was instantly interested. Here might be a chance to "save his face" and turn the trick on Cole.

"It is," said Delafield.

"Then you haven't closed with any one?"

"Not yet," replied Delafield. "Do you want it?"

"That depends," replied Billy cautiously. The promptness of the offer satisfied him that the mention of a new company had been a "bluff." "I'm Lansing, of Lansing & Co., and we've been looking about a little for a convenient and larger site that could be had for a reasonable figure. How much do you want for this?"

"Lease or sale?" asked Delafield.

"Sale, of course," answered Billy. Had he known more of the Cole negotiations he probably would have been satisfied to go after a lease, but it was one of those cases where ignorance was blissful luck.

Delafield considered. A few days before the sale price of that land had been prohibitive, the idea being to force a renewal of the lease on high terms, but the situation had changed greatly. Cole seemed to be slipping away, and he certainly did not want to chase after him. Cole might be "bluffing," but there was the chance that he was not. If not, here was his opportunity; if so, the sale would give Cole a frightful jar, and the satisfaction of that was worth something.

"Cash?" asked Delafield.

"Half cash; half time," answered Billy.

Delafield named his price, and it was reasonable. Billy closed with him promptly.

Thirty minutes later Bullen called Delafield up on the telephone and told him he was coming over to see him about the Cole matter.

"Too late," was the careless reply. "The land is sold."

"Sold!" cried Bullen. "Who got it?"

"William T. Lansing."

This was promptly reported to Cole.

"Billy!" yelled Cole.

He smashed an inkwell in his excitement, but that didn't seem to do any particular good, so he finally gave the subject cool and sober consideration. Billy was trying to hold him up, he decided. Billy could not possibly use the site for his own plant unless he had succeeded in getting a lot of new capital into the business. That made him pause for a moment, but he dismissed it as preposterous. Billy had taken advantage of his knowledge of the situation to hold him up, and he knew that he would have to pay; the circumstances made the cost of a new location too great to be seriously considered. He called Billy up on the telephone, and this was the interesting conversation that ensued:

"What do you want for your bargain?"

"Well, Daddy, you come up to dinner——"

"Don't call me that!"

"All right. But come to dinner——"

"I don't want to come to dinner. This is business."

"Well, come to dinner just the same, and we'll talk it over."

"This is a strict business matter, I tell you!"

"I'll try not to forget it, but I can't give you any other time to-day. You come to dinner——"

"What hour?"

"Seven o'clock."

"I'll be there."

Cole softened a little after he had turned away from the telephone. It began to dawn on him that he was rather glad of the excuse to see Bessie in her own home. True, she had left the shelter of his roof only a short while before, but the circumstances had made it unusually trying and lonely for him. Bessie's mother was dead.

Billy met him at the door when he arrived that evening.

"Your wishes shall be respected," said Billy. "This is a business matter, and we shall not presume upon it. I have already cautioned Bessie." Then, as Bessie appeared: "This is Mr. Cole, my dear," he pursued. "We have a little business to talk over this evening, so I invited him to dinner. My wife, Mr. Cole."

"I am glad to meet any friend of my husband's," said Bessie cordially, as she gave him her hand.

Cole was too dazed to make any reply, and five minutes later they had him in the parlor talking about the weather. As they were going in to dinner he tried to explain to Billy that there was really no need of going quite so far, but Billy cheerfully assured him that it was no trouble at all, and this little fiction of a business friend was kept up until they went to the library after dinner. Bessie went with them.

(*Concluded on Page 24*)

The Uncommon Case of Mr. Wigges

Chronic Kyphosis on the High Seas

By Morley Roberts

THE steamship Wanderoo of London, bound for Calcutta with a general cargo, was ready for sea, and all she was waiting for was the tide, and her skipper, who had gone up to town to take a last farewell of his wife. The cargo was stowed, the hatches were on, and the mate and second mate were smoking at the gangway which looked down upon the wharf. Bob Kemp, the mate, was the "old man's" nephew, and was enlightening his subordinate on certain points of Captain Wigges' character.

"The poor old beggar thinks he's ill," said Kemp, "and he is really big and strong as a bull. But he lives on drugs and goes in for dieting himself, and his great idea is that he has some fatal disease that no one can find out. He spends a pile of money on doctors and abuses 'em all the time. I tell you he's a fair terror and should be in an asylum. Before I took finally to the sea I had a long spell when I reckoned I'd be a doctor myself, and all that time I never saw such a case. Oh, my uncle is a wonder!"

Tom Gamble pondered these facts.

"But is he easy to get on with?" he asked.

"Easy as oil if you don't ever tell him he's looking well," said Kemp. "If you do that he'll never forgive you. If you pine to be the white-headed boy with him you'll pull a face as long as a fiddle when he shows up on deck and let on he's looking horrid. Oh, that fetches him every time!"

Just as he finished the second mate's initiation they saw a lady come along the wharf as if she were looking for some particular vessel. Though the dusk was drawing on Bob Kemp had eyes which were as quick as they were bright and blue, and he gave a whistle.

"Why, there she is!" he exclaimed, and Gamble asked who "she" was.

"My aunt, to be sure," said Kemp, and he gave the lady a hail:

"Hullo, aunt! What has brought you down here? Where is uncle, and what is he up to?"

Mrs. Wigges shook her head and with his help climbed on board.

"Ah, Bob, you may well ask! He came home and stayed ten minutes, and then went away to see about a lot of medicines and doctor's books that he has been spendin' his money on. Oh, Bob dear, it fair breaks my heart to see good money go that way, and I made up my mind to come and see you to ask if you, that has been a medical stoodent and knows all about these things, couldn't do something this trip to break him of his habits that are thinnin' him awful and bringin' us all to the workhouse. But who's this young man?"

Her nephew introduced the second mate, and she poured all her woes into his ear at once. She told him how much medicine her husband took and what she thought of him and of chemists and of doctors, and then she wept. Gamble was very uneasy; and all he could say was:

"Keep your heart up, ma'am. Perhaps it ain't as bad as you think."

But Mrs. Wigges said that it was as bad as that and worse, and she sat down on a skylight and sobbed. She declared that she would never have married James if she had thought he would have so many obscure complaints, and she went on to reveal facts concerning James' behavior which showed terrible selfishness.

"I dare not be ill, Bob, for if I am you would think the world had come to an end, and if I dare to see a doctor when he is at home I never hear the last of it. Then he pulls out a big medical book and proves that I've nothing the matter with me and that I'm just sayin' I'm ill to annoy him and to show that I don't sympathize. Oh, I could tell you, Bob, and you too, young man, things about my husband that would make your hair stand on end!"

Perhaps it was as well at this juncture that the skipper's bass voice was heard from the wharf demanding assistance in getting some large cases on board. As it was now nearly dark, he did not see his wife till she spoke to him. Even then he took very little notice of her.

"Oh, it's you, Maria, is it?" he said gloomily. "I wish you hadn't come to agitate me so. Now then, there, be careful with them cases! They are very vallyble, and what I should do without 'em I don't know."

"What is in 'em, uncle?" asked his loving nephew.

"Charts and sailin' directions as to health," said the skipper, "and in that one what you may call means of salvin' one's self when one is a wreck like me. Mind now, it's mostly bottles and delicate packages and a high-class scales to measure out my grub with. I mean to get well this trip or bust. If I don't you will bury me at sea, I know that."

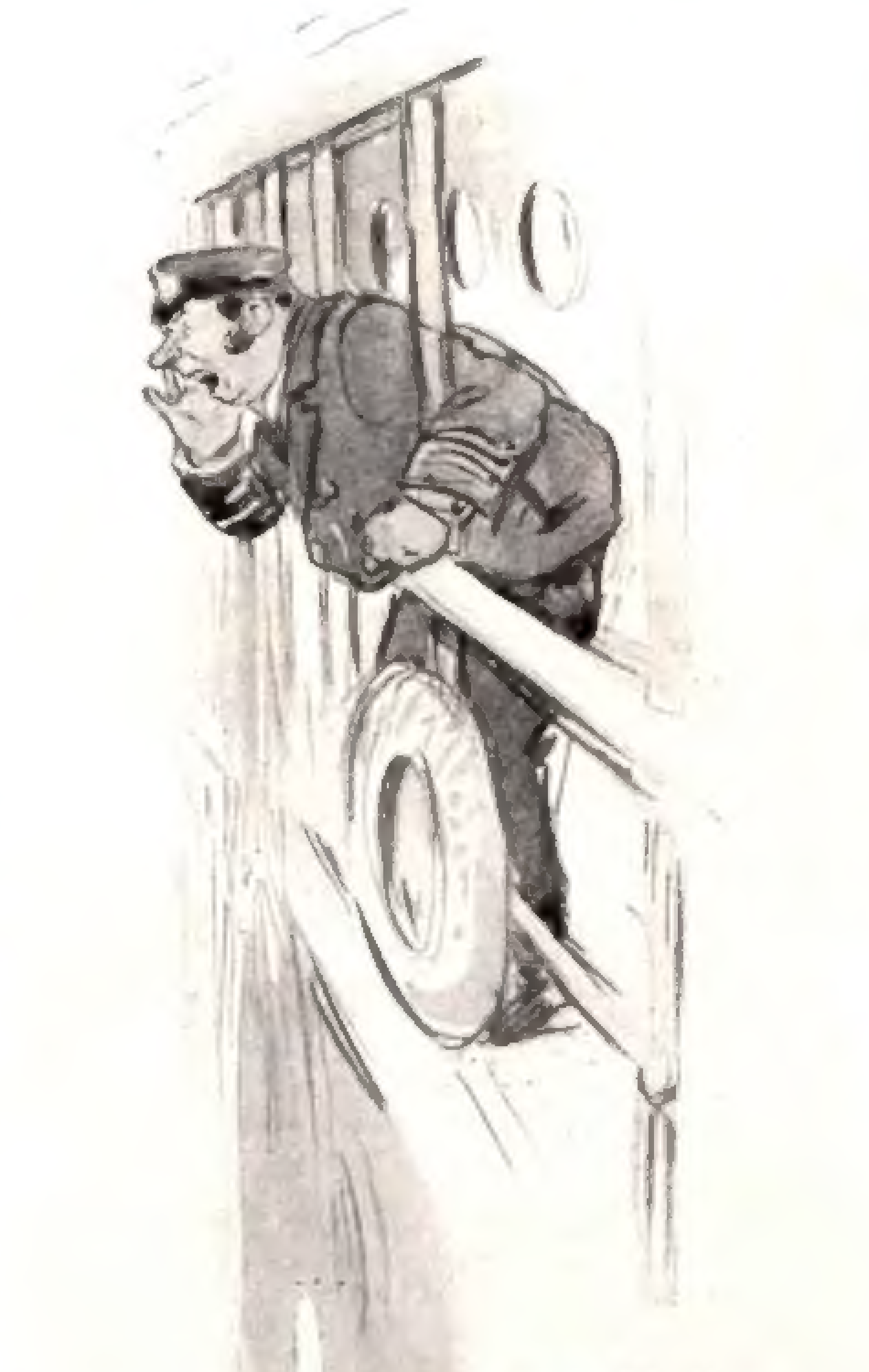
"James, James, you sha'n't say such things!" cried his wife.

"I'm not that ill that I can't speak the truth," said Wigges with the most tremendous air of gloom. "I'm not afraid of death, Maria. There are times that my sufferin's are such that immediate death would seem a glad release if I didn't think of you and the children."

Mrs. Wigges wept.

"If I hear you speak like that I shall go," she moaned.

"You'll go now, my dear, howsoever I speak," said Wigges firmly, "for I have much to do and we have to get away with the first tide in the morning; and I find that a prolonged farewell such as this is very deadly to me. If you stay another five minutes agitatin' me thus I shall break out in a cold prespiration, as I always do when I'm goin' to shave the very shores of death."



Told Her He Understood All About His Own Affairs

This urgent invitation to go was sufficient for his loving wife, and after a few more words with her nephew she kissed them both and went ashore. Her last words to her husband very much surprised the second mate:

"Though Bob has been a medical and knows all about the dreadful work of doctors, I hope, James, that you will never take his advice about your health. I love him, as in duty bound I am to love my own sister's son, but I distrust his judgment, and to his face I say it."

Wigges, on hearing this, took a long breath of astonishment and shook his head. He leaned over the rail and spoke to Mrs. Wigges very severely. He told her he understood all about his own affairs and that if he liked to take the advice of the ship's cook he would do it.

"And though I say it before him, Bob is a very sensible young man," said Wigges. "He saw that I was goin' to be ill before my last bad attack, when you saw nothin'. 'Uncle, you're lookin' dreadful,' says he, and before night I was dreadful. So good-by, Maria, and take care of the children. If any of 'em should be ill while I'm at sea, don't call in a doctor, but give the boys a dose out of the bottle marked 'Boys Only' that I left on the bedroom mantelpiece, and the girls one out of the bottle marked 'Girls Only,' which is in the parlor behind the stuffed parrot. I made 'em both myself and they're bound to work."

"Why did she start runnin' you down like that after what she said to us before, sir?" asked the second mate when Mrs. Wigges had disappeared and the skipper was down below stowing away his bottles and books.

"Why? Because she understands the 'old man,'" replied Kemp. "By pretendin' to put him off me, she put him on me, and she knew it, and now inside of a week he'll be askin' my advice to a dead cert."

"And what will you advise, sir?"

"There you have me," said Kemp thoughtfully. "But I think I have an idea that might work."

The second mate was anxious to hear what the idea was, but Kemp declined to say.

"It wants a lot of thinkin' over. I tell you to work the skipper makes high-class navigation look as easy as fallin' off a log. All I'll tell, Gamble, is that I'm goin' to invent a new disease for him. His greatest grievance isn't that he thinks he is ill, but that he can't get any doctor to say he has some rare and obscure lingerin' complaint that is very interestin'."

The second mate shook his head.

"Though he is your uncle, sir, and the captain, I think he must be a fool," he said.

"You're not far off it," replied Kemp. And they left it at that, and for some days had no time to think of the fatal complaints from which their superior officer was suffering.

For that matter, Wigges had little time to think of them either, as they had terrible weather going down Channel. It was quite a fortnight before he had any opportunity of looking "dreadful." But from that time on, the diseases he developed were awe-inspiring. For the whole length of the Mediterranean he suffered from all the acute fevers, and attributed the fact that he did not go down with any of them to their destroying each other. Something was also due to the skill with which he used drugs. At least, that is what he said. He spoke of all the deadly tribe of fevers as if they were hooligans that he had met in a dark alley and knocked down with quinine, bitter aloes and nux vomica, to say nothing of an extraordinary series of synthetic German drugs.

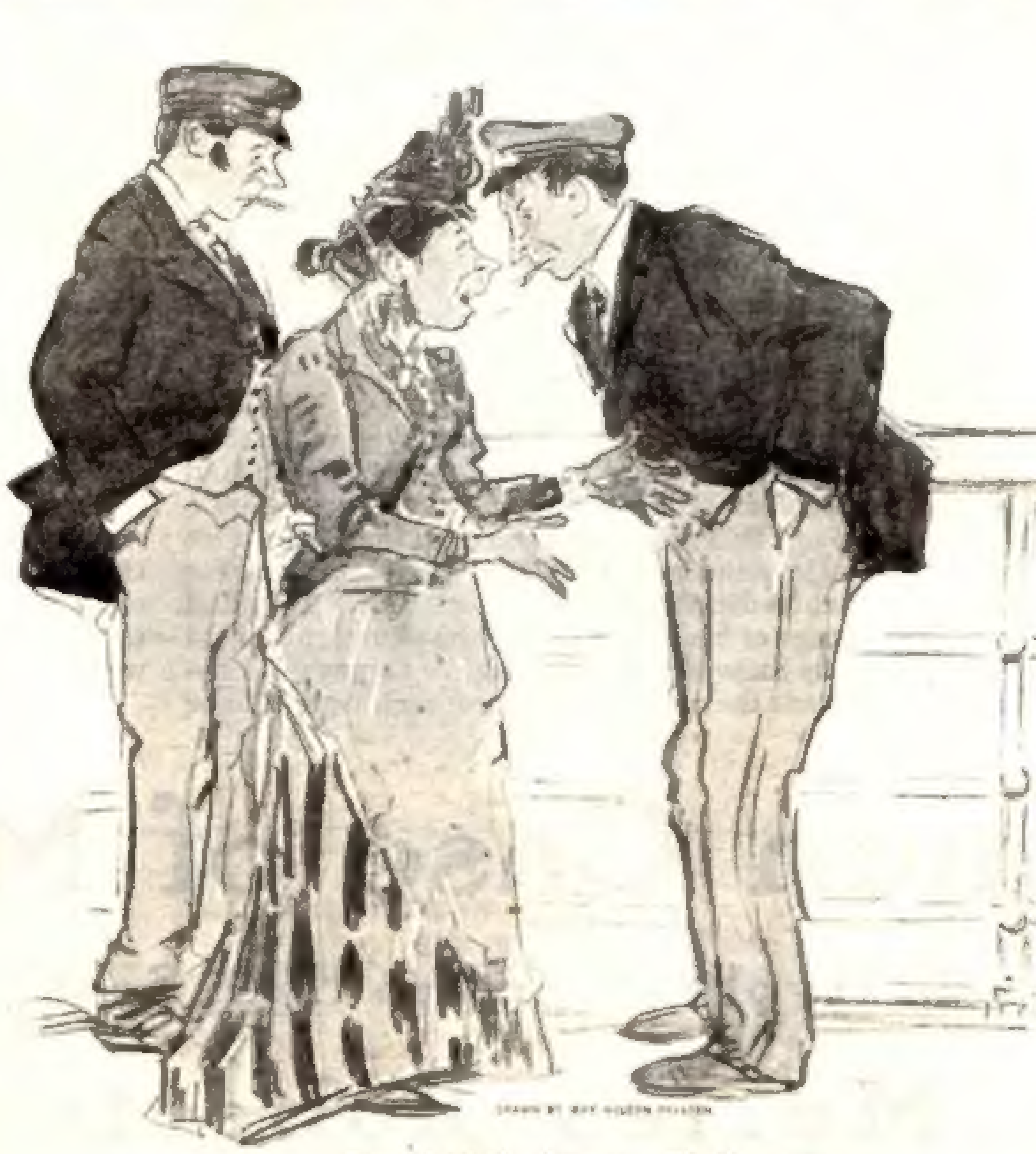
"I've fairly bested the scarlet fever this time," he said triumphantly when they were not far from Malta. "Phenacetin, my patent bolus and a touch of resorcin, is fair death on that microbe. Oh, I've got the scarlet fever down and howlin' this time, Bob!"

Bob said that he was glad to hear it, but that he thought that scarlet fever was nothing to speak of, and that his uncle's real complaint was as puzzling as ever.

"Ay, my boy, I know that," said Wigges; "that I'm thoroughly aware of. I own to a touch of pride in avoidin' this fever, but, after all, what is the use of troublin' about a small thing like that when some deadly secret thing that no man can put a name to is doin' all it knows to make your poor aunt a widow? What that poor woman suffers on my account, Bob, at times makes me cry. Have you been givin' any thought of late, Bob, to the question of what is the matter with me?"

Bob said truly enough that he had been thinking of it all the time.

"That's a good boy," sighed his uncle, "and now I'll own that I wanted you as mate so that if I died I should have some one about who could describe all I suffered at the last with the proper medical terms. Up to the end I may be able to help you fetch the right word, but at the last, when I am unable to speak, you'll be all on your own. And I want it all wrote out, and when you get back home you must take the paper to the hospitals and show 'em what they lost when they said in their ignorance that there was nothin' wrong with me. They'll remember me if you describe me at the London 'Ospital and at Guy's and at Bartholomew's. I *would* go there. I was determined to give 'em every chance, Bob. Oh, they are a conceited lot and don't know a rarity when it comes along: not, at least, if it's extra rare. I did know one old shipmate of mine that rose up somethin' rather rare and surprisin', and he had a splendid time in 'ospital, livin' on the fat of the land and with high-class doctors obedient to his lightest wish, and with foreigners comin' over from Paris to punch him all over to see if they could differ with the English on the point. And here I am at sea and obliged to look after myself in my agonies, and all he had had been down in books many a time. But I am unique and nothin' has been wrote about me. Ah, it's bitter to suffer and be took no interest in!"


DRAWN BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

Poured All Her Woes into His Ear at Once

Bob slapped the old chap on the back and told him to cheer up.

"I'm beginning to see that I once saw a man in hospital with a complaint not unlike yours, uncle."

"But not quite like it, Bob," said Wigges, firing up.

"Oh, no, nothin' like so bad and not what you've got," said Bob hastily. "And we had a very clever physician at my hospital that did wonders with him for a time. I'm doin' all I can to remember all about it so that I can bring my old experience to bear on you, uncle."

"That's right, my boy," sighed Wigges. "I know you will do your best. But what is the good of experience if I'm the only case as yet, Bob?"

It was delicate ground, but Bob walked warily.

"But suppose there had been only one case and that years ago, uncle, how would you feel about that?"

Wigges looked doubtful.

"Only one you say, Bob?"

"Yes, only one, uncle."

"In that case I shouldn't mind it so much," said Wigges. "But can you give my complaint a name?"

"I wouldn't go so far as that yet, uncle," replied Bob, "but I do think that I shall be able to soon, as I'm now tryin' to recall all my old knowledge, and it begins to come back. They were very sorry at the hospital when I said I wouldn't go on with medicine, for all the staff said I had a great gift of diagnosis, uncle, and there were many cases where I spotted the truth when Sir William Gumby was wrong."

Wigges sighed.

"I dare say you did, Bob. I begin to think that you are good at medical details. Though you haven't given a name to my complaint, you can see I have one and that is more than any of those chaps did. If you'd like to refresh your mind about these matters, you can have a look at my books any time, Bob."

As a result of this offer, Bob carried off an armful of medical books, including three treatises on the theory and practice of medicine, two dreadful tomes on surgery, a gigantic volume on Materia Medica, and some dozen special works on obscure complaints of all kinds. When Wigges was fast asleep (he slept fifteen hours out of the twenty-four and called that insomnia) the mate showed them to the second mate. Gamble shivered.

"Don't show 'em to me, sir, or I shall fall sick right off! I never could abide the look of them."

"You won't be able to look at 'em soon," said Kemp, "for I give you the straight tip that they will go to instruct the fishes in the sea before long."

"Won't the captain be very mad if you do that?" asked Gamble.

"I'll make him help sling them over the rail before we're through the Arabian Sea," said Kemp. "I believe I'm goin' to cure him."

He did believe it, but he had a hard job before him. He was roused up in the middle of the morning watch below by his uncle coming in and shaking him. Bob was exceedingly cross.

"Well, what is it?" he demanded with some asperity.

"It's the end, my boy," said his uncle. "In addition to the deep-seated trouble without a name, I've got paralysis, and all I can do with nux vomica and laudanum and 'eavy doses of quinine and phenacetin don't get it under. Bob, your aunt's a widow this time, and I want you to rise up and take down my symptoms as they occur."

Bob rubbed his eyes and turned out very reluctantly.

"Won't the morning do as well, uncle?" he demanded with a pitiful yawn.

"I shall be dead by mornin', boy," said the skipper with an air of dignified desperation, "and in the interests of science I want you to observe the way I make sudden kicks when I lie down—very sudden kicks, Bob, beyond my control, boy, and serious; and besides, I twitch something dreadful."

At this Bob really got up and went into the old man's cabin with him. He found about fifty bottles and drug-boxes strewed all over the shop.

"There's nothing here that touches it, Bob," said Wigges gloomily. "I've tried 'em all. I feel it comin' on in spite of the sudden jerks. I'll lie down and you shall watch me. If a great agony comes on, there is the laudanum, boy, and there are the lead and opium pills. Don't be sparin' if you see your pore old uncle suffer. Lend me a hand and I'll lie down. My will is in the tin case in the corner and you'll find I've left you the books and the charts, with directions to publish the true accounts of my decease in the Lancet, which I understand is a respectable paper, which is more than the Medical Journal is, for the editor refused with rudeness to publish an account of my symptoms, even as an advertisement."

He lay down and in about three seconds was fast asleep. Bob shook his head and then laughed. He lifted up his uncle's eyelid and saw that the laudanum was doing its work.

"I hope it isn't an overdose," said Bob. "But if it isn't he sha'n't have another chance."

He poured all the laudanum and the opium pills into the sea, and then hunted for the nux vomica, which followed the opiates. He sent after them a double handful of phenacetin tabloids and took a good toll of everything else. Sufficient drugs went into the Mediterranean that night to undermine the constitution of all the fishes within a hundred leagues of the Wanderoo. But by the time Bob had slung overboard all that he dared he saw that the overdose of drug that his uncle had taken was going to do no serious harm and that the laudanum would not kill him this time. He left the patient and went up on the bridge and told Gamble all about it.

"I don't think he can kill himself now," he said.

But the second mate wanted to know what the skipper would say when he discovered what had happened to his sea-stock of medicine.

"Won't he get up and snort, sir?"

Bob Kemp lighted his pipe and thought about it. After three draws he began to think he had solved the problem.

"I believe I've got it," he said with conviction.

"What have you got, sir?"

"The disease he is suffering from," said the mate. "At least I've hit on the kind of one that I'm going to invent for him to have, and I tell you it's a daisy of a complaint and I think it will please him better than having a fortune left to him."

"Tell us what it is," said Gamble.

But Kemp declined. He went below to think it out and to make some notes.

"I've got it," he said half an hour later. "I'll tell him that his special rare and most uncommon complaint is chronic kyphosis, and all the chief symptoms of that are the symptoms that he has got."

He lay back and laughed till he cried, and then after taking another look at the patient he turned in with the same sense of satisfaction that the solution of a difficult problem in navigation gives a seaman.

The skipper did not wake till nearly noon, and when he did he found his nephew in his cabin.

"What, I'm not dead, boy?" said the patient with a gasp.

Bob said his uncle was not dead, but he said it with such an air of melancholy that the skipper was much more alarmed than if he were dead.

"Why do you say so in that tone of voice?" he asked hurriedly.

"Ah, you may well ask!" replied his nephew with a sigh as deep as the Pacific Ocean; "you may well ask, uncle." And he shook his head sadly.

The old chap raised himself on his elbow and examined Bob's gloomy face with great alarm.

"Do you mean that I'm goin' to go, boy?"

Bob hesitated and hummed and hawed till a cold perspiration broke out on the skipper's brow.

"Speak the truth," he said. "My sufferin's are such that I can bear the worst with calm, Bob."

His calm was agitating to witness.

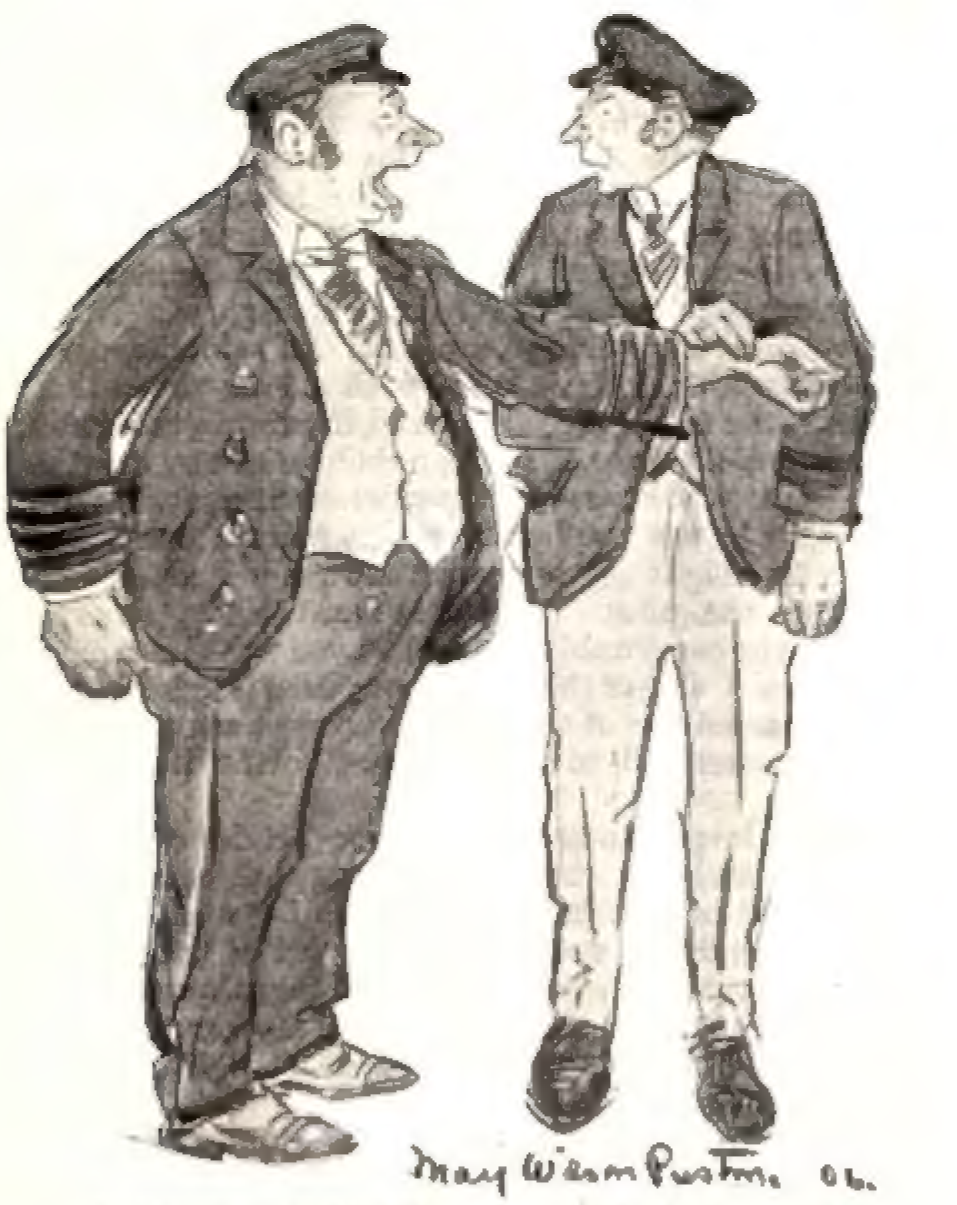
"I'll speak the truth," said the well-meaning liar who had once walked the hospitals—"I'll speak the truth, and you as a man will bear it. I've found out what's the matter with you, uncle."

The skipper gasped, and, with an air of determination to die bravely that would have drawn tears from a windlass, he demanded the truth.

"Tell me the truth, Bob, and conceal nothin'. Is it necessarily fatal and is it rare?"

Bob grasped his uncle's horny and powerful hand, which was the size of a York ham and as hard as the fore-bitts, and told him all.

"It isn't absolutely fatal, uncle, but whether it is or not depends entirely on yourself, and it is so rare that there is no case on record but one," said Bob.



By this Time the Old Skipper was as Obedient as a Child

"And was that one cured?" asked the old man.

"I'm sorry to say it wasn't," said Bob with a sigh; "but Sir William Gumby told me that the fatal result was entirely due to the patient's own fault. He wouldn't take advice and was obstinate to a degree."

The skipper's eyes bolted out of his head.

"Did Sir William Gumby have the case in hand? Why, I've stood on his doorstep thinkin' of tryin' him and I never did. Could he have put a name to it, Bob?"

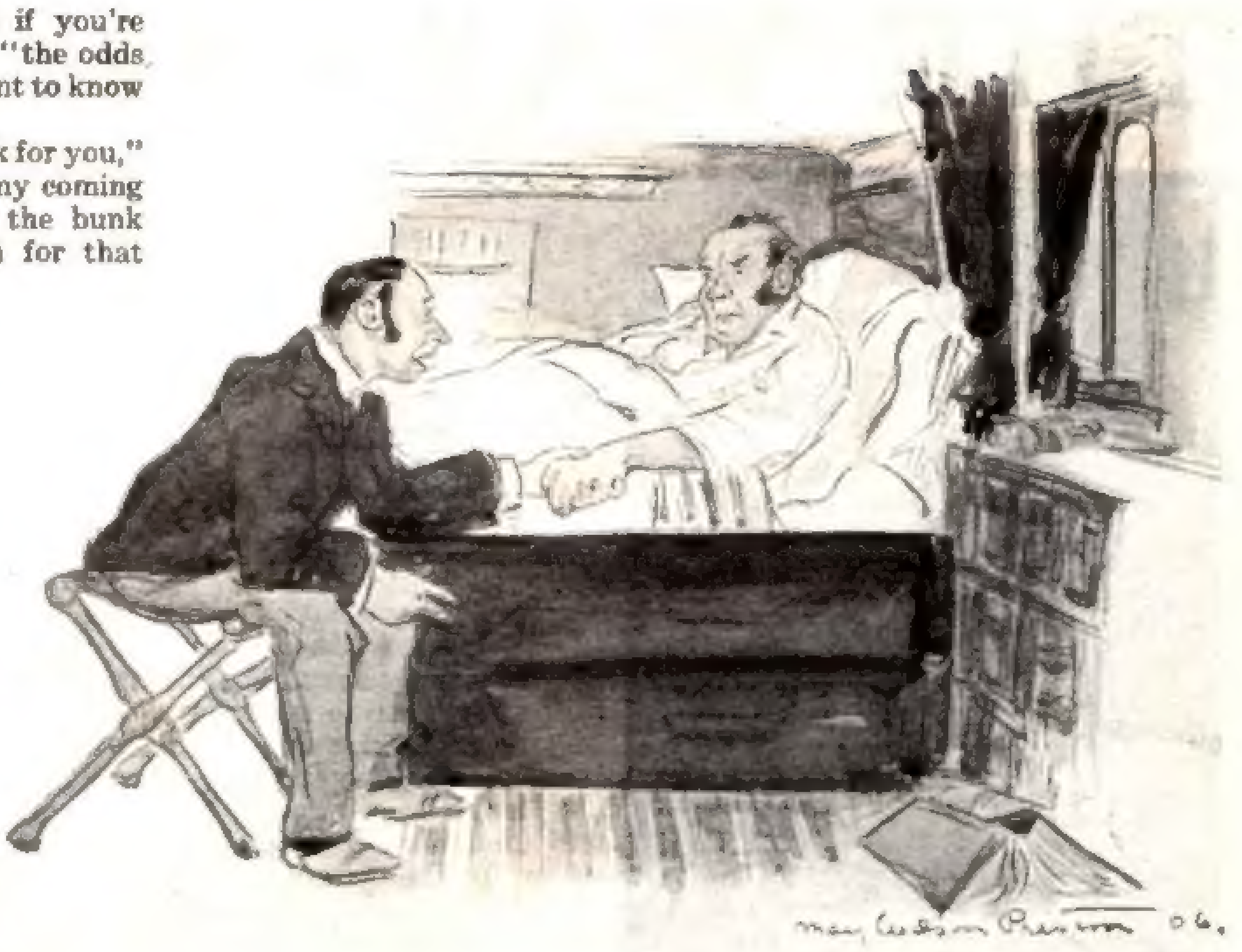
"He could," said Bob. "He called it chronic kyphosis."

"Chronic kyphosis! That sounds well, my boy, but it's very short for so rare and fatal a complaint."

"That's only a short way of putting it," said Bob hastily, "for the complications are very complicated, indeed, being chiefly morbid teleangiectatic boulimia, and so on."

"You don't say so," sighed his uncle. "That sounds very horrid, Bob."

"So it does," said Bob, who knew it meant nothing. "But don't be alarmed, uncle, for though the mortality is a hundred per cent. so far with only one man having it and pegging out, if you have courage you will make the record fifty per cent. by recovering."



Grasped His Uncle's Hand and Told Him All

"The odds are against me if you're right, Bob," said the skipper; "the odds are against me. But what I want to know is how you found it out."

"Ah, that was luck, pure luck for you," said Bob. "It was through my coming in here and helping you into the bunk last night. If it hadn't been for that you might have gone on getting worse until you died. But then I discovered the real symptoms that point to the fatal truth."

Wigges started.

"Don't say 'fatal,'" he urged. "You said I had a chance."

"And so you have if you like," said Bob, "though I own I doubt if you really will have the strength of mind to follow out the severe treatment that Sir William Gumby said was the only hope."

"I've got any amount of strength of mind," said Wigges crossly, "and I'd be obliged by your not throwin' out hints that I haven't. There's your pore aunt and the kids. It's my duty to get well if I can, and well I'll get. So now waste no more time, but tell me how you discovered that I'm sufferin' from chronic kyphosis, complicated by telescopic estatic bullamy."

"I will," said Bob, and he drew out a notebook.

"What's that you've got?" asked Wigges.

"Points on your case and on the one that died in frightful agony with a medical dictionary in one hand and an emptied quart of strong laudanum, arsenic and strychnine in the other," said Bob solemnly.

"That was enough to make any man die in agony," said Wigges uneasily.

"Not in chronic kyphosis," said Bob; "in other complaints, yes, but in this, no. And then there was the medical dictionary, uncle."

"Ah, so there was," said Wigges, looking at his own library. "To be sure, there was."

"The real deadly symptom in these cases, in this poor chap and in yours, was one," said Bob.

He put his hand in his pocket and produced a pint bottle marked laudanum.

"This is empty, uncle!"

"Who emptied it?"

"You did last night, uncle," replied the physician. "A pint of laudanum and no effect."

Wigges' eyes started from his head.

"You don't say so! Oh, how I must have suffered!" sighed the skipper.

"But worse than that is to follow," said Bob as he produced another pint bottle marked "Nux Vomica B P 1898." "You drank a pint of this, too, and here you are! Uncle, poor old uncle, this would have killed me and Gamble and the whole crowd tied up in knots and howling something awful. On you, uncle, it had no effect."

Wigges fell back on his pillows.

"This is very dreadful and surprisin', Bob. Oh, what a wonderful case I must be! Did I take anything else? Bob, I have a vague notion I took a pill."

Bob groaned and lifted his hands in horror.

"A pill, uncle! Here are fourteen empty boxes of the best! Oh, there is no room left for doubt! This awful power of taking deadly drugs and no effect to follow shows it is kyphosis in its worst form."

"Complicated by telephonic erratic bullamy," gasped Wigges proudly, as if determined to stick to every syllable of this wonderful complaint. "But, Bob, what part do the books play in this deadly drayma?"

Bob said that was as yet very obscure and that Sir William Gumby owned to an ignorance of it. That celebrated physician was, however, of opinion that the books excited a peculiar form of cerebral hyperæmia which led to hypertrophy of the cerebral centres dealing with the economy of the portal circulation and the great splanchnic.

"As a necessary result of this," said Bob, "the patient flies to medical books and, getting temporary relief from them, he finds that at last he cannot do without them, and even takes them to bed with him."

The skipper turned pale at this, and putting his hand under his pillow he withdrew from that hiding-place Osler's Practice of Medicine and a treatise on typhoid fever.

"I only put them there to raise my pillow," said Wigges.

"Oh, uncle!" said Bob.

"Well, I've not read 'em through, I swear," said Wigges weakly. "But go on and tell me what the course of the complaint is if not checked."

"If not checked by the firmness of the patient, he takes more and more drugs," said Bob, "until at last a chemist's shop is a mere snack to him and his appetite goes ——"

"Mine is goin'," whimpered Wigges.

"I've noticed it," said Bob, who had observed that the old man ate enough for two. "And he sleeps less and less."

"I never get a wink," said Wigges, who could sleep twelve hours and then turn over and do it again.

"His muscular strength fails."

"I can't lift more than five hundredweight now, not if I break my back," said the skipper. "Oh, Bob, I believe you have spotted it this time! I've got chronic kyphosis and a complicated telegraphic emphatic bullamy! Your pore aunt! Tell her I died like a man—and have that medical editor put it in his paper."

He lay back and almost wept, and Bob was very sorry for him.

"Don't give way, uncle," he said with great tenderness, "for I've kept the best news for the last."

"Don't raise no false hopes in me, my boy, I do implore you," said Wigges. "If I have to die I must, and I can't help feelin' that it is a consolation to have a complaint like that with complications in it like workin' a lunar."

"Ah, I own that is something," said Bob. "I always thought there was something mean about going out with a thing as easy to understand as a common cold. But Sir William Gumby always impressed one thing on me, uncle, and it was that most diseases could be cured if one could get the proper environment, and he said to me the very day the

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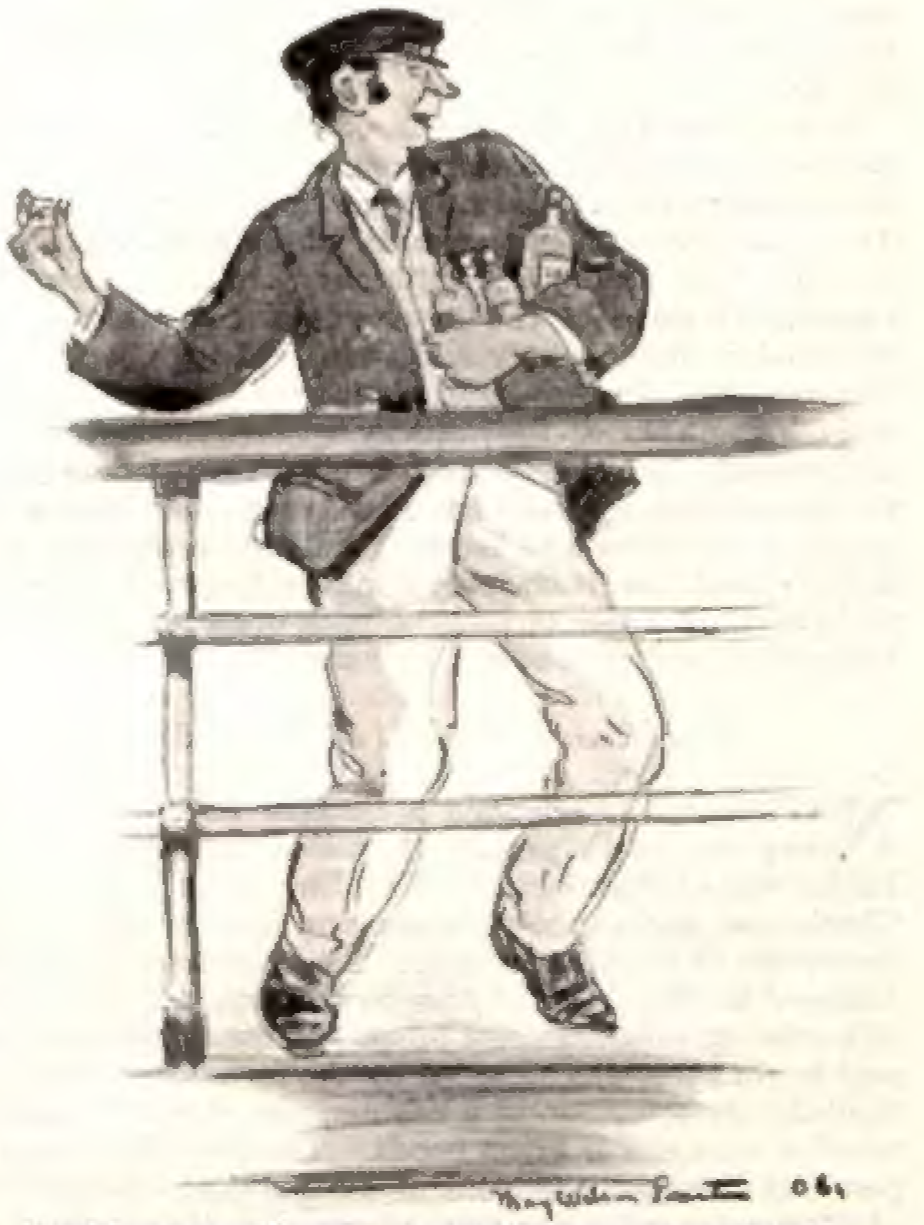


Sufficient Drugs Went into the Mediterranean that Night to Undermine the Constitution of All the Fishes Within a Hundred Leagues of the Wanderoo

THE WAYS OF OUR FATHERS

DRAWN BY WALTER H. EVERETT

A Difference of Deeds and Dogma

BY

REBECCA HARDING DAVIS

The sectional bickerings and prejudices of those old days are fast dying out. Every movement in trade, in politics, in morality is felt in the camps at Nome as sharply as on Broadway. Railways and telegraph wires have done as much as religion to make of us one people. The ranchman in Arizona, when he opens his morning paper, becomes on the instant a citizen of the world. His eyes are busy in Paris, his ears in South Africa. These daily familiar greetings make him at one with all humanity: he sends his money to build hospitals in India for lepers or a high school in Japan.

In the old isolated life of our grandfathers there was naturally but little of this general benevolence. Each village looked after its own paupers. There were but one or two asylums for the blind in all of the States. A rumor once passed over the country that a certain Bostonian was planning a method by which the deaf and dumb could be educated, but as it was known that he also had busied himself for the oppressed Greeks he was generally considered to be a well-meaning Don Quixote, hunting imaginary windmills to fight.

I TRIED, a short time ago, to show to you some of the differences between our modern ways of expressing our religious faith and those of our grandfathers. The unlikeness lies chiefly in the fact that Christianity, to the older man, was a matter of dogma; to his grandson it is a matter of deeds. The first believed that he could save his soul from Hell only by faith in certain doctrines—"Good actions were but filthy rags"; the latter is apt to ignore creeds and strives for a life of honesty, purity and brotherly love. The ascetic saints of that earlier day shut Nature, Science and Literature, with all amusement and delight, out of their lives as "carnal," and filled their minds with dogmas, faith in which they believed would rescue them from eternal death. We have heard much lately of the Lamas in Tibet—who condemn themselves for life to solitary confinement in caves dug in the mountainside. The action of the two men in the effort to save their souls was very similar, except that our grandfather believed that below his solitary cave of life a hungry devil dwelt in raging flames, waiting to seize him if he fell.

In the early days of the last century the people of this country lived apart in their narrow sect limits, as in hostile camps, peering out suspiciously at other Christians. My readers may remember the thrill of dismay and anxiety which passed over the country thirty years ago when a Catholic priest and a Jewish rabbi were asked to sit upon the platform with Protestant ministers at a great temperance convention in Brooklyn—so new a thing was it, even then, for all of the servants of God to join in helping their brother-men!

It is likely, too, that much of the bitter antagonism between sects in that old time grew out of the fact that there was then very little racial unity among us as a people. The American did not then recognize himself as belonging to a separate race. He was Puritan, or German, or Scotch, a member of some of the heterogeneous tribes who had squatted in this country and were held together by one Government. Only the great cities were bound by railways and telegraph wires; the jealousy between the agricultural and manufacturing sections was bitter; a few families of the leisure class from the free and slaveholding States met yearly at Saratoga and Washington and became friendly; but the great mass of the people in New England, the South and the West knew as little of each other as do now the bourgeoisie in France of the coolies in China.

The Rank Weeds of Prejudice

NATURALLY, religious prejudices flourished rankly between these peoples. At long intervals a slaveholder visited Boston, and a New Englander journeyed to Charleston, and came home shaking their heads over the depravity of the rival section. The Northerner actually believed his Southern brother to be perpetually occupied in gambling, drinking mint juleps and torturing his slaves, and he, in turn, was regarded by the far-off fire-eater as a mudsill, the grandson of a cobbler, who lived by making wooden nutmegs or green goods. The Civil War was the result of these long-fermenting antipathies: and the first of its good results was that the men of the States were brought by it face to face. They have recognized each other ever since as human and American.

Hospitals were few, and only found in the great cities, under the care of some individual sect. If a case of smallpox occurred in a town, the victim was promptly carried on a litter to some shanty on the neighboring hills to be nursed by any citizen whose scars showed him to be immune. It never then had been suggested that there was any help or hope of cure for the idiotic or degenerate. If such a child was born into a family he usually was carried out of the neighborhood to some farmhouse and his existence kept secret. I remember when I was a child the excitement in the village when at the funeral of a prominent old citizen, long our Congressman, there was led to the grave foremost among the mourners a middle-aged cripple who bore a startling likeness to the dead man in the coffin. It was his idiot son, whose existence was not known until that day even to his brothers and sisters.

Poorhouse or Jail

THERE were then but two private insane asylums in the country, and their charges were so enormous as to bar out the poor patient who was "ill atop." He was sent to the almshouse, or if refused admission there, to the county jail. The only treatment then known for him if he were violent was chains and the rawhide. As late as 1870 both men and women were discovered on lonely farms among the hills in Pennsylvania who had been chained for years in outhouses and barns. Their food was thrown to them as if they were wild beasts.

Nobody in my youth had ever heard of boards of charities, societies for the prevention of cruelty to children or to animals. There were no such societies then. There lies the chief difference between that day and this: there were then none of the great leagues so common now among working and professional men to help man or beast: to care for a hurt dog or a sick man, to educate orphans, to send penniless girls to Munich to study music, or idiot boys to the training schools for weak brains. Indeed, I can remember no humane brotherhoods except the individual sects, and the ancient noble guild of Freemasons and more modern one of Odd Fellows.

But our old progenitor had hot red blood in his veins. Foreigners counted for nothing to him, but he was loyal to the death to his kin and to his neighbors. There was a certain tender, brotherly kindness warming our daily life then which I miss in the splendid organized charities of to-day. These old forebears of ours built no hospitals, but did one of their neighbors fall ill with typhus they all took turns in nursing him, day and night, for weeks. If he died and his children had no kinsfolk, they took them home and brought them up as their own. It was simply a matter of course then that these things should be done. There was scarcely a family in our village which had not its orphan child—"to bring a blessing on the house." Our jolly Irish laundress had five adopted waifs, each bearing a different name. "Childer of me friends," she would say; "an' why should I not be lookin' afther them?" She looked after them until she had started them in life, honest, able men and women. Nobody thought she had done more than her duty.

The trained high-priced nurse of to-day was unknown then. But every village had its able unpaid nurses, women who brought to the sick-room the skill of long experience and much tenderness. A matron of the educated class to-day works perhaps through a dozen clubs to help ailing and helpless folk whom she never saw. Her grandmother, when a neighbor fell sick, tied on her apron and went as a matter of course to take care of her. If the sick woman died she helped to make her shroud, and for years never forgot to put flowers on her grave or to talk of her and of the good things she had done. The dead were not then put out of sight and remembrance so quickly as now. They lived long with those who loved them.

I cannot but think, too, that the hospitality of that time was of a purer and finer quality than is ours to-day. Nobody then gave balls or teas or formal dinners. But the cover was always laid for the chance guest. No minister ever was allowed to go to an inn. My childhood seems to me now to have been filled with a long procession of black-coated men, gripsack in hand, itinerants, colporteurs, bishops, missionaries, arriving unbidden at any door, sure that the best the house could give was waiting for the "Man of God." In the smallest house, no matter how cramped the family might be, there was always a spare room reserved for the guest. It usually was filled by some poor relation who came unbidden, and stayed weeks and months at pleasure. One of the first lessons then taught to a child was the sacredness of the guest. Every personal comfort must be sacrificed to the stranger within his gates, if necessary.

Several large landowners in our neighborhood built wayfarers' lodges on the roads passing their estates—snug one-roomed cabins fitted with beds, a fire ready to kindle and food ready to cook, for the comfort of travelers who had no money for the inn. A Holy Bible always lay upon the table, as a matter of course. These guests never saw their host, but usually they left some scrawl, ill-spelled but eloquent with thanks.

In short, in the daily lives of these old progenitors of ours the brotherly, self-sacrificing love taught them by Christ was always at work, softening and lifting them, in spite of the weight of their grim, merciless theology.

Your Doxy and My Doxy

THIS theology was angry and disputatious to a degree incredible to the calm and tolerant modern Christian. Nine-tenths of the sermons then preached were fierce arguments in defense of sectarian dogmas. Men wrangled about them in their shops, at the table, at the plow, at weddings, at funerals. Certain well-known divines traveled from town to town holding public arguments on doctrinal points. In our village these solemn disputes were held on weekday evenings in the town-hall over the market-house. They drew as eager, delighted crowds as a vaudeville would now.

It is a curious fact that in that early time, when orthodoxy was triumphant, there should have been so many more efforts to found atheistic and socialist colonies in the country than there are now. Countless bands of uneasy folk who rebelled against the old religion and methods of life emigrated from Germany and France in the first years of the Republic, and founded villages in Pennsylvania and the West. A large body of the followers of Auguste Comte established a phalanstery in Virginia, not far from our village. They were a hopeful, joyous company, having,

(Concluded on Page 20)

JOAQUISTITA

Robert Henry's Own Story of His Captivity and Enslavement

The next two years of Henry's life were passed in a trip around the world with his companions, which included a search for gold in the wildest portions of Australia and a shipwreck on the coast of New Guinea. Thence the adventurers made their way to the goldfields of South Africa and so back to New York by way of Europe. Henry's son was taken with the party to the scene of their old labors in Sonora, and there, while his father lay ill, was killed by a party of Mexican ladrones. The narrative continues:

CAPTURED

SICK at soul, weary of life, emaciated by fever, I once more came forth into the sunshine of the Sierra. Day by day my strength increased and my appetite returned. The light no longer hurt my eyes. But still sorrow gnawed at my heart and the world seemed ashes. When Carroll proposed that we should organize a party to explore the whole length of the Sierra Madre, I seized hungrily upon the idea, believing that in the dangers and hardships of such a trip I might partially forget my grief.

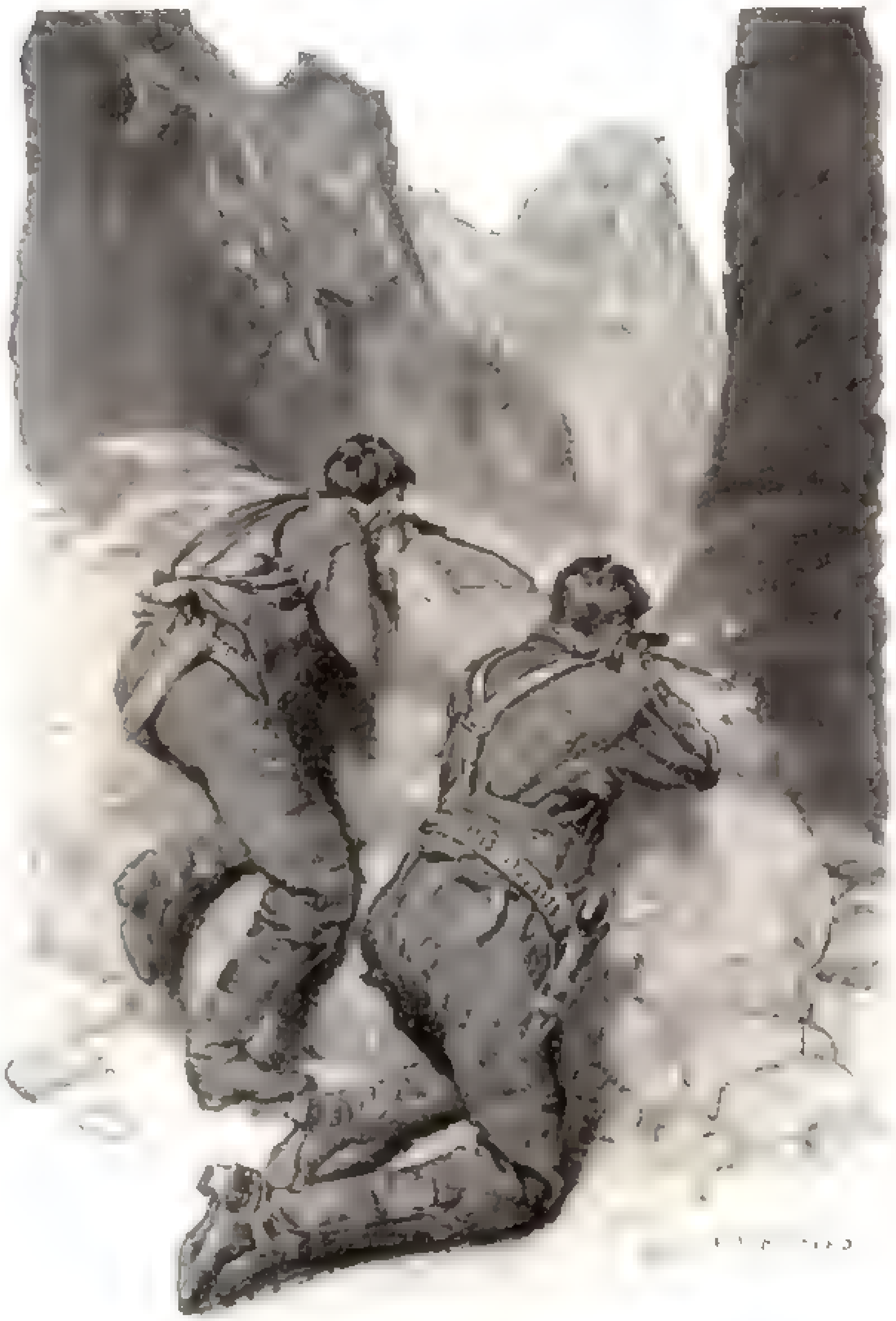
We accordingly returned to San Francisco and organized a party of adventurous spirits like ourselves, consisting of ten persons. Poor "Yank" Benson had been killed in a fight at Los Turos while I was still sick with the fever, but there were Carroll and Murphy, Buck Busch, Jo Price and James Kete of Chicago, as well as John Bandman of England, Samuel Stevens of Lowell, Massachusetts, George Kettleman of Dresden, Germany, Barney Drum and myself. Drum's people lived, and perhaps still live, at 18 Watt Street, New York City. I remember it was one of Murphy's jokes that we were a musical party, since we had a bandman, a drum, and a kettleman as well. The first five and myself sailed early in the spring of 1884, on the Pacific Mail Steamship San Jose, for San Blas in the State of Jalisco, where we procured complete outfits, and then went on to the city of Tepic, where we were soon joined by the others. After the death of little Will I declined to have any Mexicans in our party, and we took a double supply of horses and no mules.

We had heard marvelous stories of alluvial gold deposits lying vaguely between the States of Durango and Sinaloa, and, of course, we knew of the very valuable silver mines which lay abandoned all through Mexico; but I do not think that many in the party really cared what they found so long as they could be upon the trail and wandering among the mountains. John Bandman said that he had traveled all through this region, but I soon had very good reason to believe that he had never been there at all. At any rate, he pretended to guide us, and we gradually worked northward without paying much attention to exactly where we were.

I had kept a diary for a long time and each day entered the approximate number of miles we traversed, with whatever incidents seemed worth mentioning. It is safe to say that we averaged something less than twelve miles a day, but we delayed at few points and traveled quite steadily. As we began our actual journey at the end of April, and as I was captured on the twenty-fourth of June, we should have covered in the neighborhood of six hundred miles. Allowing for irregularities of direction in the route, we probably made no more than five hundred miles northwest, which would have taken us just across the northern boundary of the State of Sinaloa.

Occasionally we came upon straggling villages of Mexicans, with here and there signs of Indians, such as bunches of leaves tied together in their peculiar fashion; but these last were all old and apparently had no significance. On the hillsides everywhere could be seen the stone walls which I have mentioned before. The Mexicans referred to them always as *trencheras*. At intervals we would come upon grotesque markings on the sides of cliffs.

On the twenty-third of June, 1884, late in the afternoon, our party entered a wide cañon or valley in the Sierra Madre, well watered and wooded and with plenty of grass for horses, which I believe to have been in the southern part of the State of Sonora, eastward from Chihuahua City about two hundred miles, and almost on the western boundary of the State bearing that name. As we had come northward we had naturally begun to look out for Indians, since the Apaches had been known at times to come well south into Sonora, and other tribes, such as the Moyas and Yaquis, were hostile in the extreme. None of these Indians, as I understand it, are supposed to be descended from the Aztecs, and I had known these tribes well in the past. It was the rule to shoot an Indian on sight, and we invariably took turns keeping guard throughout the night.



We Began to Give a Pretty Good Account of Ourselves

The mountains rose on all sides, for we were camped right in the main range of the Sierra and had been traveling without any trail whatever to guide us. The valley itself narrowed to the northeast until it terminated in what seemed to be a wall of rock. Had we dreamed for an instant that there were any Indians in the neighborhood we never would have camped in a *cul-de-sac* of this character, but Bandman assured us that there were no Indians within a hundred and fifty miles. In point of fact, we had not seen any other human beings for over four days, and before that for some weeks only poverty-stricken Mexican Indians huddled in tiny villages along the lower spurs. Up to this time we had passed through fertile country, for we had traveled only on the western side of the range, but we all knew that to the eastward, at the foot of the mountains, stretched miles upon miles of what prospectors call "desert"—that is to say, unwatered prairie, not sand, of course, but practically as difficult to cross. Above our heads rose sheer the towering heights of the main Sierra, bluish purple in the afternoon light, and soon the cañon fell into deep shadow as the sun sank over the northwestern ridges.

I led my little mare, Dona, to water and tethered her where she could get all of the sweet grass for which she cared. Then we built a fire, boiled our coffee, and roasted some ducks that Bandman had shot early that morning. The air was cool and delicious, for though we were below the highest peaks of the range we were yet several thousand feet above sea level. I remember as we lay on our backs among the grass how silent and how beautiful it all was. The stars came out so bright that, as Murphy said, you could almost hear them "crackle," and by and by the moon, nearly full, crept out from behind one of the eastern peaks and made the cañon bright as day.

As I lay there by the fire I thought of all the things that had happened to me since I first saw these mountains, and how at last, after all my strange and harrowing experiences, I was once more among them bent on that search for hidden wealth to which it seemed that my life was, in some mysterious way, dedicated. I had been happily married, only to lose my wife and child in the saddest of circumstances; I had grasped Fortune's outstretched hand a score of times, only to feel her slender fingers slipping from my clasp; and I had faced death in a dozen different forms over and over again, to find myself at last once more among the mountains that I loved and where it then appeared that God willed my life should be spent.

With these thoughts in my mind I rolled myself into my blanket and fell into a deep slumber beneath the towering walls of the cañon; but it seemed as if I had hardly closed my eyes before the harsh cracking of rifles brought me to my feet.

The sky was suffused with the rosy-pink of dawn and the cliffs glowed with a purplish light against which floated puffs of gray smoke. Murphy, who had been on guard, staggered toward me and fell headlong, our horses stampeded up the cañon, and, even as I sprang to seize my rifle, another volley rang out and Bandman pitched forward dead. All along the top of the rocks above us I could now see the heads of Indians in war dress peering down upon us. We were ambushed—hopelessly entrapped, where they could pick us off at their leisure.

We grabbed our rifles and ammunition and started running up the cañon, pausing now and then to fire at the dim forms which we could see climbing down the face of the cliff and dropping from rock to rock. But the Indians seemed everywhere, and, although poor marksmen, clearly outnumbered us ten to one, in addition to which they had us like rats in a trap. Before we had made two hundred yards our enemies had reached our camp and began to follow us in force. Kettleman, Drum, Kete and Stevens dropped one after the other. Then Buck and Price climbed behind a rocky ledge, saying that further flight was useless. Carroll and I kept on and saw our comrades almost immediately surrounded. Soon their fire ceased and we knew that it was all over with them. The cañon narrowed rapidly as we ran, and for a time it seemed as though perhaps we could make good our temporary escape, but our pursuers, who numbered several good runners, gained on us perceptibly, although for a short time delayed by the diversion occasioned by Buck and Price.

The sun had now risen and was flooding the cañon with light. Above us the cliff swarmed with the naked, painted bodies of the Indians, whose gaudy head-dresses blazed defiantly behind every rock and jutting ledge. We were both almost exhausted, and our rifles seemed like lead in our hands. Bullets whistled all about us. Death was but a question of seconds or minutes at the best.

"Bob," gasped Carroll, "it's all over with us! Let's drop as many of the devils as we can before we cash in."

"All right, Ed," I replied. "There's a pile of rocks just ahead. Perhaps we can hold them off for a while if we can reach it."

Another moment and we had thrown ourselves behind a natural barrier of boulders that lay across the trail at the head of the cañon, here only a matter of sixty or seventy feet in width. Then, resting our rifles before us, we began to give a pretty good account of ourselves, for, before the Indians could decide that our position was too strong to be carried in front by storm, we had dropped six of them. Then from the rear an Indian more gaudily painted than the others shouted some command in a tongue strange to both Carroll and myself, and our pursuers fell back, leaving their dead comrades stretched upon the grass.

It was clear, however, that this cessation of hostilities was but temporary. The Indians upon the crest of the cañon still kept up a desultory fire, and on the site of our encampment we could now see a horde of redskins with a

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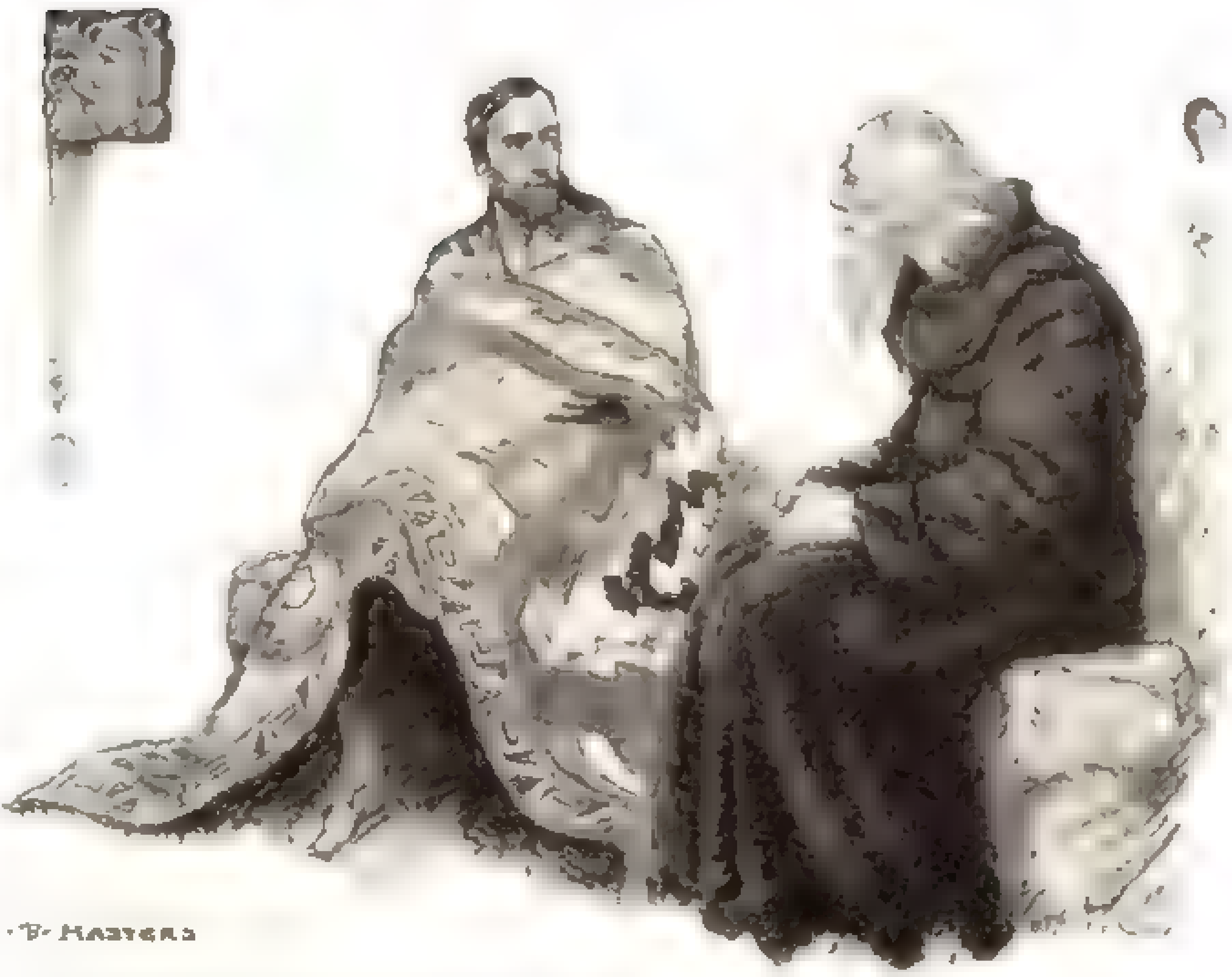
Editor's Note—This is the third installment of the narrative of Robert Henry's curious adventures. Each installment is an episode complete in itself whole troop of ponies. Soon the smoke of their fires began to rise upward and we knew that they were preparing their morning meal. But there was no breakfast for us. Moreover, we were overcome by thirst which the hot beams of the sun intensified a hundredfold.

It was a grim situation indeed in which we found ourselves. Completely surrounded by savages, without food or water, and with only a few more rounds of ammunition, we could count on our two hands the hours which, at the best, we had to live. The thing was too plain to require comment, and we held our peace. Had we spoken it would have been only to say good-by.

For two or three hours we remained motionless behind our pile of rocks. Then the Indians once more began to make toward us, only this time creeping stealthily from rock to rock and along the edge of the cañon walls. The fire from above broke out with renewed rapidity and accuracy, and we discovered that we could no longer show our heads above the boulder to take aim. I shrugged my shoulders and Carroll gave me a sad, despairing nod of farewell.

Then almost immediately, from a point that seemed just above our heads, a rifle cracked, and the poor Virginian sank forward on the rock. He never moved again.



He Told Me that the Granite Blocks of Okio's House Were Carved with Aztec Symbols

A sort of savage rage poured all through my body. I believe at that moment I would have unhesitatingly faced a regiment, and I seized my rifle from its place and sprang to my feet to discover whence the shot had come. As I did so I received a heavy blow in the abdomen and pitched backward over Carroll's body. I heard nothing and saw nothing, for the light turned to blackness, but I felt no pain. Then it seemed as if I were being rent in pieces with hot irons. When next I could see the Indians were all about me and my Ballard and Colt were gone. I could not move, but only writhed upon my side.

The Indians crowded about me, uttering savage cries and jabbering to each other, using, I soon discovered, many Mexican words familiar to me. It appeared that I was the only one of our party left alive and they were trying to decide what they should do with me. Two, who seemed to be leaders, and who I afterward learned were subchiefs named Juz and Chapo, quickly disposed of the matter by ordering that I should be put to death. Two Indians accordingly stepped forward and pointed their rifles at my head, but at that moment a very resplendent old chief rode up on horseback and directed them to stop. He seemed very angry at their daring to take such a step without his permission, and it was this only that saved my life, for I learned that it was their almost invariable custom to kill all captured prisoners.

The Indians now collected our horses as well as their own and began to prepare to depart. I was stripped of my coat and trousers, two mules were brought up and a rude sort of litter made by resting two poles lashed together upon their backs with the ends of the poles dragging upon the ground. Upon these poles I was thrown and tied there with leather thongs, and the procession started up the cañon. It is useless to attempt to describe the torture which I now experienced. Every step of the mules racked my body with pain. Yet not once did I lose consciousness, and I counted in the party fifty-six Indians besides the bodies of sixteen others who had fallen from our combined fire.

As the Indians were all mounted, we made rapid progress, and soon began to ascend a narrow defile where the walls of the cañon narrowed abruptly. In places the trail was but a foot or two in width, with a sheer descent of perhaps a thousand feet beneath. Here I was unbound and carried until the ledge was wider. Below I could look back and see the cañon from which we had come; above me the walls of the mountains towered straight into the sky. Now and again the defile turned at a sharp angle, and as we progressed the trail grew steeper and steeper. It was clear that we were ascending the Sierra Madre by one of those narrow and almost impenetrable gorges that creep into the mountains and are known only to the Indians. At one point, where the cañon itself was but a few feet wide and the trail but a mere ledge hardly offering foothold for the horses, I saw above me huge boulders suspended along the edge of the cliff by leather thongs. Some of these must have weighed a ton or more, and if loosed would have rolled down and swept away a regiment. Whenever the cañon narrowed these suspended rocks appeared hanging as it seemed by a mere thread, although I was afterward told by Cohome, the old chief whose prisoner I was, that they were firmly held in place and that the thongs were renewed from time to time. It was a natural impregnable stronghold, in which one man with a good rifle and plenty of ammunition could have kept at bay an army.

I now gathered from the conversation of my captors that they had been following us for several days and had only waited to attack us until we could be perfectly ambushed. On and on we went, the ascent becoming continually steeper and the cañon narrower and narrower, until the walls above us almost met over our heads, and the precipice below fell away thousands upon thousands of feet. The sun rose high, sending, however, only a narrow shaft of light into the gloomy defile, and the Indians began to hurry their horses up the narrow trail, which turned suddenly, crossed the abyss upon a bridge of logs, plunged through a sort of blind opening in the opposite cliff, and I found myself in a broad open plain, miles in extent, with the dogs' teeth of mountains rising all about me.

I looked behind me in vain for some sign of the entrance to the cañon, but could see none. The mountain wall rose at our backs as high and forbidding as to the east and west. Everywhere the plateau or mesa was covered with soft grass. In the distance I could see a lake sparkling in the sunlight; groves of maples and of pines softened the base of the mountains and made the scene truly beautiful. The Indians now broke into a trot and I lost all capacity to observe or to appreciate the country over which I was being dragged on account of the new and terrible pain which the rapidity of the gait caused me. I judged that we had ascended by the trail some dozen miles, and we now covered about six miles more.

As we advanced, we passed many Indians, mostly women, working in the fields which stretched on either hand of us, and which were covered with tobacco and maize. Here and there log and adobe huts were scattered, and when we reached the lake the number of these along its shores steadily increased. Here I saw Indian women fishing with a peculiar kind of double basket from log rafts, and we met many half-naked children driving cows and mules. Some of these, like city street urchins, abandoned their charges and started running ahead of us, yelling and waving their arms. Soon we left the lake again and bore to the northeast, and presently came in sight of a large throng of women and children who were evidently awaiting our arrival, the signal of which must have been given by smoke from the summit of the cañon unseen by me. Several men, beating tom-toms and sawing away on Indian fiddles, joined the boys at the head of the procession, and the women, chanting a song of triumph, fell in behind us.

From this time on the road was lined with Indians staring curiously at our party and greeting its various members with cries of congratulation. On all sides I heard repeatedly the name "Joaquistita," and I soon discovered that this was the name of the town to which I was being taken. The pace was quickened, and again I almost lost consciousness in the pain occasioned by being thumped and banged along the ground on the slender poles which supported me. At the head of our cavalcade rode old Cohome, wonderfully painted and wearing a head-dress of feathers more mighty than I had ever seen an Indian wear before, and behind him came Juz and Chapo, all three bearing aloft long wands, which I afterward learned were their badges of office. Men plowing in the fields stopped their bullocks and waved their arms in salutation; the houses increased in number; and presently a shout went up from the troop of "Joaquistita! Joaquistita!" We crossed a narrow river or stream upon a bridge of logs supported by monoliths of granite, and the next thing I knew I found myself unbound and lying in what appeared to be a sort of common or square in the centre of a large village.

I eagerly looked about me for some white face or familiar object. Log and adobe houses of good size stretched away in rows in different directions, here and there, with additions in the shape of tents—regulation army A tents I afterward discovered them to be—and facing the east at the end of the square stood three large adobe houses, the lower part of the one upon the right being constructed of the same square granite blocks that I had noticed at the bridge, bearing curious rude decorations such as I have seen on some of the stones in the cathedral in the City of Mexico. These were added to above with adobe and logs, as if either the granite had given out or the builders had abandoned their original idea in favor of more simple architecture. The other two houses were exceptionally large log and adobe buildings of one story each.

Into the middle house old Cohome, accompanied by Juz, Chapo and other warriors, now departed, leaving me in charge of a guard of four young men, who with some difficulty kept at bay the crowd of women and children who desired to inspect me. I was too sick and feeble to get upon my feet, but seeing a tall, heavy stake in the centre of the common I crawled there and leaned my back against it. At this many of the Indians cast significant looks at each other, for it so happened that this was the sacrificial stake at which their human victims were burned alive.

I now had a good opportunity to observe the physical appearance of these Indians and noticed with surprise that they were entirely different from any I had ever seen before. In the first place, they were all, men as well as women, tall, stately and well formed, with fine heads and aquiline noses. Their skin was copper-colored with a distinct bronze tinge. Their lips and nostrils were thin and regular, and their hair long, straight and bluish black, like the iridescent plumage on the throat of a raven. Their foreheads sloped slightly backward and their features were regular and clean cut. During my entire sojourn among this people I never saw an adult male less than five feet ten inches in height. Indians, as every one knows, are red, with high cheekbones and prominent features. My captors had none of these characteristics. I have seen the Yaquis, Moyas and Apaches, as well as the Tarahuamareans who dwell farther to the south, and they are of an entirely different race. Nowhere have I ever come across a finer race of men. All, of both sexes, were naked to the waist, the men wearing simply a breech-cloth and the women a homespun skirt and girdle. Occasionally both men and women would be seen wearing a brightly-striped blanket, and both sexes wore bands or fillets of beads bound in their hair. They were dignified, clean, rather haughty, independent, taciturn, scrupulously honest, serious. The women were uniformly lithe, well formed and handsome, and the only markedly Indian characteristic of the men was their disinclination to labor, which was probably to be accounted for less by reason of laziness than by a belief that manual activity was beneath the dignity of a fighting man. All of the warriors of the party wore scalp-locks of various colors along their leggins, and these were in some cases auburn and golden, which evidenced the fact that their victims were not all Mexicans or Spaniards.

A continuous stream of people made their way to the large house on the eastward, bearing corn and beans, and this I heard referred to constantly as "Okio's House." At first I supposed that it must be the residence of a chief, but I soon learned that it was the temple of their god.

The sun became hotter and hotter and I soon found myself feeling very faint, so that I slipped to the ground and threw myself on my face. At this, one of the warriors called to a native woman standing by and spoke a few words to her, as a result of which she hurried to Cohome's house and returned with a gourd of water and a bowl made of pottery containing a thick sort of soup. These she placed upon the ground beside me and the Indian motioned to me to eat and drink, using the word "*Iskiate.*"

I drank the soup and instantly felt wonderfully refreshed and invigorated, as if I had taken a draft of some tonic or wine. Later when living among this people I found that "Iskiate" was a sort of national food, made of toasted corn and ground up with water into a sort of thick paste. I have never drunk anything to equal it when one is tired or about to undertake some fatiguing journey, and its effect is like a tonic.

An Indian now stepped out of Cohome's house and beat loudly upon a tom-tom. Instantly the crowd dispersed, the people going about their business, or retiring to their houses, so that the square and streets were practically deserted. Then from the door issued Cohome, with Juz and Chapo. He walked slowly past without looking at me and entered another house at the other side of the square.

I had, of course, made up my mind that my death was being delayed merely until a more convenient time at which, perhaps, all the people could be assembled to witness it, and my thoughts can be easily imagined. My pain, however, had entirely passed away, and the blood had ceased to flow from the wound in my abdomen, although I still suffered from a terrible numbness there. I concluded that I must have been struck by a spent bullet when I arose to avenge the death of Carroll, and in point of fact this bullet I carry inside my body to this day.

Presently, much to my surprise, there emerged from the house into which the chief had gone an old man dressed like a Franciscan friar. His hair and beard were very fine and long and white, and as he approached I could see that his cloak was composed of buckskins cunningly sewed together to represent the cassock of a monk. A robe of twisted grass girded his waist. I was amazed to find a priest among my captors and for a moment hope returned

"Good-morning, my son," said he in a low voice in excellent English.

"Good-morning, father," I replied. "Where am I and how did you come here?"

"I will reply to your last question first," said he with a smile, "for the other is more difficult to answer. My name is Father Joseph, and I am a Franciscan. After the edict against my order issued by President Juarez, I sought refuge in the mountains and, meeting a party of these people on a hunting expedition, joined them and was brought here. That was many years ago. I have faithfully tried to teach them the blessed doctrine of the Savior, but without effect. They listen kindly and, I must say, with reverence, but they continue to worship the Sun God and their Okio as if they had heard nothing. They have never harmed me and I nurse their sick and give them counsel

"Now as to where you are. I cannot tell you. This plateau is many miles in circumference. It is twenty miles to yonder range of mountains to the north. I believe it to be in the very heart of the Sierra Madre on the dividing line between Chihuahua and either Sonora or Sinaloa From time to time white men have been brought here by Indian war-parties, but they have never been able to shed much light on the actual locality, since in almost every case they have been men lost in the mountains or wandering prospectors. There are two ways whereby the plateau may be entered: by one of which you came hither; the other is a cañon through which runs the river. The Indians call it San Rafael and say that it disappears into the desert at the foot of the cañon."

"But what race of people is this?" I asked.

"I do not know," answered Father Joseph. "They say that they have lived here since the beginning of the world. They are highly civilized and weave, plant, and mine for silver among the western ranges. They have over a thousand captured Mexicans held in bondage and working under guard in their mines. To these I am permitted to preach the Christ."

"But these white men," said I. "What became of them? Did they escape?"

Father Joseph shook his head.

"Do not ask, my son. In due time you will learn what God in His providence has in store for you."

Juz and Chapo now returned, and under their orders my underclothes were stripped from me and I was given a breech-cloth. Then two of the Indians took me in their arms and carried me to Father Joseph's house. Here I lay for six weeks, nursed by the good father with the tenderest care, so that by the end of August I was able to get about and sit in the sun by the doorway. Father Joseph's house was as neat as a pin. Every morning an Indian woman came to clean and cook the meals, and sometimes I endeavored to get her to speak to me, but she always shook her head and laid her finger on her lips. During my convalescence I spoke to no living soul but Father Joseph, who, I learned, believed that the people were of pure Aztec stock, undiluted by any Yaquis, Moya or Mexican blood.

He told me that the granite blocks of Okio's house were carved with Aztec symbols, and that on the cliffs by the river could be seen many drawings of Aztec origin. Moreover, they spoke practically the pure Nahua, or Aztec, tongue, and had traditions of being part of a mighty, warlike race that ruled the whole land from sea to sea. What the sea was like Father Joseph said they had no idea, and that he could always secure their interest by describing the "great water" on which he had come from Austria with Emperor Maximilian.

Father Joseph said that it would be absolutely impossible for me to escape, not only for the reason that I was always watched by an unseen guard, but also because the entrances to the two cañons were under constant patrol, with watchmen stationed at various points who would instantly detect any attempt at running away, even were I fortunate enough to get beyond the village. Each native had to undergo regular military service, which included guard-mounting in the cañons and mountains. The approach of hostile forces was signaled by means of smoke by day and fire by night from the peaks of the lower ranges and

(Continued on Page 31)

The Incomplete Amorist

BY E. NESBIT

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XVIII THE TRUTH

THERE was a silence. "Come, my pretty jasmine lady, speak the truth."

"I will! What a brute you are!"

"So another lady told me a few months ago. Come, tell me."

"Why should I tell you anything?"

"Because I choose. You thought you could play with me and fool me and trick me out of what I mean to have ——"

"What you mean to have?"

"Yes, what I mean to have. I mean to marry Miss Desmond — if she'll have me."

"*You* — mean to marry? Saul is among the prophets with a vengeance!"

Vernon stood as if turned to stone. Nothing had ever astonished him so much as those four words, spoken in his own voice, "I mean to marry." He repeated them. "I mean to marry Miss Desmond, if she'll have me. And it's your doing."

"Of course," she shrugged her shoulders. "Naturally: it would be. Won't you sit down? You look so uncomfortable. Those French tragedy scenes with the hero hat in one hand and gloves in the other always seem to me so comic."

He took her hands, pushed her gently into a chair near the table, and sat down beside her with his elbows on the table and his head in his hands.

"Forgive me, dear," he said. "I was a brute. Forgive me — and help me. No one can help me but you."

"Yes," she said, speaking as one speaks in dreams, "I forgive you. Tell me; tell me everything."

The temptation to speak, for once, the truth about himself was overmastering. It is a luxury one can so very rarely afford. Most of us go the whole long life-way without tasting it. There was nothing to lose by speaking the truth. Moreover, he must say something, and why not the truth? So he said

"It was at Long Barton — it's a little dead-and-alive place in Kent. I was painting that picture that you like — the one that's in the Salon, and I was bored to death, and she walked straight into the composition in a pink gown that made her look like a la France rose that has been rained on — you know the sort of pink turning to mauve."

"And it was love at first sight?" said she, and took away her hand.

"Not it," said Vernon, catching the hand and holding it; "it was just the usual thing. I wanted it to be like all the others."

"Like mine," she said, looking down on him.

"Nothing could be like *that*."

He got up and led her to the divan. They sat down side by side. She wanted to laugh, to sing, to scream. Here was he sitting by her like a lover — holding her hand, the first time these two years, three years nearly — his voice tender as ever. And he was telling her about Her.

"No," he went on, burrowing his shoulder comfortably in the cushions, "it was just the ordinary outline sketch. But it was coming very nicely. Then her father interfered and vulgarized the whole thing. He's a parson — a weak little rat, but I was sorry for him. Then an aunt came on the scene — a most gentlemanly lady" — he laughed a little at the recollection — "and I promised not to go out of my way to see Her again."

"There was some one in Brittany, of course?"

"Of course," said he; "there always is. I had a delightful summer. Then in October, sitting at the Café de la Paix, I saw her pass. It was the same day I saw you."

"Before or after you saw me?"

"After."

"Then if I'd stopped — if I'd made you come for a drive then and there, you'd never have seen her?"

"That's so," said Vernon; "and, by Heaven, I almost wish you had!"

And he went on, and, warming to his subject, grew eloquent on the events of the winter: his emotions, his surmises as to Betty's emotions, his slow awakening to the knowledge that now, for the first time — and so on and so forth. He was enjoying himself, now, thoroughly.

"And so," the long tale ended, "when I found she had scruples about going about with me alone — because her father had suggested that I was in love with her — I — I let her think that I was engaged to you."

"That is too much!" she cried and would have risen, but he kept her hand fast.

"Ah, don't be angry," he pleaded. "You see, I knew you didn't care about me a little bit."

"You knew all the time that I didn't care?" her self-respect clutched at the spark he threw out.

"Of course. I'm not such a fool as to think — ah, forgive me for letting her think that! It bought me all I cared to ask for of her time. She's so young, so innocent — she thought it was quite all right as long as I belonged to some one else, and couldn't make love to her."

"And haven't you?"

"Never — never once — since the days at Long Barton when it had to be 'made'; and even then I only made the very beginnings of it. Now ——"

"I suppose you've been very, very happy?"

"Don't I tell you? I've never been so wretched in my life! And I hate her being here without any one to look after her. A hundred times I've had it on the tip of my

"Go Away," She Said, Low and Earnestly. "I Can't Talk to You To-Night *Whatever It Is*"

pen to send that doddering old Underwood an anonymous letter, telling him all about it."

"Underwood?"

"Her stepfather—oh, I forgot—I didn't tell you." He proceeded to tell her Betty's secret.

"I see," she said slowly. "Well, there's no great harm done. But I wish you'd trusted me before. You wanted to know, at the beginning of this remarkable interview," she laughed rather forlornly, "what I had told Miss Desmond. Well, I went to see her, and when she told me that you'd told her you were engaged to me, I—I just acted the jealous a little bit. I thought I was helping you—playing up to you. I suppose I overdid it. I'm sorry."

"The question is," said he anxiously, "whether she'll forgive me for that lie. She's most awfully straight, you know."

"She seems to have lied herself," Lady St. Craye could not help saying.

"Ah, yes—but only to her father."

"That hardly counts, you think?"

"It's not the same thing as lying to the person you love. I wish—I wonder whether you'd mind if I never told her it was a lie? Couldn't I tell her that we were engaged, but you've broken it off? That you found you liked Temple better, or something?"

She gasped before the sudden vision of the naked, gigantic egoism of a man in love.

"You can tell her what you like," she said wearily: "a lie or two more or less—what does it matter?"

"I don't want to lie to her," said Vernon. "I hate to. But she'd never understand the truth."

"You think *I* understand? It *is* the truth you've been telling me?"

He laughed. "I don't think I ever told so much truth in all my life."

"And you've thoroughly enjoyed it! You always did enjoy new sensations!"

"Don't sneer at me. You don't understand—not quite. Everything's changed. But you'll help me—you'll advise me? Do you think I ought to tell her at once? You see, she's so different from other girls—she's ——"

"She isn't," Lady St. Craye interrupted, "except that she's the one you love; she's not a bit different from other girls. No girl's different from other girls."

"You don't know her," he said. "You see, she's so young and brave and true and—what is it?—why ——"

Lady St. Craye had rested her head against his coat-sleeve and he knew that she was crying.

"What is it? My dear, don't—you mustn't cry."

"I'm not—at least I'm very tired."

"Brute that I am!" he said with late compunction. "And I've been worrying you with all my silly affairs."

His hand on her soft hair held her head against his arm.

"No," she said suddenly, "it isn't that I'm tired, really. You've told the truth—why shouldn't I?"—Vernon instantly and deeply regretted the lapse—"You're really going to marry that girl?"

"Yes."

"Then I'll help you. I'll do everything I can for you."

"You're a dear," he said kindly. "You always were."

"I'll be your true friend—oh, yes, I will! Because I love you, Eustace. I've always loved you—I always shall. It can't spoil anything now to tell you, because everything is spoilt. She'll never love you as I do."

"You're tired. I've bothered you. You're saying this just to—because ——"

"I'm saying it because it's true. Why should you be the only one to speak the truth? Oh, Eustace—when you pretended to think I didn't care, two years ago, I was too proud to speak the truth then. I'm not proud now any more. Go away. I wish I'd never seen you."

"Yes, dear, yes. I'll go," he said, and rose. She buried her face in the cushion where his shoulder had been.

As he reached the door she sprang up, and he heard the silken swish of her gray gown coming toward him.

"Say good-night," she pleaded. "Oh, Eustace, kiss me again—kindly, not like last time."

He met her half-way, took her in his arms and kissed her very gently, very tenderly.

"My dearest jasmine lady," he said, "it sounds an impertinence and I dare say you won't believe it, but I was never so sorry in my life as I am now."

She clung to him and laid her wet cheek against his. Then her lips implored his lips. There was a long silence. It was she—she was always glad of that—who at last found her courage, and drew back.

"Good-by," she said. "I shall be quite sane to-morrow. And then I'll help you."

When he got out into the street he looked at his watch. It was not yet ten o'clock. He hailed a carriage.

"Fifty-seven, Boulevard Montparnasse," he said.

Arrived there, he went softly up the stairs and stood listening outside Betty's door. He knocked gently.

Then came Betty's voice:

"*Qui est là ?*"

"It's me—Vernon. May I come in?"

"No. You can't possibly. Is anything the matter?"

"No—oh, no, but I wanted so much to see you. May I come to-morrow early?"

"You're sure there's nothing wrong? At home or anything? You haven't come to break anything to me?"

"No—no; it's only something I wanted to tell you."

He began to feel a fool, with his guarded whispers through a locked door.

"Then come at twelve," said Betty in the tones of finality. "Good-night."

He heard an inner door close, and went slowly away.

. . . .

Lady St. Craye, left alone, dried her eyes and set to work, with heart still beating wildly, to look about her at the ruins of her world.

"He would have loved me," she told herself, "if it hadn't been for that girl. And now it's all too late!"

But was it? A word to Betty—and

"But you promised to help him."

"That was before he kissed me."

"But a promise is a promise."

"Yes—and *your* life's your life. You'll never have another."

She stood still, her hands hanging by her sides—clenched hands that the rings bit into.

"He will go to her early to-morrow. And she'll accept him, of course. She's never seen any one else, the little fool!"

She had turned up the electric lights now at her toilet table, and was pulling the pins out of her ruffled hair.

"I *have* a right to live my own life," she said, just as Betty had said six months before.

She looked at herself in the silver-framed mirror and laughed.

"And you always thought yourself a proud woman!"

Suddenly she dropped the brush; it rattled and spun on the polished floor.

She stamped her foot.

"That settles it!" she said. For in that instant she perceived quite clearly and without mistake that Vernon had thrown himself on her pity of set purpose, with an end to gain.

"You silly fool!" she said to the woman in the glass.

And now she was fully dressed in a long, light coat and a hat with, as usual, violets in it.

The door of the flat banged behind her as it had banged behind Vernon half an hour before. Like him, she called a carriage. And she, too, gave to the coachman the address: fifty-seven, Boulevard Montparnasse.

XIX—THE TRUTH WITH A VENGEANCE

IN THOSE three weeks whose meetings with Vernon had been so lacking in charm there had been other meetings for Betty, and in these charm had not been to seek. But it was the charm of restful, pleasant companionship illuminated by a growing certainty that Mr. Temple admired her very much, that he liked her very much, that he did not think her untidy and countrified and ill-dressed, and all the things she had felt herself to be that night when Lady St. Craye and her furs had rustled up the staircase at Thirion's. And she had dined with Mr. Temple and lunched with Mr. Temple, and there had been an afternoon at St. Cloud, and a day at Versailles. So that it was with quite a sick feeling that her days had been robbed of something that made them easier to live, if not quite worth living, that she read and re-read the letter that she found waiting for her after that last unsuccessful dinner with the man whom Temple helped her to forget.

You will see by the letter what progress friendship can make in a month between a young man and woman, even when each is half in love with some one else. It said:

Sweet friend: This is to say good-by for a little while. But you will think of me when I am away, won't you? I am going into the country to make some sketches and to think. I don't believe it is possible for English people to think in Paris. And I have things to think over that won't let themselves be thought over quietly here. And I want to see the spring. I won't ask you to write to me, because I want to be quite alone, and not to have even a word from my sweet and dear friend. I hope your work will go well. Yours,

ROBERT TEMPLE.

Betty, in bed, was re-reading this when Vernon's knock came at her door. She spoke to him through the door with the letter in her hand. And her real thought when she asked him if he had come to break bad news was that something had happened to Temple.

She went back to bed, but not to sleep. Try as she would, she could not keep away the wonder—what could Vernon have to say that wanted so badly to get itself said? She hid her eyes and would not look in the face of her hope.

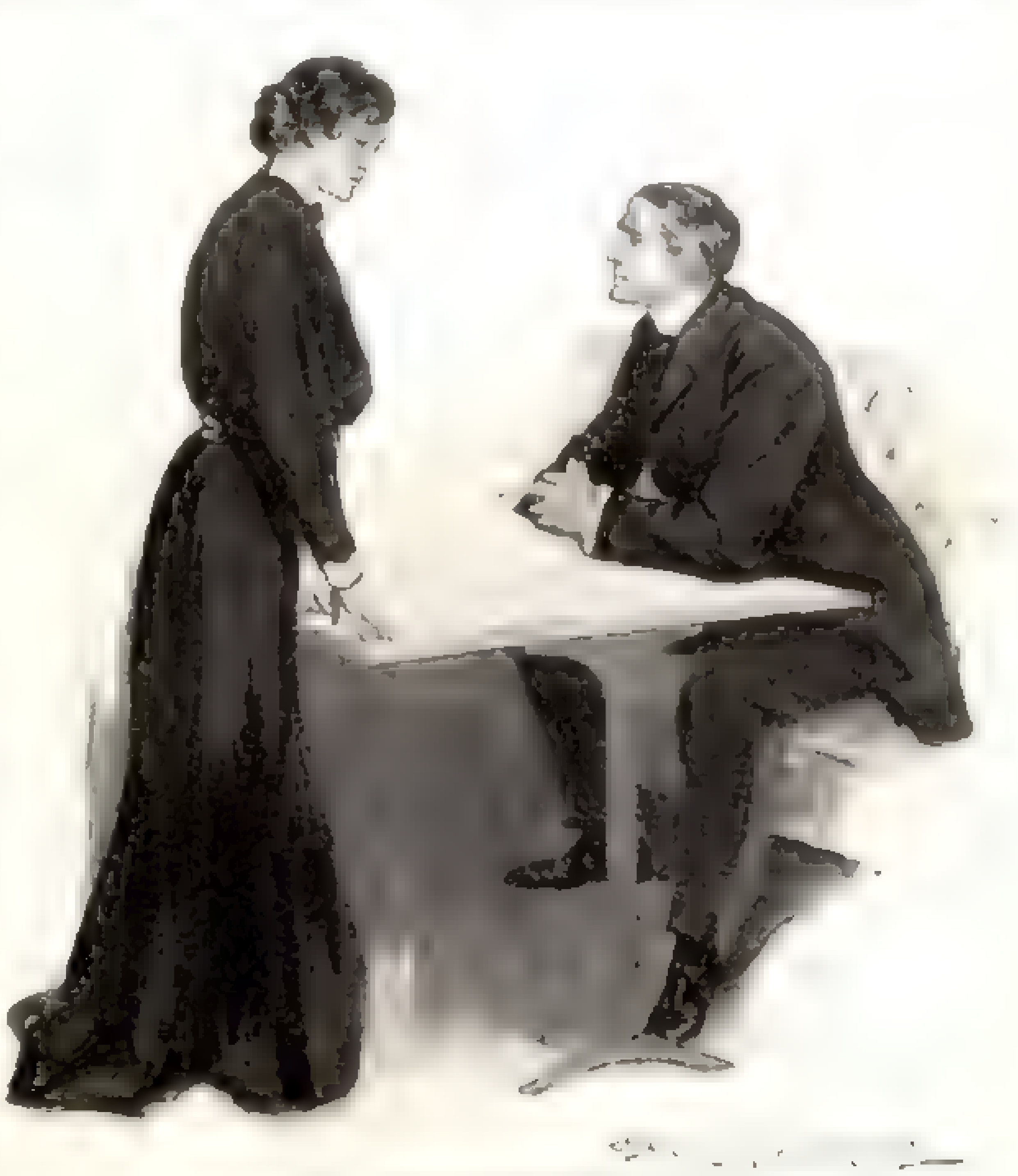
What? No, impossible! Yes. Another knock at her door. She sprang out of bed and stood listening. There was no doubt about it. Vernon had come back. A wild idea of dressing and letting him in was sternly dismissed. For one thing, at topmost speed, it took a quarter of an hour to dress. He would not wait twenty minutes.

Another knock.

She threw on her dressing-gown and ran along her little passage and stooped to the keyhole just as another tap, discreet but insistent, rang on the door panel.

"Go away," she said, low and earnestly. "I can't talk to you to-night *whatever it is*. It must wait till the morning."

"It's I," said the very last voice in all Paris that she expected to hear; "it's Lady St. Craye. Won't you let me in?"



Vernon was Served by Madame Herself

"Are you alone?" said Betty.

"Of course I'm alone. It's most important. Do open the door."

The door was slowly opened. The visitor rustled through and Betty shut the door. Then she followed Lady St. Craye into the sitting-room, lighted the lamp, drew the curtain across the clear April night, and stood looking inquiry—and not looking it kindly. Her lips were set in a hard line and she was frowning

"Well," she said, "what do you want now?"

"I hardly know how to begin," said Lady St. Craye with great truth.

"I should think not!" said Betty. "I don't want to be disagreeable, but I can't think of anything that gives you the right to come here in the middle of the night."

"It's only just past eleven," said Lady St. Craye. And there was another silence. She did not know what to say. A dozen openings suggested themselves and were instantly rejected. Then, quite suddenly, she knew exactly what to say, what to do. That move of Vernon's it was a good one, a move too often neglected in this cynical world, but always successful on the stage.

"May I sit down?" she asked forlornly.

Betty, rather roughly, pushed forward a chair.

Lady St. Craye sank into it, looked full at Betty for a long minute; and by the lamp's yellow light Betty saw the tears rise, brim over and fall from the other woman's lashes. Then Lady St. Craye pulled out her handkerchief and began to cry in good earnest.

It was quite easy.

At first Betty looked on in cold contempt. Lady St. Craye had counted on that: she let herself go, wholly. If it ended in hysterics so much the more impressive. She thought of Vernon, of all the hopes of these months, of the downfall of them—everything that should make it impossible for her to stop crying.

"Don't distress yourself," said Betty, very chill and distant.

"Can you—can you lend me a handkerchief?" said the other unexpectedly, screwing up her own drenched cambric in her hand.

Betty fetched a handkerchief.

"I haven't any scent," she said. "I'm sorry."

That nearly dried the tears—but not quite: Lady St. Craye was a persevering woman.

Betty watching her, slowly melted, just as the other knew she would. She put her hand at last on the shoulder of the light coat.

"Come," she said, "don't cry so. I'm sure there's nothing to be so upset about ——"

Then came to her sharp as any knife the thought of what there might be.

"There's nothing wrong with any one? There hasn't been an accident or anything?"

The other, still speechless, conveyed "No."

"Don't," said Betty again. And slowly and very artistically the flood was abated. Lady St. Craye was almost calm, though still her breath caught now and then in little broken sighs.

"I *am* so sorry," she said, "so ashamed—breaking down like this. You don't know what it is to be as unhappy as I am."

Betty thought she did. We all think we do, in the presence of any grief not our own.

"Can I do anything?"

"Will you let me tell you everything—the whole truth?"

"Of course, if you want to, but ——"

"Then do sit down—and oh, don't be angry with me! I am so wretched. Just now you thought something had happened to Mr. Vernon. Will you just tell me one thing? Do you love him?"

"You've no right to ask me that."

"I know I haven't. Well, I'll trust you—though you don't trust me. I'll tell you everything. Two years ago Mr. Vernon and I were engaged."

This was not true; but it took less time to tell than the truth would have taken, and sounded better.

"We were engaged, and I was very fond of him. But he—you know what he is about women?"

"No," said Betty steadily. "I don't want to hear anything about him."

"But you must. He is—I don't know how to put it. There's always some woman besides The One with him. I understand that now; I didn't then."

"I see," said Betty evenly. Her hands and feet were very cold.

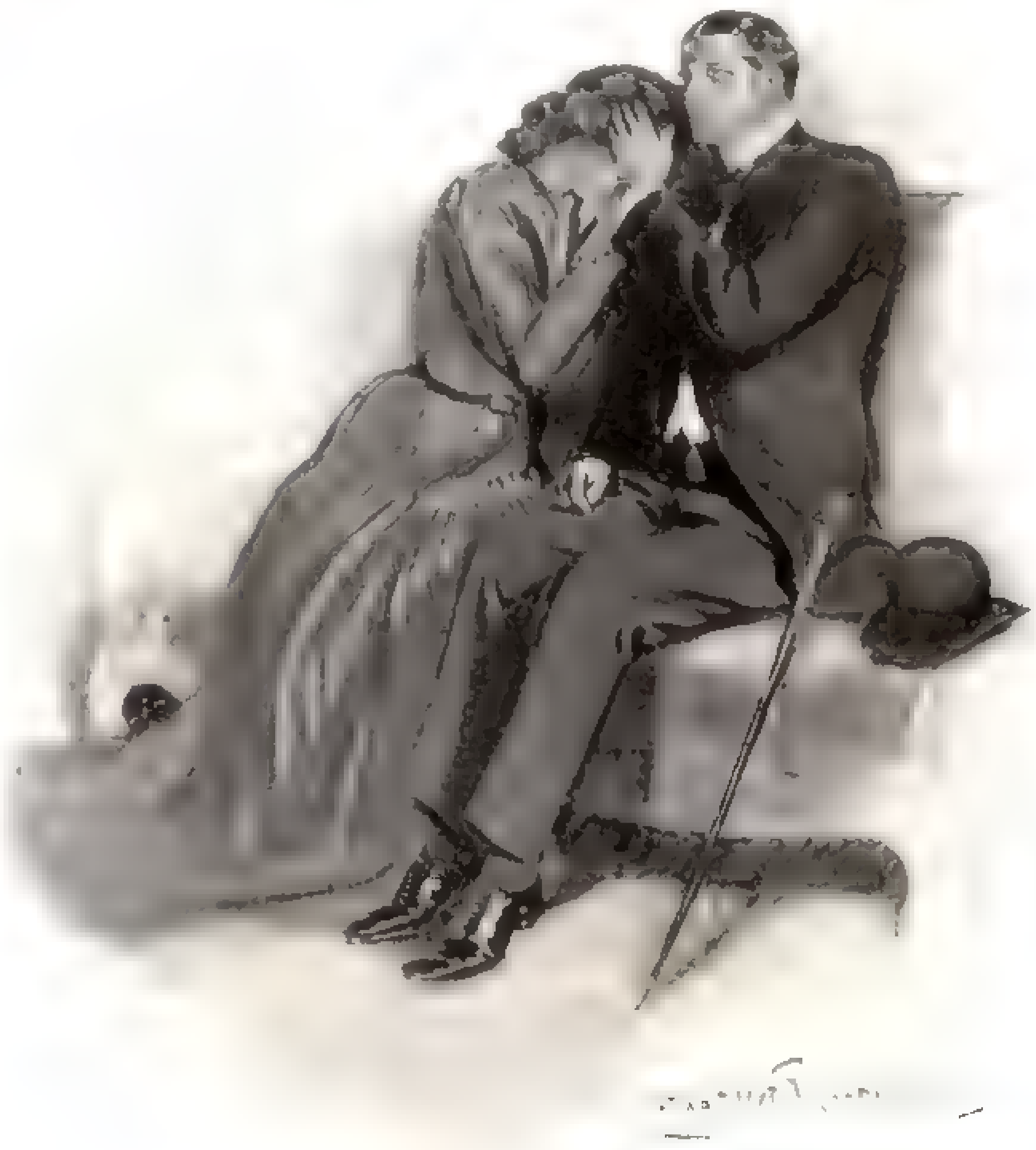
"Yes, and there was a girl at that time—he was always about with her. And I made him scenes—always a most stupid thing to do with a man, you know; and at last I said he must give her up or give me up. And he gave me up. And I was too proud to let him think I cared—and just to show him how little I cared I married Sir Harry St. Craye. I might just as well have let it alone. He never even heard I had been married till last October! And then it was I who told him. My husband was a brute, and I'm thankful to say he didn't live long. You're very much shocked, I'm afraid?"

"Not at all," said Betty, who was, rather.

"Well, then I met Him again, and we got engaged again, as he told you. And again there was a girl—oh, and other women besides! But this time I tried to bear it—you know I did try not to be jealous of you."

"You had no cause," said Betty.

"Well, I thought I had. That hurts just as much. And what's the end of it all—all my patience and trying not to see things, and letting him have his own way? He came to me to-night and begged me to release him from his engagement, because—oh, he was beautifully candid!—because he meant to marry you."



"My Dear, Don't—You Mustn't Cry"

Betty's heart gave a jump.

"He seems to have been very sure of me," she said loftily.

"No, no; he's not a hairdresser's apprentice—to tell one woman that he's sure of another. He said: 'I mean to marry Miss Desmond if she'll have me.'"

"How kind of him!"

"And I've released him. And now I've come to you. I was proud two years ago. I'm not proud now. I don't care what I do. I'll kneel down at your feet and pray to you as if you were God not to take him away from me! And if you love him it'll all be no good. I know that."

"But—supposing I weren't here—do you think you could get him back?"

"I know I could. Unless, of course, you were to tell him I'd been here to-night. I should have no chance after that—naturally. I wish I knew what to say to you. You're very young; you'll find some one else, a better man. He's not a good man. There's a girl at Montmartre at this very moment—you'd never stand that sort of thing. But I've got beyond that. I don't care what he is, I don't care what he does. I understand him. I can make allowances for him. I'm his real mate. I could make him happy. You never would—you're too good. Ever since I first met him I've thought of nothing else, cared for nothing else. If he whistled to me I'd give up everything else—everything—and follow him barefoot round the world."

"I heard some one say that in a play once," said Betty, musing.

"So did I," said Lady St. Craye very sharply—"but it's true for all that. Well—you can do as you like."

"Of course I can," said Betty.

"I've done all I can now. I've said everything there is to say. And if you love him as I love him every word I've said won't make a scrap of difference. I know that well enough. What I want to know is—*do* you love him?"

"I don't know," said Betty.

"If you don't know, you don't love him—at least don't see him till you're sure. You'll do that? As long as he's not married to any one there's just a chance that he may love me again. Won't you have pity? Won't you go away like that sensible young man, Temple? Mr. Vernon told me he was going into the country to decide which of the two women he likes better is the one he really likes best! Won't you do that?"

"Yes," said Betty slowly, "I'll do that. Look here. I am most awfully sorry, but I don't know—I can't think to-night. I'll go right away—I won't see him to-morrow. Oh, no! I can't come between you and the man you're engaged to." Her thoughts were clearing themselves as she spoke. "Of course, I knew you were engaged to him. But I never thought. At least —— Yes. I'll go away the first thing to-morrow."

"You are very, very good," said Lady St. Craye, and she meant it.

"But I don't know where to go. Tell me where to go."

"Can't you go home?"

"No: I won't. That's too much."

"Go somewhere and sketch."

"Yes—but *where?*" said poor Betty impatiently.

"Go to Grez," said the other, not without second thoughts. "It's a lovely place—close to Fontainebleau—Hotel Chevillon. I'll write it down for you—old Madame Chevillon's a darling. She'll look after you. It *is* good of you to forgive me for everything. I'm afraid I was a cat to you."

"No," said Betty; "it was right and brave of you to tell me the whole truth. Oh, truth's the only thing that's any good!"

Lady St. Craye also thought it a useful thing—in moderation. She rose.

"I'll never forget what you're doing for me," she said. "You're a girl in a thousand. Look here, my dear: I'm not blind. Don't think I don't value what you're doing. You cared for him in England a little—and you care a little now. And everything I've said to-night has hurt you hatefully. And you didn't know you cared. You thought it was friendship, didn't you—till you thought I'd come to tell you that something had happened to him? And then you *knew*. I'm going to accept your sacrifice. I've got to. I can't live if I don't. But I don't want you to think I don't know what a sacrifice it is I know better than you do—at this moment. No—don't say anything. I don't want to force your confidence. But I do understand."

"I wish everything was different," said Betty.

"Yes. You're thinking, aren't you, that if it hadn't been for Mr. Vernon you'd rather have liked me? And I know now that if it hadn't been for him I should have been very fond of you. And even as it is ——"

She put her arms round Betty and spoke close to her ear.

"You're doing more for me than any one has ever done for me in my life," she said—"more than I'd do for you or any woman. And I love you for it. Dear, brave little girl! I hope it isn't going to hurt very badly. I love you for it—and I'll never forget it to the day I die. Kiss me and try to forgive me."

The two clung together for an instant.

"Good-by," said Lady St. Craye in quite a different voice. "I'm sorry I made a scene. But, really, sometimes I believe one isn't quite sane. Let me write the Grez address. I wish I could think of any set of circumstances in which you'd be pleased to see me again."

"I'll pack to-night," said Betty. "I hope *you*'ll be happy, anyway. Do you know, I think I have been hating you rather badly without quite knowing it!"

"Of course you have," said the other heartily, "but you don't now. Of course you won't leave your address here? If you do that you might as well not go away at all!"

"I'm not quite a fool," said Betty.

"No," said the other with a sigh, "it's I that am the fool. You're—no, I won't say what you are. But—well! Good-night, dear. Try not to hate me again when you come to think it all over quietly!"

XX—WAKING-UP TIME

Dear Mr. Vernon:

This is to thank you very much for all your help and criticism of my work, and to say good-by. I am called away quite suddenly, so I can't thank you in person, but I shall never forget your kindness. Please remember me

(Continued on Page [illegible])

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Citizens of Utopia

SOME twenty or thirty private and quite innocent citizens met the other day, informally, in a residence to exchange views, and several of them were confessed socialists. This led one of the leading newspapers of the country, which evidently knows a lot of history that is a secret to the rest of the world, to express the following impassioned opinion.

"The intellectuals who so eloquently depict the beauties of their hoped-for Utopias are ever the advanced guards of brigands, incendiaries and assassins. The dreamers appeal to the best emotions of human nature, but their practical followers are certain to be enemies of order, destroyers of society, revilers of religion, plunderers of the industrious, murderers of mankind."

This valued and horror-stricken contemporary is one of a large class whose single tangible idea about socialism is that it in some mysterious way touched off the French Reign of Terror—an idea which, certainly, would have astonished the gentlemen who took a hand in that phenomenon.

Socialism is about sixty years old. As we understand it, in Germany—where it numbers eighty odd members of the national legislature—people still rise of mornings without feeling to see whether their throats have been cut over night; and the recent election of fifty essential socialists to the British House of Commons has not led to wholesale cancellation of insurance policies in that empire. The truth is that there is much purely idiotic talk about socialism—some of it by opponents, some of it by proponents; and the opponents' ideas as to what socialism is are so vague and conflicting that they would be supremely ridiculous if it were not that the proponents' ideas on the same subject are even vaguer and more conflicting.

The Æsthetics of Steaks

THE packers are very unpopular. This, Mr. Armour argues, will always be so, irrespective of the manner in which they conduct this business, because mankind, constantly aspiring to possess objects of beauty and of intellectual and spiritual nourishment, rebels at the sordid necessity of expending his substance for mere meat. "There is no joy," he says, "in buying something that has to be bought to prevent the pangs of hunger.

"Those purchases which give pleasure are not the basic necessities of life; they are the luxuries, or the finer comforts. The daily meat bill seems to stand constantly between the consumer and some coveted comfort, some article of beauty."

This view of man as a refined, æsthetic creature may reflect the famous packer's own finer sensibilities; but, alas, it is not true. The cunningly blended hues of the artist upon canvas, the beauty of sculptured marble, the lambent fire of the rich jewel, the sheen of silk, the fine binding, the first edition, the Oriental rug—these things do indeed evoke in the human breast a certain pleasurable sensation and a mild, incidental desire of possession which we like to talk a great deal about because we understand it is a mark of distinction. But the sirloin steak, fresh from the butcher's ice-box, cut with such beautiful precision, the lovely solid red of the flesh so entrancingly contrasted with the white fat and bone, the whole breathing forth, so to speak, an enticing, ineffable, icy tenderness which woos our vitals to ecstasy—how it enthralls the delighted eye! How hot and passionate the desire to possess it! Or the roast, as the meaty hand of the butcher—all too slow—neatly trims and rounds it and drives the spikes through it, while our fond imagination pictures it sizzling—with gravy. Mr. Armour is deceived. He has been reading somebody's Higher Life, and it has misled him. Of all the purveyors to mankind, the butcher deals in the commodities which most naturally arouse feelings of joy. If the packers are unpopular, the explanation must be found elsewhere than in the nature of their trade.

The Penny Saved

MR. STUYVESANT FISH thinks that Americans are extravagant. From 1894 to 1896, during the hard times, he says that the people were frugal, and consequently we were getting rich rapidly. But since then as a people we have launched out upon a spendthrift career. He calculates that if the eighty-five millions of our country would take to saving five cents daily—the smallest sum of saving or waste imaginable to Mr. Fish—the total saved by the day would be $4,250,000, or $1,551,250,000 yearly. All that money, he argues, would be added to the wealth of the people.

Extravagance is an old charge to bring against us as a nation. An unfavorable comparison with the habits of European peoples in this regard is common enough. But something might be said on the other side. We are the most productive people in the world. We create more wealth than any other nation. Perhaps if we saved more we should create less. A man needs more stimulus than a bare subsistence to get out of him all the energy he has. We eat better food and more of it than European peoples, and we dress better, have better houses, and spend more for amusement. And we work harder, too. The time may come—perhaps is just coming—when we shall have to be more frugal. We shall probably be less productive. A penny saved does not always mean a penny earned; sometimes it means a good many pence lost in health and happiness.

Moreover, would the "people" collect that billion and a half, or would it find its way into the corporation chest?

Heaving Bricks at the "System"

PERHAPS nobody ever succeeded in being quite fair and honest in politics. The leader of that forlorn hope, the Democratic minority of the House, has often displayed an engaging degree of candor and intellectual integrity. There are limits to most things, however. Mr. Williams seems to have reached his when a good chance came around to denounce the Administration for its failure to prosecute the organizers of the Northern Securities Company. He is not a demagogue, like most of those who have harped upon this string. But the temptation to throw a brick at Wall Street upon any plausible pretext is a pretty powerful and constant motive in the political breast.

The Northern Securities Company was organized not only in broad daylight but with public advertisements. The men who organized it not only believed they were within the law, but they had the advice of most learned counsel to that effect.

They were doing nothing new, except as regards the mere method of doing it. The essential thing that they did had been done over and over again without challenge for years. And when it came to the question whether this particular method was legal or illegal, four out of nine justices of the Supreme Court decided one way, four another, and the ninth, while giving the deciding voice that finally branded the plan as illegal, reached his conclusions on grounds different from those taken by his colleagues of the majority.

The anti-trust laws on our statute books oppose the laws that are governing the industrial world, and, consequently, a fine point of legal interpretation might be raised concerning pretty nearly everything that is doing nowadays. Some of Mr. Williams' good cotton-growing constituents are joining a combination to control the price of that commodity. Heaven only knows—until the court of last resort delivers itself upon the subject—whether it is legal.

Should the Supreme Court finally decide against it, would Mr. Williams insist upon fine and imprisonment for the cotton men?

Trusting it to the People

IT IS a proud position for a sovereign to be his own Little Father, the bounteous source whence, in some mysterious manner, all desired blessings are to flow to him; the beneficent and potent being who can, by the mere magic of willing it, cure all his ills—and will do it out of hand if his attention is caught by a properly-engrossed petition.

This proud position is occupied by the sovereign people of the United States. We believe individually and collectively in the might of the people. Practically all the people have loyal faith that whatever ails them will be put right if only they can manage to bring it to their own notice. We think so highly of ourselves as our own Little Father that we often hold back from doing anything on our own hook because it might seem unfilial. These reflections are brought to mind by Representative Adams' recent eloquent after-dinner speech concerning the Speaker. Mr. Adams points out how the rules of the body, of which he is a valued member, make the Speaker the boss and master of the House. "He names every man upon every committee," says Mr. Adams. "In nine cases out of ten he can prevent action upon any measure, even if it is favored by a majority of the House. To a great extent, he holds the political life of each member in his hands. The rights which a member of Congress has are not so much those conferred by law as those which the Speaker may see fit to grant. This is a condition which should not exist in a free government," says Mr. Adams earnestly; and he adds eloquently: "It will be changed when the people realize the facts!"

True! The four hundred gentlemen composing the House, without whose direct votes not a rule could be adopted or enforced, who could, by merely wagging their fingers in unison, put the Speaker in the coal-bin, having carefully voted themselves into a gagged and straight-jacketed bondage, sit down in their affliction with a pious faith that in time Little Father will come and release them from the dreadful Uncle Joe, who, in fact, is merely the collective creature of their own free acts.

And there are many others!

Three Years or Five at College?

PRESIDENT WRIGHT boasts that Clark University has been able to save a year of the ordinary four years' college course by cutting out athletics and other forms of waste time. This would seem to be a simple way of shortening the long professional training for the modern doctor and lawyer, and getting other young men quickly into the real work of life. Economy of operation or production is a good thing, and the saving of time wasted on the bleachers of the athletic field will appeal to sensible parents. Nevertheless, it is still open to doubt whether any one can do in three years what he has done in four, even admitting that he loafed a good part of the fourth year. Education, as President Wright knows well enough, is not exactly like plumbing: it does not consist merely in reading a certain number of books, or going to a certain number of classes, or taking a fixed number of "courses."

In education, as they say in law, "time is of the essence of the contract." How long should it take to break a colt? To train a trick dog? It depends on the colt or the dog, and it would seem to depend on the student whether he could get his education in three, four or five years, or whether he could get it at all. Therefore, it would be more honest if college faculties gave up their antiquated notion of measuring off intellectual activity by the yard. Let the men with three-year abilities have a three-year course. Keep the slower fellow five, if necessary.

A Conservative Rate Regulator

WE READ that the Senate was profoundly impressed by Mr. Lodge's carefully prepared speech on the railroad rate bill—partly because some assumed, from the well-known circumstance of their personal friendship, that he was voicing the latest conclusions of the President. We can well believe this, for the Senate is naturally a conservative body. Its mind is peculiarly sensitive to the horrors of panic, lower wages and general demoralization of our trade and commerce which the gentleman from Massachusetts mentioned as being extremely likely to follow any rash, precipitate interference with railroad rates. As he pointed out, however, rate regulation may be effected, with due deliberation, so as to avoid these disastrous results. The Interstate Commerce Commission having decided, after proper hearing, what rate is reasonable, Mr. Lodge would insist upon "the subsequent review of such rate by the courts, if their aid is invoked, to determine not merely whether the rate established by the Commission is confiscatory, but whether it is lawful, just and reasonable." In short, the court hearing would go over the whole ground covered in the hearing before the Commission—with appeals, naturally, up to the Supreme Bench. Just what use the Commission would be, except to enable some good men to draw Government salaries, is not at all clear. It is clear as daylight, however, that here is nothing rash, nothing precipitate.

On the contrary, as several years would inevitably elapse between the filing of the complaint before the Commission and the final judgment by the court of last resort, both shipper and railroad would have forgotten what it was about by that time and the rate originally complained of would have been changed many times. The day Senator Lodge delivered his speech, Senator Tillman observed, "A stupendous farce is being enacted before the eyes of the American people in the pending railroad legislation in Congress." But we may properly dismiss the gentleman from South Carolina as the personification of rashness and precipitancy.

MEN & WOMEN

Tillman Without the Pitchfork

BENJAMIN RYAN TILLMAN is the political human cocoanut. Rough, hard, shaggy, unprepossessing outside, when you break through the shell and get a view of the inside you find much of the milk of human kindness.

The Senator from South Carolina is an actor. He is a one-part man. He plays Bombastes Furioso whenever he is on public view. Long practice has made him perfect in the business of the character. He grumbles, splutters, roars, explodes almost every time he gets on his feet to talk. He is indifferent as to excitants. You can get him going with a pin-prick as well as by batting him on the head with a club. And when it is over the result is always the same — much noise and not a little good, hard common-sense. If you hear Tillman when he is in action, you think of nothing but the clamor. If you read what he says, you will find he has a comprehensive grasp on public questions, that he thinks clearly and concisely, and that his language is good, vigorous English, although it may be lacking a frill here and there.

Tillman is milder, in a way, than when he first went to the Senate. That doesn't mean that he has lost any of his characteristics, or that he unlimbers less frequently. Some of the corners have been worn off. Primarily, he is still a rough-and-tumble fighter, but he has learned some of the refinements. He has discovered it is not always necessary to gouge and bite. Yet, when he gets fairly under way, he waves his arms, gnashes his teeth, and calls on High Heaven to witness that what he says is true. He starts at C, but in a few minutes he is three added lines above the staff and still soaring. It sometimes seems as if he was hypnotized by the sound of his own voice.

Notwithstanding, Tillman has grown steadily in the esteem of the Senate. He was formerly looked upon as a mere noise. Now both his party colleagues and his political opponents have a wholesome respect for him. That respect is induced by his absolute honesty, his clean life, his persistent opposition to anything that savors of graft, and his great natural ability. They get tired of his wind-jamming at times, but they have to take that as a matter of course, and look behind it when the subject under discussion is of any importance.

A perfect example of his manner of operating was shown a short time ago when the Pure Food Bill was under discussion in the Senate. There is a paragraph in the bill concerning the blending of whiskies. Several Senators, having in mind the interests of whisky-making constituents, were protesting against the wording of the section. Tillman came into the debate. He hit every head he saw for a time, and then talked for fifteen minutes about how whisky is made, and gave the Senate a better idea of the processes of manufacture than had been brought out in all the weeks of hearings on the bill. It was a concrete explanation of the subject and cleared the air immediately. He had made a study of whisky-making when he was passing the dispensary law in South Carolina. He never drinks whisky, but he knows all about it and all about many other things.

Tillman usually says in his speeches that he is a farmer, and so he is. He has a plantation at Trenton, South Carolina, and he raises cotton. Still, his constant parading of the fact is one of his affectations. Nobody cares whether he is a farmer or an aeronaut, provided he knows what he is talking about. He apparently thinks it is smart to drag in his occupation and set himself up as a farmer against the lawyers of the Senate. He does several things like that. They are parts of his stage-business. It is one of his favorite expressions that he is "brutally frank." He thinks that a great virtue. What he is always trying to do is to impress on the country that he is a rip-roaring, fire-eating thunder-emitting person, who cares nothing for the conventions and who will roar at the slightest provocation. Really, he is a shrewd man, with no illusions about what is going on.

When the saturnine Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island, defeated in his plan of amending the Hepburn Railroad Rate Bill in committee, moved that the measure be thrown into the Senate and Tillman be selected to make the report and thus take active charge of the bill, he chuckled. Tillman is President Roosevelt's most vociferous enemy in Congress. It was a typical Aldrich trick, seeking to discredit what he could not prevent. Tillman was willing

"If they think I am going to be the clown in their circus, they are mightily mistaken," he said.

He accepted the responsibility, and is hard at work trying to pass some sort of a bill. He was wise enough to see through the trick, and, although he was willing to help discomfit President Roosevelt in any way, he was too clever to put himself in the path of any of the reaction.

He hated President Cleveland when he first came to the Senate, not being a Cleveland kind of a Democrat and having silver and tariff ideas incompatible with those of that President. After his row with Senator McLaurin, of his own State, which ended in a fist-fight in the Senate, President Roosevelt recalled an invitation he had issued to Tillman for the State dinner in honor of Prince Henry. Since that time Tillman has hated President Roosevelt with all the holy zeal he brought to the same operation concerning President Cleveland. He attacked President Roosevelt savagely only a few days before Senator Aldrich's move to make things more difficult put Tillman in charge of the Hepburn Bill. That, constructively, makes Tillman the champion of the President on the floor of the Senate Aldrich and his friends were reckoning on Tillman's enmity to Roosevelt to help defeat the bill. Tillman was too clever for that. He saw credit for himself and his party in his management of the measure, and he let the hate simmer while he prepared to gather a few laurels

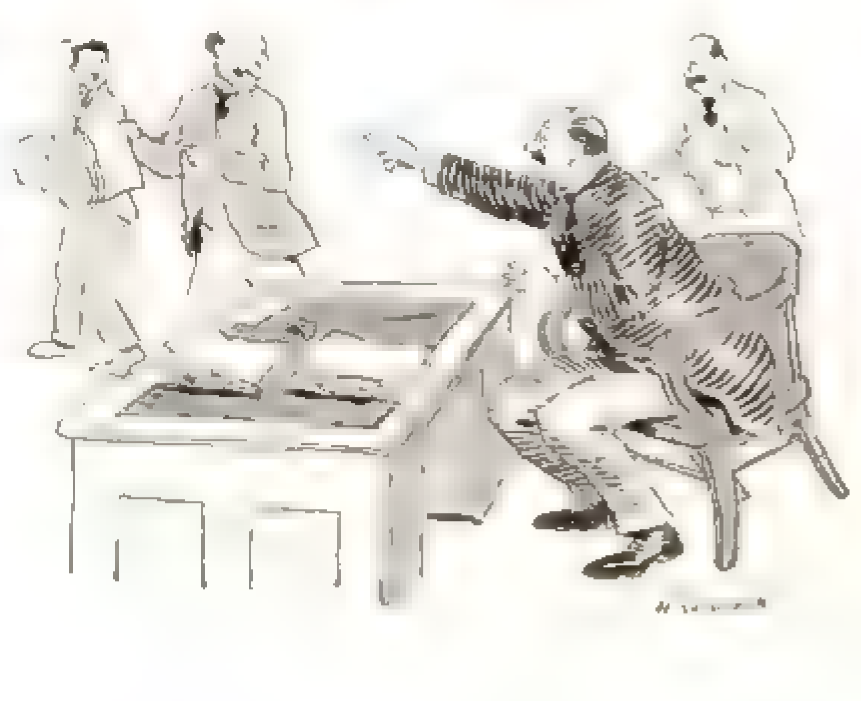
Senator B. R. Tillman

Nature made him up well for the part he plays. He has a shrill, raspy voice that he does not try to soften and a number of straight-arm-jab gestures that add to the general effect of his performances.

But there is that inside which few know about. He lives in a big white house on his plantation and his greatest delight is the garden of roses that is in front of it. He is a rose expert. He has 250 varieties of roses growing there and spends hours and hours in cultivating, pruning and otherwise looking after them. There is a magnolia tree just to the left of the house where the mocking-birds sing on moonlight nights. He sits on the veranda and talks poetry while he listens to the melody. His library is filled with books of poems. He is a student of literature. When he threatened, two years ago, to talk until Congress adjourned unless he was given some recognition he desired, he brought his Byron with him and intended to intersperse his speech with long selections from Childe Harold.

Rapid-Fire Signatures

PAUL MORTON, president of the Equitable Assurance Society, was worried, when he first became Secretary of the Navy, over the immense amount of name-signing be was obliged to do to letters and documents he could examine only in the most superficial way. This is the experience of every new Cabinet member. At first he tries to read everything, but soon finds that impossible and learns to rely on the subordinates who have prepared the routine matters for him. Of course, nothing that is great and important gets by without his full knowledge, but there are endless matters of routine that must be signed.



A railroad friend came in to see Morton one day while he was busily signing his name.

"Reminds me of a chap I knew in a railroad office out West," said the friend. "He had a busy day. Clerks were constantly coming in and presenting papers for his signature. Finally, a man laid a paper on his desk. He signed it perfunctorily, without looking at it.

"'That's a voucher,' said the man. 'Don't you want to examine it?'

"'Heavens!' he shouted. 'Give it back to me! I didn't know it was a voucher. I thought it was an affidavit.'"

Sherlock and Senator Mitchell

FRANK J. HENEY, of California, the special United States District Attorney to whom was assigned the task of prosecuting the late Senator Mitchell and others indicted for complicity in land frauds in Oregon, used a typewriter in an effective way in getting his evidence.

Part of Mitchell's defense was that he had made a written agreement with his law partners, long prior to the date of the acts charged against him, which stated that, owing to his position as Senator, he would in no way participate in either the work or the profits accruing from the land cases on which the indictment was finally based. The contention of the prosecution was that this agreement had been antedated and that it really was a subterfuge to let Mitchell out

Heney examined the agreement, which was typewritten. If the date was correct it would go a long way toward relieving Mitchell from the charges against him. Heney looked at the paper carefully. He found that the words "legitimate," "salary" and "constituent" were misspelled. The copyist, or original typewriter, had spelled them "ligitimate," "salery" and "constituant."

Mitchell's contention, of course, was that the paper had been drawn before he went to Washington. Heney knew better. He called before the grand jury a man associated with Mitchell in Washington, who had been with him only since he went to Washington. This man was a typewriter. Heney took him before the grand jury and dictated to him for fifteen minutes, using the words "legitimate," "salary" and "constituent" half a dozen times. When the typewritten sheets were shown to the grand jury it was found that the words had been spelled "ligitimate," "salery" and "constituant" every time the typewriter had written them.

Heney showed this to the typewriter, who confessed to his part in the work, and the indictment followed. The paper had been written in Washington and forwarded to Oregon after the charges against Mitchell had come to a head.

A Game Fighter

THERE was a political convention in Louisville in June, 1904, where delegates to the Democratic National Convention were to be chosen. The convention developed a mighty row over rules and organization. Senator Blackburn and a few friends tried to defeat the Beckham machine.

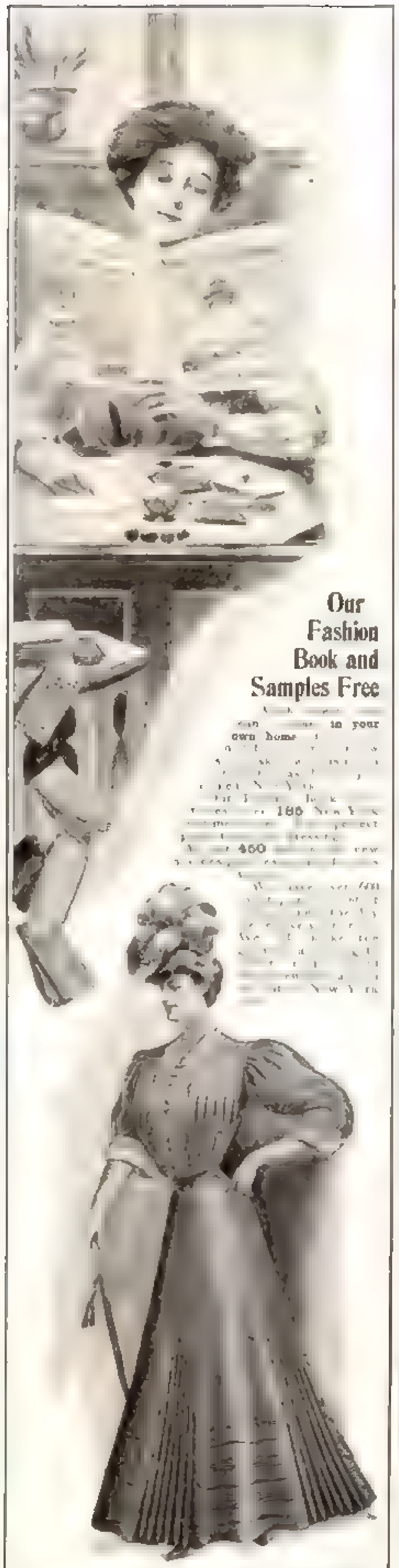
The committee on rules went out at three o'clock in the afternoon and did not report until nearly three next morning. In the mean time, everybody who had a speech to make went to the stage and made it.

Along about three o'clock the committee came in. There was a minority report made by Judge Frank Peake, who was a Blackburn supporter. He wanted to talk an hour. The delegates, very tired of talk and desiring action, gave him five minutes.

He used his time in denouncing the Louisville machine, which is the Beckham organization, and in pleading for the farmer boy. He said the new plan of party management would give the farmer boy a chance to participate in the government of the party. It was a tearful, pathetic plea.

After he had finished, one of the Beckham delegates, Lee Suter by name, got up on a chair and said: "Mr. Chairman, I have heard a lot of talk assailing the Louisville machine, but I want to ask the Democrats of Kentucky where they would get their majorities if it wasn't for the Louisville machine? This man, Judge Frank Peake, comes here and talks about Louisville. What does he know about Louisville? He never saw the city until he was twenty-five years old. He came in from the hills. They tell me that the first time he had his hair cut the barber flushed three flying squirrels and a bat."

That settled Judge Peake.



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PLAYER FOLK

Henry Woodruff, in Brown of Harvard

Harvard Realism

WITH James J. Corbett playing the prize-fighter hero of Bernard Shaw's Cashel Byron, and Barney Oldfield driving the motor in the "great" scene of The Vanderbilt Cup, it is not strange that the management of Brown at Harvard bethought itself to get John the Orange Man to lend a touch of what is called realism to the scene in the college yard. But whatever the public may think, Harvard men were scandalized. For John Lovett is an institution as old as President Eliot.

Many a freshman has received from him the only cordial welcome extended in the university. "I'm glad to see ye, fri'nd. I knew yer brother—the foinest man in his class." His utterance is thick and halting, and to understand any but the simplest phrases of it is a gift; but he has a marvelous memory for faces and names, and though he keeps no accounts, being uneducated, and conducts his business on long credits, he never makes a mistake. And he is as kind as he is honest. No fever of "grinding" for the mid-years is too fierce to give heed to his "Evenin', fri'nd. Have any fruit?" and no gathering is too convivial to pause, as his reverend form totters in, and pleasantly pass the time of night with him. When properly urged, he will put down his basket and sing folk-songs in Gaelic, with crude but eloquent gestures, in an ancient, quavering voice—his favorite being Erin-go-bragh.

Many legends gather about his name, the precise truth of which will probably never be known. In the days when Princeton played Harvard it is said, John refused to sell oranges, and even yellow bananas, insisting on red bananas, and putting down his basket when they had all been sold.

When he appeared in the stage "yard" in Brown at Harvard, tottering with his basket between Holworthy and Hollis, the audience, largely composed of Harvard graduates, applauded long and loudly. But when he came down to the footlights and offered to lead a Harvard cheer, as he has so often done on the athletic field, there was not a sound in response. A second time he waved his old arms, and the result was the same. He gave up the attempt, sad and uncomprehending. For John himself there was no end of love; but the sentiment that centred in him was not to be butchered to make a press agent's holiday.

A Plant to Manufacture Plays

DANIEL FROHMAN is building a play-manufacturing plant on Long Island. This is to be a large building where costumes, scenery and properties will be made, and all the externals of a play supplied, and in a large theatre adjoining the Frohman productions will be rehearsed before being transferred to Broadway.

Everything but the dialogue and press notices will be made, it is said. But even these details are not left wholly to the playwright by a modern manager. One of the stock stories of the Rialto is that of the

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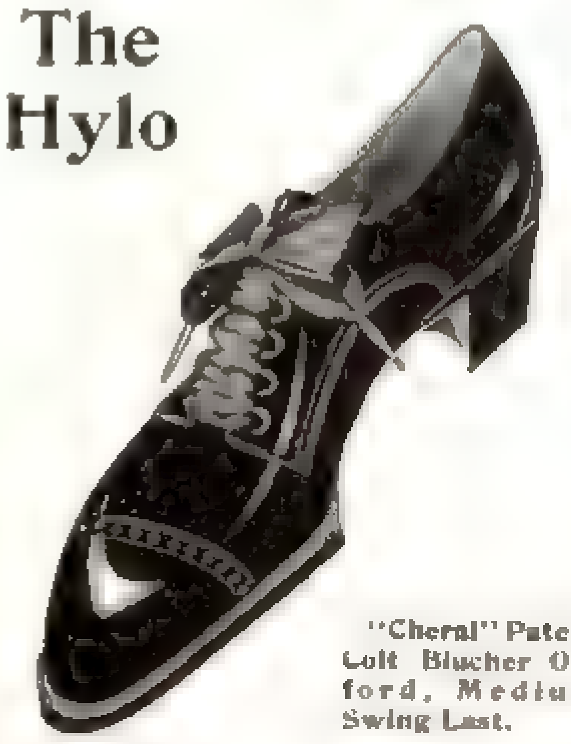

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Red Cross Oxford with patent tip

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manager who went to Chicago to supervise the dress rehearsals of a Biblical spectacle. This manager makes a point of crowding the stage with people and trappings. For a chariot-race, instead of two chariots he has four, with eight horses to each chariot if possible. His instructions to the playwright and stage-manager had been to fill the stage with people in the grand scenes, and crowd it with supernumeraries. They had been carried out. When the dress rehearsal reached its climax the stage was an inspiring sight, with its groups of fifty gladiators, fifty Roman senators, forty-count-'em-forty vestals, and so on.

Suddenly the manager darted across the stage to a group of twelve supers, followed anxiously by the stage-manager.

"Why isn't this group larger?" he demanded. "Make it larger—larger! We won't do *anything* small."

"I don't think we can increase that group——" the playwright began.

"Certainly—make it bigger—twice as big, four times as big!" was the order. "Put fifty men in that group."

"But we can't do that without going against history," insisted the author of the play. "Those are the twelve Apostles."

Another playwright, author of several successful musical comedies, received a commission to write one for a Broadway theatrical firm. The commission was hardly given before the partners began to ask how the piece was coming along, and when they could hear the first act, and had the author a good idea for his last act, and so forth. Finally their inquiries became so persistent that the author appeared one day with a manuscript and announced that he was ready to read two acts. The partners listened attentively, and seemed to be much pleased with the piece.

"But we'll have to make some changes," they said. "I'd take that first scene of the second act, and cut it down half, and work it in the first act. That'll bring So-and-So on earlier in the piece. Then the chorus work in the first act can be cut, and I'd make the second act a little livelier, and so forth. You know how to fix it up. Bring it back as soon as you've finished the third act, for we're in a hurry."

Several months later the playwright appeared with the completed musical comedy, ready to read.

"You needn't bother about the first two acts, of course," said the managers. "Just go over the last one."

"But you want to get some idea how the whole thing goes, don't you?"

"Oh, we know all about the first two acts—didn't you read them to us last summer? We heard 'em once."

"You heard!" was the sarcastic reply. "What did you hear? That stuff I read you last summer was the two acts of Pinafore."

The Fatherly Critic

THAT James J. Corbett is the ablest and most conscientious of the prize-fighters who have attempted the stage is admitted even by the humorous reporters who have hitherto been his chief critics. On the first night of his recent engagement in New York as the hero of Bernard Shaw's romance of the pugilist, Cashel Byron's Profession, he told an anecdote which quite unconsciously indicated this. On his appearance in San Francisco, his home town, in A Naval Cadet, his father, who is old and somewhat deaf, sat in the front row. After the performance the actor asked the old man what he thought of his acting.

"It was a great part," said the elder Corbett. "Yer brass buttons were fine."

"But the acting?" the son insisted. "I want to know how I can make it better."

"As for that," the father replied, "I can't say. I was that busy trying to hear what ye said, I couldn't take observations."

A Correction

IT WAS stated in these columns that, before delivering her recent address at Harvard University, Mrs. Fiske was obliged, at the instance of President Eliot, to strike out of it certain passages animadverting upon the so-called theatrical syndicate, to which Mrs. Fiske has been so strenuously opposed. It has since then been brought to our knowledge that the statement was quite unfounded—that Mrs. Fiske never intended any such thing, and that her address was delivered as written. We take the first opportunity to correct a false impression.

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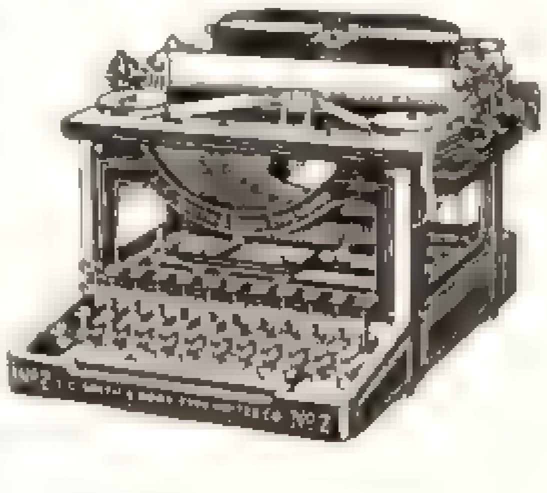

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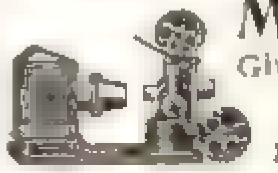

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LITERARY FOLK

THEIR WAYS AND THEIR WORK

On the Banks of the Wabash
George Ade and a Bit of His Indiana Farm

A New Art Critic

WHILE the reminiscences of John S. Wise were appearing in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, the illustrations furnished them by George Barr McCutcheon were the subject of so much praise that readers will probably be interested to know how highly some other authorities have valued Mr. McCutcheon's work. John Hay once said of this artist's cartoons that he had never seen any others which contained "so much wit and fun and so little poison," and George Ade, who was at college with the cartoonist, has gone even further. "In Mr. McCutcheon's cartoons," says Mr. Ade, "we admire the clever execution, and the genuine humor which suffuses all his work, but I dare say that more than all we admire him for his considerate treatment of public men and his blessed wisdom in getting away from the hackneyed political subjects."

Longworth and Longfellow

IT WAS shortly before his marriage to Alice Roosevelt that Congressman Longworth was quite unexpectedly presented, at a large reception, to Samuel Longfellow, a brother of the poet. Now Longworth, be it remembered, is nothing if not a modest man, and he was just then in somewhat a rattled condition because of all the notoriety showered upon him by a gratuitous daily press.

He did not know what to say, and so he said only:

"Our names are almost similar, aren't they?"

Mr. Longfellow smiled kindly.

"Yes," he quickly quoted; "'worth makes the man and the lack of it the fellow.'"

The Telegrapher's Despair

JULIAN HAWTHORNE as an author is the delight of the printer, but as a newspaper correspondent he is the telegrapher's despair. This is all for the same reason. Mr. Hawthorne writes slowly, carefully weighing each word before he sets it down, and, when he does set it down, forming it in characters so small and upon lines so close together that the process of reading it becomes almost as dilatory as that of writing it. As, of course, the manuscript is typewritten when it is intended for a book or magazine, this method of composition is all very well for the printer, since the author's original deliberation guarantees but few corrections in the typewritten "copy" and still fewer corrections in the proofs. But the meat of the printer becomes the poison of the telegrapher when Mr. Hawthorne happens to be writing news reports for a daily paper and having them sent over a wire. Then it is the original "copy" which goes to the operator, and the more pressing the necessity for speed, the harder becomes the task of meeting the demand.

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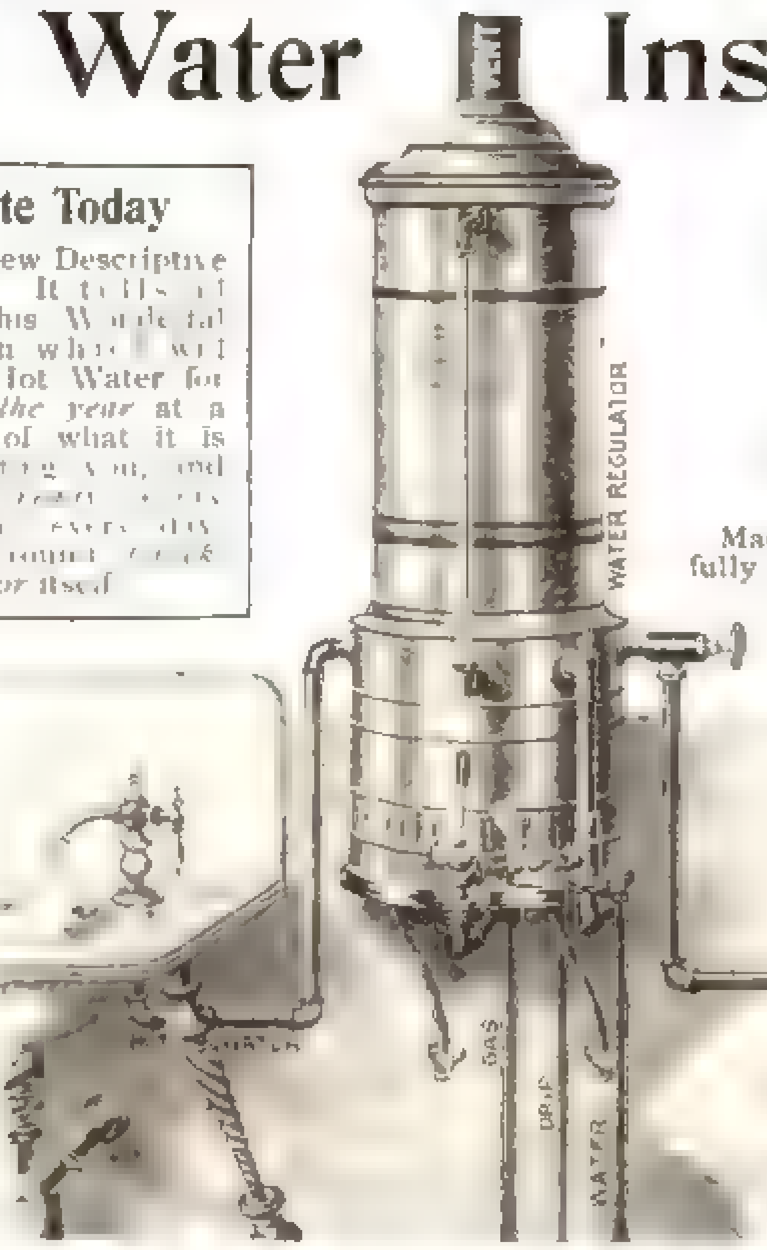

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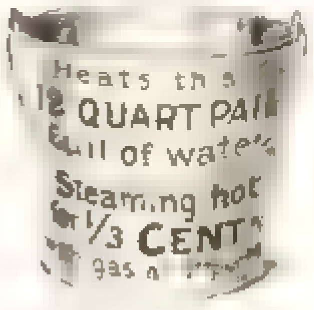
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Climate the best. Near famous big trees. Roses bloom year round. Finest bathing on coast. Ideal homes. Investments for Capitalists, Fruit Growers and Farmers. Send 2c. stamp to **BOARD OF TRADE, Santa Cruz, California,** for illustrated booklet. **Department A.**

Beautiful Lawns

Are the pride of the home; why disfigure with ugly clothes posts?

Hill's Lawn Clothes Dryers

hold **100 to 150** feet of line, take small space and quickly removed when not in use. Make a neat and tasty appearance, last a life-time

More than 2 million people use them.

No traveling in wet grass. No snow to shovel. The line comes to you. Also

Balcony and Roof Clothes Dryers.

If not found at your hardware store write

HILL DRYER CO.

366 Park Ave., Worcester, Mass.
Write for Cat. 8

Pears'

The skin welcomes Pears' Soap. It gently cleanses, freshens and beautifies. Never irritates nor acts harshly.

Have you used Pears' Soap?

Get it anywhere

"The Sincerity Clothier"

"IT SEEMS an odd name for a clothing store, father; but since all these investigations of food frauds and insurance grafting have been going on, it has set me to thinking why it is that nearly every suit or overcoat that you or I have ever bought has wrinkled and shrunk and gotten all out of shape."

"It seemed to make little difference where we got it or what we paid for it, it has never seemed right.

"Often the highest priced clothes we have [illegible] have given us the same cause [illegible].

"That name—SINCERITY CLOTHES—attracted my attention;—it sounded honest;—seemed to mean something."

"I went into the store to investigate, and I am pretty well satisfied that I am on the right track now.

"In answer to my questions the SINCERITY man explained things to me.

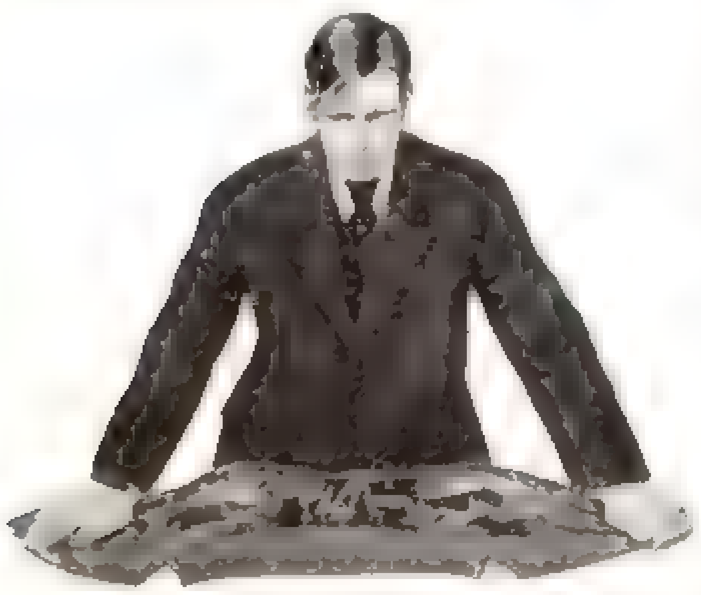
* * *

"It seems that no matter how accurately clothes are cut, the tailors who make up the garments *will* make mistakes in sewing, and instead of doing it over again, practically all the makers 'fix up' the garments by *shrinking and stretching* with the Hot Flat-Iron, until the garment is shaped."

"Naturally there is no way for us to tell, without having inside information, and, of course, all this Hot Flat-Iron work comes *out* again when the Coat is worn awhile, or *gets wet*."

"How is a fellow to know when a Coat is '*faked*' that way? I asked the SINCERITY man.

"Well!" says he, "here's one test."



"Lay the Coat out flat on a table. If it's sincerely made the collar ought to lie in a perfectly *straight* line along the edge and where it turns over." If it is '*doped*' by the Flat-Iron, the line will be *wavy;* and after the 'faked' Coat is worn, the Collar will, of course, *stand away* from the neck, and lose its *shape*."

"'The difference is, that SINCERITY CLOTHES are revised, when necessary, by good old-fashioned Hand Needle-Work, instead of Flat-Iron 'faking,' giving the garment *permanent* shape that requires very little pressing, if any.'

Now that sounds like good logic to me."

* * *

There was a great variety of patterns in SINCERITY CLOTHES, and they were the most perfect-fitting garments I ever put on, besides having the latest style lines."

So I bought a suit, and right glad I am that I did it.

Well, my boy, that's the way to figure things out. It's quality that tells in everything." "At my age, style doesn't count so much, but I am mighty glad to know how and where I can get a Suit or Overcoat that is honestly made.

To-morrow we will make another call on the SINCERITY CLOTHIER and I will have a suit, too, with this label —

"SINCERITY CLOTHES"
MADE AND GUARANTEED BY
KUH, NATHAN AND FISCHER CO.
CHICAGO

Send a 2 cent stamp for "The Test."

On one occasion half a dozen newspaper men, among whom was Hawthorne, were all at a small New Jersey town on the same assignment. By seven o'clock in the evening all their "copy" had been filed with the single operator, and the whole of it should have been sent and the wire "clear" by ten o'clock at the latest. But at 10:30 one of the reporters happened in at the telegraph office and found the operator still at his instrument.

"What, not through yet?" asked the reporter.

"Naw," growled the telegrapher; "I been workin' on nothin' but this here Hawthorne message since seven o'clock, an' if there's a hundred more words of it I reckon I won't *git* through before twelve, nuther."

Whereupon the other reporters held a council of war and sent their "stories" by long-distance telephone.

Walt Whitman's Self

HORACE TRAUBEL'S book, With Walt Whitman in Camden (*Small, Maynard & Co.*), appears to be more than the book of the year for Whitmanites. One of the literary executors of Walt Whitman said, in the course of a conversation a day or two ago: "I wouldn't be surprised to see Traubel's volume take its place with Boswell and the great biographies." High praise that, and yet reasonable to any one who so much as runs through these delightfully intimate pages. One sees the poet so closely and so clearly, in his home and among his friends, that one soon begins to wonder: Did Traubel absorb Whitman, or did Whitman so preëmpt Traubel that the biographer is now inhabited, so to speak, by the soul of his subject, which has merely employed Traubel's hand to set down pictures of itself? It is therefore obvious that here to attempt any synopsis of the book would be sheer futility. There is hardly a line in it which is not in quotation-marks—and the quotations are always Whitman. The author took down the words of his subject precisely as they were spoken and almost before their echo ceased. The result could be nothing but the real man

In the Literary Nursery

"If you [illegible] me Cross," his mother'd say,
"I'll have to Hunt for pa."
But Childe Harold straight would Carroll
"I don't care if you Dumas!" —*R. R. K.*

The Art of the "Ad."

FROM one point of view there is a good deal to be said about advertising as an art. The novelist, for instance, contrives first to interest and then to convince—which is precisely the triumph of the writer of advertisements. But, whether the "ad. man" is an artist or not, he at least represents a part of a great industry—an industry which has arisen almost entirely within the last half-century. Of the rise and development of that industry nobody knows more than George Presbury Rowell, who tells most entertainingly a good deal of what he knows in Forty Years an Advertising Agent (*Printers' Ink Publishing Company*). In 1865, when the business was in its cradle, he founded the advertising agency of George P. Rowell & Co., which blazed the trail of what has now become the great advertising highway to success. Four years later he started his American Newspaper Directory—the first methodical effort to learn and classify the circulations of newspapers competing for advertising patronage. And in 1888 he established Printers' Ink, the first journal for a serious discussion of advertising as a great business force.

Considering, therefore, Mr. Rowell's intimate knowledge of advertising's methods and history, and the lasting services he has rendered to their development, it is not surprising that his modest memoirs are as entertaining to all readers as they are helpful to the advertiser.

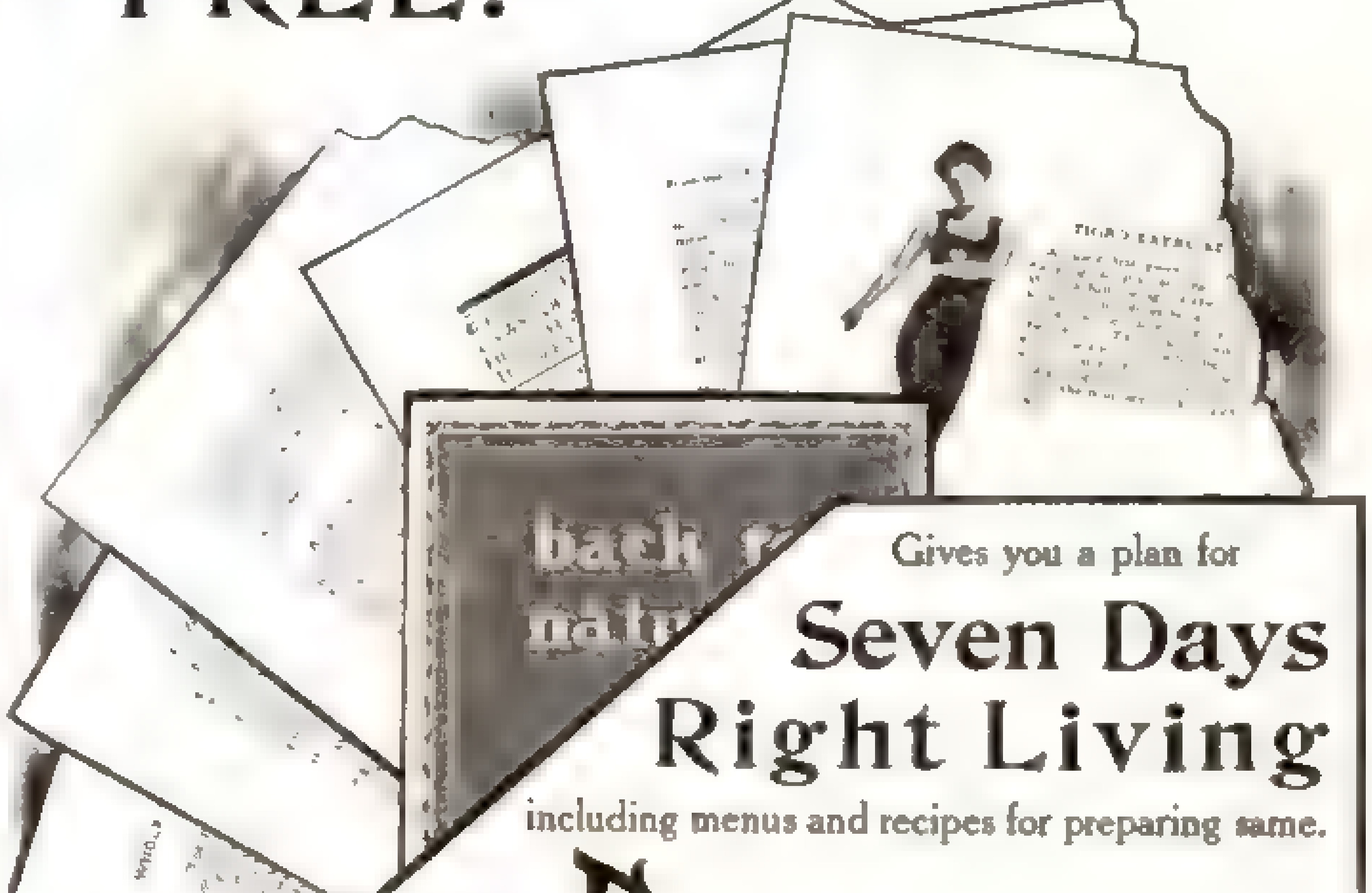
Government Positions

30,427 Appointments were made to Civil Service places during the past year. [illegible] Each year we instruct by mail [illegible] [illegible] at $840 to $[illegible] [illegible] by the Civil Service [illegible]

Columbian Correspondence College, Washington, D.C.

Baby Rambler Rose blooms from June until late frost. Write for our **Free** Catalog describing 5[illegible] varieties of choice Roses, Shrubs, Fruit and Ornamental Trees.
QUAKER HILL NURSERIES, No. 34 Main Street, Newark, N. Y.

The "-back to nature" book FREE!



Gives you a plan for
Seven Days Right Living
including menus and recipes for preparing same.

EGG-O-SEE *10¢*

is all there is in Wheat. Egg-O-See is most delicious to the taste, has a most agreeable crisp nut like flavor which makes the mouth water just to think about.

Then it is most easily digested — From actual test a dish of Egg-O-See remains only one hour in the stomach — think of it you martyrs of dyspepsia!

And by restoring Nervous Energy Egg-O-See not only removes bodily ailments, dyspepsia and nervousness —

But best of all it gives back ambition, interest in work and determination.

Egg-O-See is prepared under conditions of scrupulous cleanliness.

Every grocer in the country sells Egg-O-See — the whole wheat cereal. If your grocer has not received his supply, mail us 10 cents and his name (15 cents west of the Rocky Mountains) and we will send you a package of Egg-O-See and a copy of the book, "-back to nature."

FREE "-back to nature" book

Our 32 page book, "-back to nature," outlines a plan of right living, including menus for 7 days and recipes for preparing the necessary dishes, based on a whole wheat diet, with suggestions for bathing, eating and exercise, illustrated from life, exceedingly simple and attractive. By following the precepts, abounding and vigorous health is sure to result.

Published to sell at 25 cents a copy this handsomely illustrated book will be mailed FREE as long as this edition lasts to anyone who writes. Address

EGG-O-SEE CEREAL COMPANY
376-426 Front Street Quincy, Illinois

Please send me the "-back to nature" book, free of charge.

Name

Street No

City

Best Grocer's Name

ADDS FOR YOU

With [illegible] figure is [illegible] years before [illegible] $9,999,999.99.

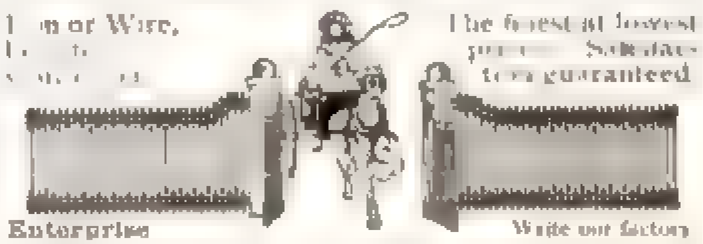
No hook [illegible] durable [illegible] gear movement that must always be accurate.

The Rapid Computer [illegible] that can be done on any machine ever made [illegible] two weeks [illegible]

The Rapid Computer Company
22 Bridge Square, Minneapolis, Minn.

ORNAMENTAL FENCES

Iron or Wire, [illegible] The finest at lowest prices. Satisfaction guaranteed.



Enterprise Foundry & Fence Co., 201 S. Senate, Indianapolis, Ind. Write our factory

BI-PED TACK PULLER

Agents Wanted

One Foot for Matting Tacks
One Foot for Carpet Tacks

The [illegible] tacks [illegible] Made of best steel, on simple lever principle — everlasting. Feet changed instantly, using only the fingers. Sent post paid on receipt of 25 cents, also a

Kangaroo Trick Lock, Free, and a Package of Interesting Matter and Samples of Specialties.

General Specialty Mfg. Co., 1043 Arcade Building, Phila.

Thirty Tours to Europe

under superior management, exceptional advantages. Fall Tours Around the World. Annual Oriental Cruise every February. Program W Free. FRANK C. CLARK, 96 Broadway, New York

ON EVERYBODY'S TONGUE

THAT DAINTY MINT COVERED CANDY COATED CHEWING GUM

Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

At All the Better kind of Stores 5 cents the Ounce or in [illegible] 25-cent Packets

Send us 10c for sample packet. Frank H. Fleer & Company Inc., Philadelphia

THE WAYS OF OUR FATHERS

(Concluded from Page 5)

as provision for this world, their vineyard, and a secret recipe for a cordial which was to outrival Chartreuse; and for the next world, a firm faith in Comte's heaven, in which all the men were to wear lace ruffles and all of the women blue velvet gowns.

But in the hot American summer the cordial soured, and their dead never came back to report any certainty as to the lace and the velvet. So the hungry dreamers ceased to laugh and sing, and went about looking for odd jobs among the farmers, and the huge building, forsaken by its tenants and their hopes and dreams, fell into decay and was worn out as a tobacco warehouse.

One colony after another of discontented men and women who had given up their old habits, laws and homes, came to our shores, and hoped to start afresh in the wilderness with entirely new methods of life. A large number of them abjured marriage. They were to live as the angels of God: there were to be no more husbands or wives or children on the earth. Each colony had its own peculiar creed and whimsy. This body of adventurers never shaved: others danced while they prayed: one sect regarded buttons as ungodly and fastened their coats and trousers with hooks and eyes: another believed meat to be the Devil's own favorite lure and lived on fish and fruit. It is easy to laugh at them now, but what could be more pitiful or tragic than the sight of these middle-aged men and women turning their backs on everything that was familiar and dear to them on earth, and going to an unknown wilderness to make for themselves a new life and a new religion?

Some of these communities still drag on a feeble existence. Such of them as have retained any leaven of religious faith or hunger for learning have been kept alive by it, and are now useful citizens. Others who lacked that leaven have made hoarding or feeding the chief end of life, and have degenerated into misers or gluttons.

The religion of our grandfathers showed itself in certain small habits of life which were very different from ours. Modesty, for instance, then was ranked as a girl's chief virtue: it was jealously guarded by her parents. If they did not, as Dickens asserted, put frilled muslin drawers on the legs of their pianos, they did sometimes pin handkerchiefs over the neck of the Venus de Milo. Certain volumes of the encyclopædia were always tied up and hidden on the top shelf where no woman could ever see them. Aged grandmothers then would have shuddered even to glance into the novels which are eagerly discussed now by girls and boys together. A matron would have been forever barred from respectable society if she had once gone to see the plays at which parties of débutantes now gaze nightly without a blush on their tender cheeks.

Another marked difference in the outward show of religion then and now was the reverence in which the minister was held in that older day. In the first settlement of the country he often was the only man of education in a village of squatters. They referred to him, as "the sensi-carrier," to solve difficulties in law, medicine and surveying, as well as theology. Most quarrels then were settled by the pistol or the fist. He was safe from both.

There was, too, more outward reverence shown then by children to parents than there is to-day. A man with ten or a dozen wide-awake boys and girls regarded himself as taking his commission to rule them directly from the Almighty. He usually liked his office and was apt to impress upon them several times a day his conviction of his divine right to rule them. Hence, they were not likely to accost him as "Governor" or "Pop." There was seldom any intimacy between them, however deep the affection might be.

There was shown then, too, more outward respect for religion, the Church and the Bible than there is now. It was the decent, the approved, the popular thing then to be a Christian. Now, especially among boys and girls, it is often thought a sign of a superior intellect to "have doubts."

Whether the American has advanced or gone backward in his religious life since that earlier day is not for me to decide. I only give you the facts.

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL

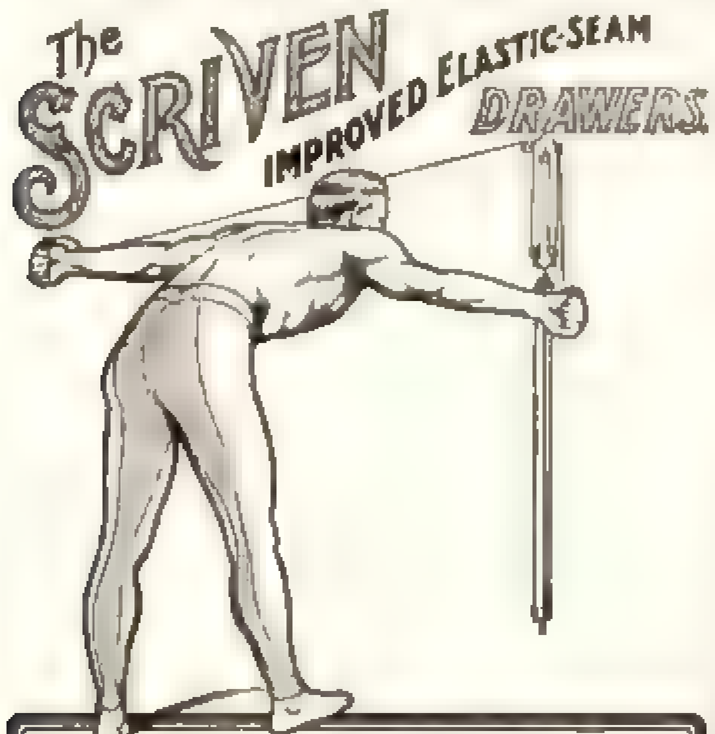
Michaels-Stern Fine Clothing

in all the correct styles and all the most fashionable fabrics and patterns for Spring and Summer, is now being shown by leading retailers in nearly every city of the Union. Ask for it if you want to dress stylishly, at moderate cost, in garments that will *fit you* and *wear well.*

Suits and Top Coats
$10, $12, $15, $18, $20, $25
and upwards.

Our new fashion booklet "E," "Styles from Life," and name of dealer in your town, *free* upon request.

MICHAELS, STERN & CO.
Manufacturers
ROCHESTER, N.Y.


The SCRIVEN IMPROVED ELASTIC-SEAM DRAWERS

The ideal garment for particular men

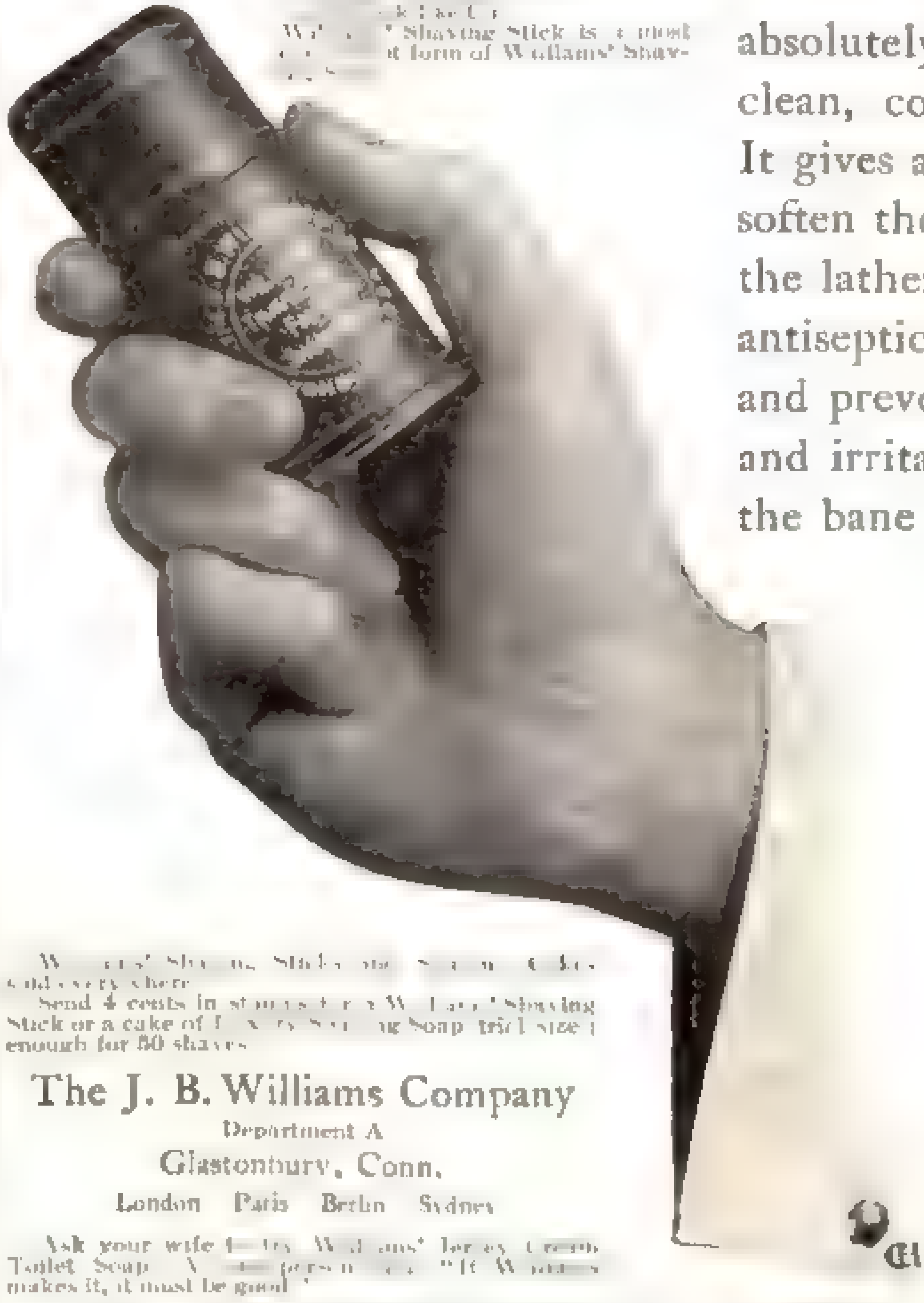
It is scientifically constructed with an elastic insertion that makes them fit and makes them comfortable at all times.

The Scriven Improved Elastic Seam Drawers are made in a variety of popular Fabrics, in full and knee lengths. For sale by good haberdashers generally.

Send for booklet to-day describing the various styles. This booklet also contains a comprehensive treatise on Physical Culture for the busy business man. It's free.

J. A. SCRIVEN COMPANY, Sole Manufacturers
16 East 15th Street, New York

Williams' Shaving Stick



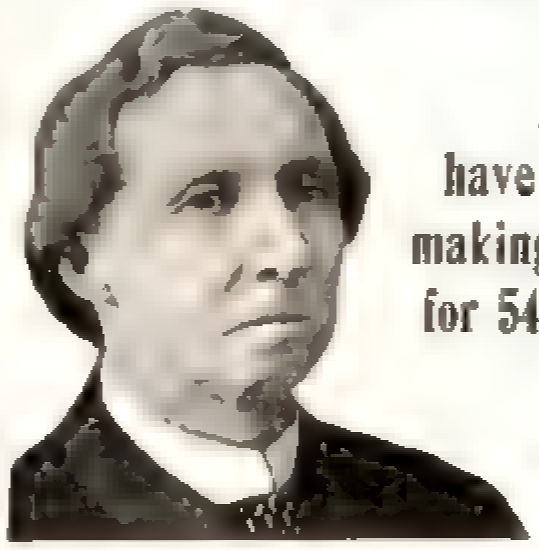
When [illegible] your dealer for W[illegible] Stick, the box [illegible] Williams' Shaving Stick is a most [illegible] form of Williams' Shav[illegible]

Williams' Shaving Soap is absolutely necessary for a clean, comfortable shave. It gives abundant lather to soften the toughest beard; the lather is soothing and antiseptic; it lasts longest and prevents the smarting and irritation of the face, the bane of most soaps.

W[illegible]' Shaving Sticks [illegible] sold everywhere.
Send 4 cents in stamps for a W[illegible] Shaving Stick or a cake of [illegible] Shaving Soap (trial size) enough for 50 shaves.

The J. B. Williams Company
Department A
Glastonbury, Conn.
London Paris Berlin Sydney

Ask your wife to try Williams' Jersey Cream Toilet Soap. [illegible] "If Williams makes it, it must be good."



I have been making shoes for 54 years

and every week-day for the past half-century I have studied hard to manufacture the best-wearing and most comfortable shoes. I now make the

Worth Cushion Sole Shoe

and hundreds of men and women tell me it's by far the most comfortable shoe they ever wore. I make them in up-to-date styles for both men and women, and really believe that for style, comfort and durability they are unequaled by any other shoe.

FREE I will be pleased to send you my Spring Catalogue and testimonials FREE

DAVID CUMMINGS, No. 406 Washington St.
Care of The Cummings Co., BOSTON

Gillette Safety Razor
NO STROPPING NO HONING

The Most Wonderful Razor in the World

Shave yourself and save time, money and worry

"The Gillette" blade is of fine, flexible, wafer steel that shaves

12 Blades
24 Keen Edges

20 to 40 quick and comfortable shaves from each blade

Triple silver plated set with 12 blades, $5.00.

Quadruple gold plated set with 12 blades, $10.00.

Quadruple gold plated set with 12 [illegible] $12.00

Standard combination set with shaving brush and soap in triple silver plated holders, $7.50

Other combination sets in silver and gold up to $50.00

Standard packages of 10 blades, having 20 sharp edges, for sale by all dealers at the uniform price of 50 cents.

No Blades Exchanged or Resharpened

Sold by Leading Drug, Cutlery and Hardware Dealers.

Ask to see them and for our booklet. Write for our special trial offer.

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY
Times Building New York City

STARK FRUIT BOOK shows in NATURAL COLORS and accurately describes 216 varieties of fruit. [illegible] terms of distribution to planters. STARK BROS., Louisiana, Mo.

PATENTS that PROTECT
Our 3 books for Inventors mailed on receipt of 6cts. stamps
R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Washington, D. C. Estab. 1869

I am familiar with Ridpath's History of the World, and commend it to the scholar as well as to the plain people generally.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY

Merrill and Baker's Failure

Dr. Ridpath's labors are deserving of the highest praise. I most heartily recommend his History of the World for Study and for convenient reference.

BENJAMIN HARRISON

Gives a Grand Opportunity to Readers of The Saturday Evening Post

To place in your homes their World-Famed Publication

Ridpath's History of the World

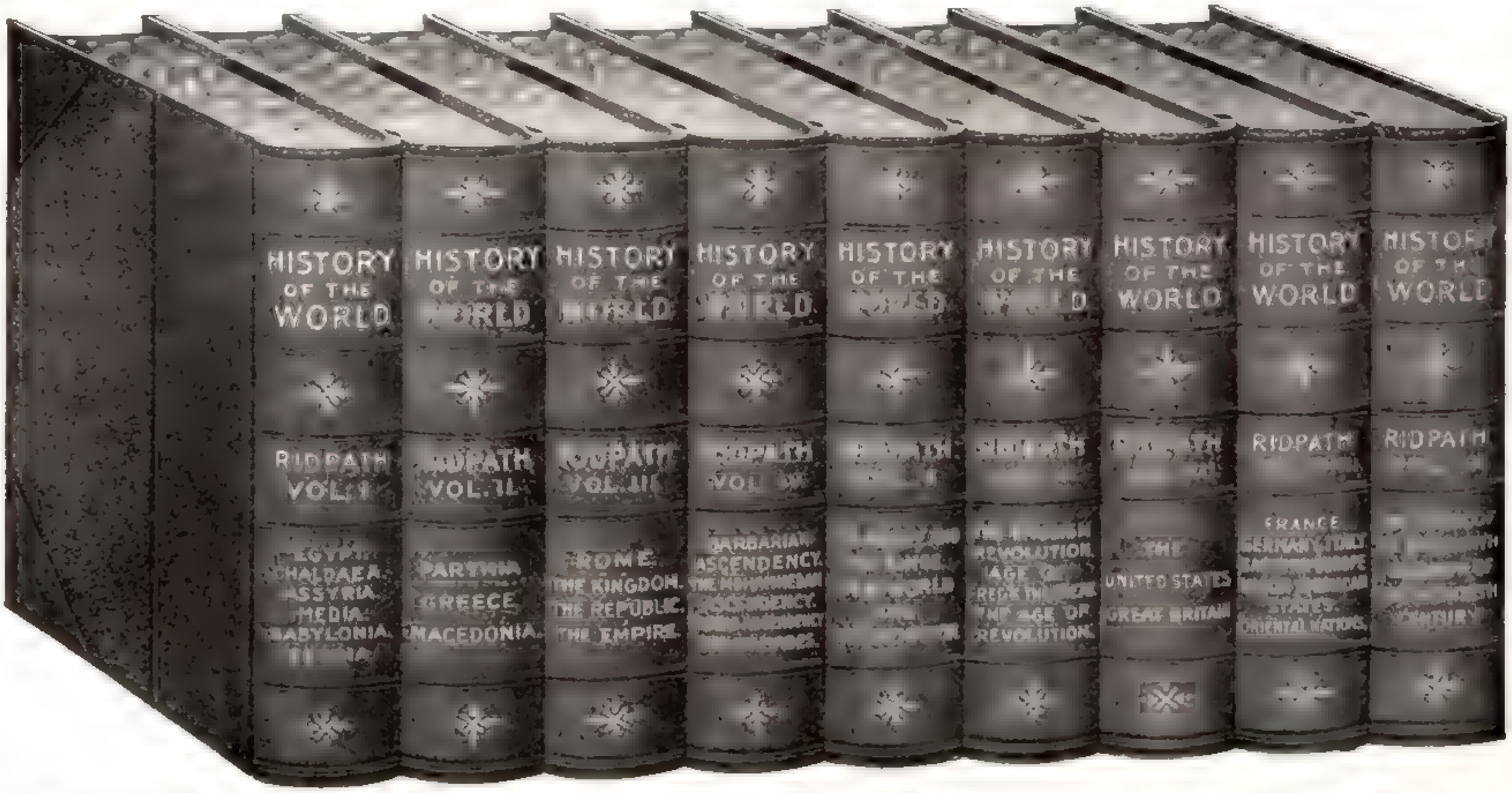
Brand new, latest edition, down to the close of the Russia-Japan War, beautifully bound in Half-Morocco.

We are offering the few remaining Sets to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST Readers

At LESS than even DAMAGED SETS were ever sold

We will **name our price** only in **direct letters** to those **sending the coupon** below. **Tear off the coupon,** write **name** and **address** plainly and **mail now before you forget it. Don't delay, as there are but a few Sets remaining.**

Dr. Ridpath is dead, his work is done, but his family derive an income from his History, and **to print our price broadcast** for the sake of more quickly selling these few sets would cause **great injury to future sales.**



9 massive royal octavo volumes, encyclopædia size, 11 in. tall, 8 in. wide, 2 in. thick, weighs 55 lbs., 4,000 double-column pages, 2,000 superb illustrations

RIDPATH takes you back to the dawn of history, long before the pyramids of Egypt were built; down through the romantic, troubled times of Chaldaea's grandeur and Assyria's magnificence; of Babylonia's wealth and luxury; of Grecian and Roman splendour; of Mohammedan culture and refinement; of French elegance and British power; of American patriotism and religious freedom, to the dawn of yesterday. He covers **every race, every nation, every time,** and holds you spellbound by his wonderful eloquence. Nothing more interesting, absorbing and inspiring was ever written by man.

He throws the mantle of personality over the old heroes of history. Alexander is there; patriot, warrior, statesman, diplomat, crowning the glory of Grecian history. Xerxes from his mountain platform sees Themistocles with three hundred and fifty Greek ships smash his Persian fleet of over a thousand sail, and help to mould the language in which this paragraph is written. Rome perches Nero upon the greatest throne on earth, and so sets up a poor madman's name to stand for countless centuries as the synonym of savage cruelty. Napoleon fights Waterloo again under your very eyes, and reels before the iron fact that at last the end of his gilded dream has come. Bismarck is there, gruff, overbearing, a giant pugilist in the diplomatic ring, laughing with grim disdain at France, which says, "You shall not." Washington is there, "four-square to all the winds," grave, thoughtful, proof against the wiles of British strategy and the poisoned darts of false friends; clear-seeing over the heads of his fellow-countrymen, and on into another Century, the most colossal world-figure of his time.

$1

Brings Complete Set.

Balance Small Sums Monthly.

200,000 Americans Own and Love Ridpath

The reason for **Dr. Ridpath's** enviable position as an historian is his wonderfully beautiful style, a style no other historian has ever equaled. He pictures the great historical events as though they were happening before your eyes; he carries you with him to see the battles of old; to meet kings and queens and warriors; to sit in the Roman Senate; to march against Saladin and his dark-skinned followers; to sail the southern seas with Drake; to circumnavigate the globe with Magellan; to watch that thin line of Greek spearmen work havoc with the Persian hordes on the field of Marathon; to know Napoleon as you know Roosevelt. He combines absorbing interest with supreme reliability, and makes the heroes of history real living men and women, and about them he weaves the rise and fall of empires in such a fascinating style that history becomes as intensely interesting as the greatest of fiction.

Ridpath should be in your home. It is a Work you will value as long as you live and read over and over again.

Hundreds who read this have decided to buy Ridpath **some day; now is the time.** No need for us to tell you more about Ridpath. The English-speaking world has pronounced this the only history of the world worth having.

Send Coupon To-day.

FOLD HERE, TEAR OUT, SIGN, AND MAIL

4-7-06

FREE COUPON

WESTERN NEWSPAPER ASSOCIATION
204 Dearborn Street, Chicago

Please mail without cost to me, sample pages of Ridpath's History of the World [illegible] SATURDAY EVENING POST readers.

NAME ____________________

ADDRESS ____________________

You need not clip the coupon if you write and mention THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Why Are Shawknit Socks for Men Recognized To-day as the Standard of Excellence, Comfort, Durability, and Fit?

Because they are the **most comfortable** and **perfect-fitting, free from seams,** and, unlike other socks, **are knit to fit.** They **do not bind over the instep,** as do socks stretched over a form. **Their durability** is assured; due, first, to the **quality of yarns** used in their construction being of the **finest grade,** selected and made by ourselves to meet our own specific requirements. Second, due to the pains taken in their construction by **expert, well-paid operators** and with the **latest and best machinery.**

Your Dealer Should Carry These Goods

Ask him for them; if not obtainable that way, we [illegible]

The following styles are **25 Cents** per pair, 6 pairs for $1.50. Sent [illegible] United States on receipt of price, delivery charges prepaid.

Medium Weight Cottons

[illegible]

FREE INTERESTING COLORED DESCRIPTIVE CATALOG

SHAW STOCKING COMPANY
80 Shaw Street, Lowell, Mass.

W. L. Douglas
$3.50 & $3.00 SHOES FOR MEN
W. L. Douglas $4.00 Gilt Edge Line cannot be equalled at any price

BEST IN THE WORLD
ALL STYLES
SOLE AGENTS FOR W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES
ESTABLISHED JULY 6 1876
CAPITAL $2,500,000

W. L. DOUGLAS MAKES AND SELLS MORE MEN'S $3.50 SHOES THAN ANY OTHER MANUFACTURER IN THE WORLD

$10,000 REWARD to anyone who can disprove this statement.

If I could take you into my three large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you the infinite care with which every pair of shoes is made, you would realize why W. L. Douglas $3.50 shoes cost more to make, why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater intrinsic value than any other $3.50 shoe on the market to-day.

W. L. Douglas Strong Made Shoes for Men, $2.50, $2.00. Boys' School and Dress Shoes $2.50, $2, $1.75, $1.50.

CAUTION—Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes. Take no substitute. None genuine without his name and price stamped on bottom. *Fast Color Eyelets used; they will not wear brassy.* Write for Illustrated Catalog.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Dept. 7, Brockton, Mass.

The Uncommon Case of Mr. Wigges

(Continued from Page 7)

other kyphosis man died that if he could have been isolated from drugs and medical books he might have recovered. He said: 'Oh, Kemp, my boy, if only I had had this man at sea!'"

"Great Scott! Did he say that, Bob?"

The benevolent liar said that was exactly what the eminent physician did say, and he went on to explain why.

"At sea, uncle, a man cannot go out and buy medical works if those he has are taken from him. Nor can he get drugs, uncle, and it is those two things that nourish the complaint. I tell you what he told me: that if you can give up drugs and these books you have a chance. It is only a chance, but one worth trying, for, if you don't try it, you will at last get so weak that you won't be able to lift even three hundredweight, and when it is too late you will be taken to a hospital and deprived of books and drugs there and die miserably. Think it over, uncle, for now I must relieve Gamble on the bridge or he will be as mad as you when the end comes."

And he left the skipper to think it over while he told the second mate how things were going.

"I'll cure him, safe as houses," said the favorite pupil of that great physician, Sir William Gumby—who was such an authority on chronic kyphosis with all its awe-inspiring complications of teleangiectatic boulimia and others, such as compound spastic paraplegic neurasthenia—which occurred to the mate in the course of the day. By the time the Wanderoo was through the Ditch and in the Red Sea the captain was completely under his nephew's broad thumb, and did not eat, drink nor sleep without referring to him. He gave up his books one by one with groans as if parting with them was like having teeth drawn.

"Mayn't I keep one, Bob?" he asked with tremendous pathos. "Oh, mayn't I keep Osler by me? I won't even read him, Bob, but the feelin' that it is there is a great comfort to me."

Bob was as stern as Rhadamanthus and made no concessions.

"Ah, uncle, that was a special point that Sir William was very strong on. He used to say to me: 'If ever you come across a case like this, you must be ruthlessly severe, my dear chap. Don't let the poor patient be what he calls comfortable. He must be encouraged to do what is disagreeable to him. His books must be withdrawn, his drugs taken away, and he must have his enfeebled mind put to work that he detests. In this way only lies hope, Kemp.' That's what he said, uncle, so overboard goes Osler."

And poor Osler went where Pharaoh's hosts had gone, and the fishes were doubtless very much wiser than they had been. It was not long afterward that Bob clinched his hold on the skipper by making a most surprising demand.

"I want your clinical thermometer, uncle," he said when the barren island of Perim was on the port beam.

The old man gasped. "How did you know that I had one, Bob?" he asked in a whisper.

"Because it is a symptom," said Bob, "and Sir William said that it was to be one of the last things to be taken away."

Wigges sighed heavily and brought out a thermometer which he handed over to Bob. The sea physician put it in his pocket and held out his hand again. The skipper was very much disturbed.

"Well, what d'ye want now?" he demanded crossly.

"The other clinical thermometer, uncle," said Bob coolly.

"How did you know I had another?" asked poor Wigges.

"Because it is a symptom," replied his nephew severely. "You can't deceive me, uncle, and, seeing what I am doing for you, I think you ought not to try."

"I know you are making me very uncomfortable," said the unhappy victim of the acute Sir William Gumby; "but there it is."

Again Bob held out his hand, but Wigges swore horribly.

"All right, uncle," said Bob sadly, "if you will die in agony with a clinical thermometer clenched in a horrid tonic spasm between your back teeth, I suppose you must. And you'll have compound spastic

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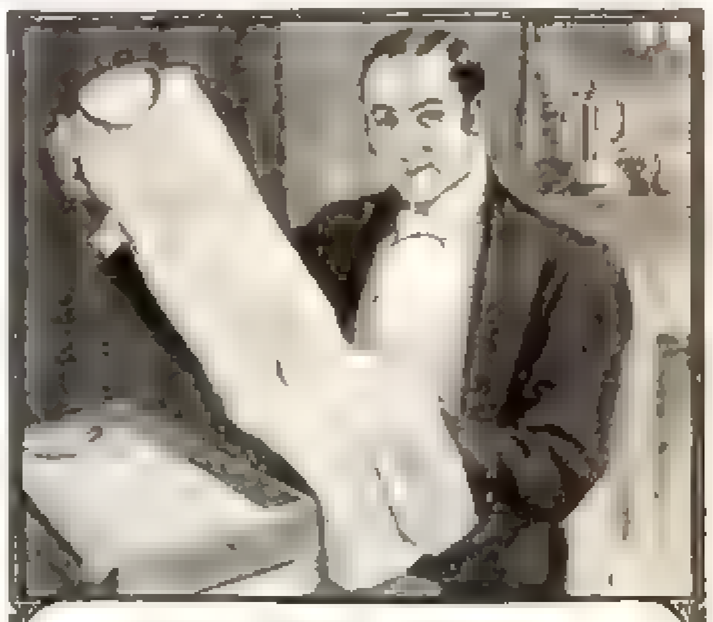

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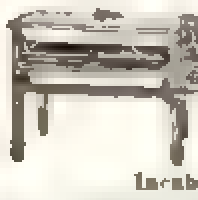

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paraplegic neurasthenia in your solar plexus, and I dread to see it."

He hadn't got a yard before Wigges called him back and gave him three more clinical thermometers.

"They are all I've got and I'll take my oath to it!" said Wigges, who was much alarmed by the threat to his solar plexus. "Did the man who died of my complaint have many of 'em, Bob?"

Bob said that as far as he could remember the fatal case had only three of them. The fact that Wigges had five thermometers was a reason for redoubled care, said Bob, and he went into the question of alcohol with his uncle. It appeared on inquiry that Wigges took very little—that is to say, he only took enough each day to preserve a large fish in. Bob sternly cut him down to a quantity that would have preserved a small one, and by the time that they were south of Ceylon he had him perfectly sober on three little tots a day. Bob also looked after his diet, and, as the poor skipper said, starved him. But it was obvious to every one on board but the skipper that he was a new man already, under the stern rule of Sir William Gumby's pupil. Some color came back into his sallow cheeks, and he laughed at least once every other day at some joke of Bob's. But, as Bob said to the second mate, he himself was getting nothing out of it, and he did not see what he was to get. He did not find out till they were well up the Coromandel coast and the passage to Calcutta was nearly at an end

"I really believe the kyphosis is disappearing rapidly," he said. "Do you still hanker after books and drugs, uncle?"

Wigges shook his head slowly.

"I wouldn't call it 'hanker,'" he replied with some hesitation, "but there are times when a look at Osler or a pill-box even would give me an unhealthy sort of pleasure, my boy. But I'm fightin' against it and I own I'm better. My tongue is as clean as if it had been holystoned and my pulse seems all right."

"You mustn't take its time yourself or the kyphosis will return," said his nephew sternly; "for now you've come to the real turning-point, by the look of your cheeks and the color in them. It's good, but not quite what it should be, and Sir William said that at such a point the best thing would be for the patient to apply himself to work so that he shouldn't think of his health and then the solar plexus would recover its tone. But the point is: What is most disagreeable to you, uncle?"

"Why?" asked Wigges.

"Ah, I can't say why, but then I don't know why a pint of strychnine curls up any one but those who have kyphosis," said Bob wisely. "But Sir William was very strong on the point that work a patient of your kind didn't like was the kind he should do. Now what do you dislike most, uncle?"

Wigges declined to state what he disliked most. He thought it unfair, and he only yielded to a terrible series of medical terms with which Bob riddled him.

"Oh, well," he said at last, "you know as well as I do that I hate navigation and all mathematics."

"Good," said Bob; "for the rest of this voyage I shall do no more of it, though I'm very fond of it. You shall do mine and look over Gamble's, for he's very uncertain in his pluses and his minuses. Is there anything else?"

Wigges hastened to say that he loved every other kind of work that was to be found on board a steamer. Bob said this was mere humbug and he didn't believe it.

"You've come to the point now," said Bob, "about which the great Sir William was very strong. He said: 'Kemp, my boy, if you should ever have the luck to come across another case of this kind, never forget that the patient will very likely slip his cable when you think he is recovering.'"

"Oh," said Wigges, "did he say that?"

"He did," said Bob. "He said that patients of your type always peg out between midnight and four in the morning and they do it in their sleep. They just give a little sigh and they are no more!"

"That's horrid, Bob. I sha'n't dare to sleep in the middle watch again."

"You mustn't," said his physician; "it will be fatal if you do. I'm very much afraid, though, that you will fall off in spite of yourself, and then I shall have bad news for aunt, after all But if you could think of any notion for keeping awake all the middle watch you'd be safe. Sir William said that was the only plan." He looked at his uncle anxiously.

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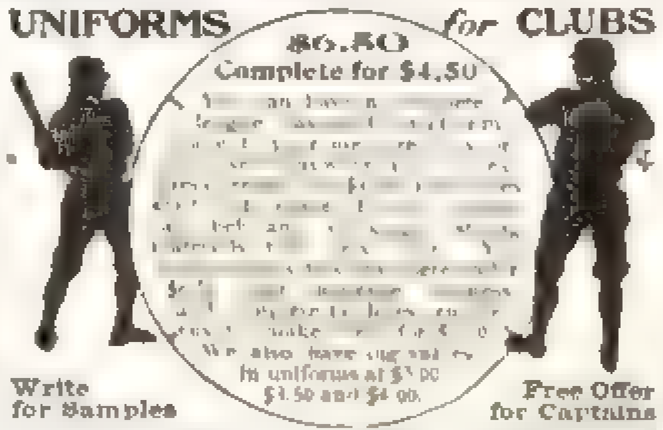

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"There's only one plan I can think of," said Wigges after long consideration, "and that is for me to keep the middle watch myself till you think I'm safe."

By Jove, uncle, that's a clever notion of yours! If I'd thought of it I should never have dared suggest it to you. But it is undoubtedly the only thing to do. I'll tell Gamble. We shall miss those middle watches in this beautiful weather, but what do I care if you get well? In another month your appetite will come back, you will be able to sleep, and you will be able to lift a thousand pounds. I shall write to aunt the moment we get into Calcutta."

By the time they were there the "old man" was a man once more. He had the complexion of a russet apple and he never thought of his health except when he related to his brother skippers how he had recovered from a complaint which was so rare that it had never been described. When he described it he used words of such a prodigious character that his listeners felt the highest respect for him, and wondered how, when he took his departure from the first syllable, he ever made a good landfall on the last one. The way his tales were received made him exceedingly gratified with his own constitution, and, if Wigges was happy about everything, Bob Kemp was very happy all the way home to have no middle watch to keep.

Leased Happiness

(Concluded from Page 5)

Cole, already uncomfortable, determined to end the farce.

"How much do you want?" he demanded abruptly.

"Well, Daddy——" began Billy.

"Quit that!" exclaimed Cole. "What kind of an infernal fool are you trying to make of me? First I'm a total stranger and then I'm 'Daddy.'"

"Why, Daddy!" said Bessie reproachfully.

"Are *you* trying to make a joke of me, too?" he demanded, but there was reproach rather than anger in his tone now.

"It's no joke," explained Billy. "You see, Daddy ——"

"Quit it!" roared Cole.

"Well, you see, it seemed better to make a sort of family matter of it," said Billy.

"No, it isn't."

"We thought it would be a little pleasanter for you."

"Well, it isn't. I don't want any disguise about a hold-up; I'd rather have it stand out plain for what it is. Now, what's the price?"

"That's just the point," explained Billy. "A fellow doesn't like to take advantage of anybody in the family, but it's good business to make a rank outsider pay."

"What's that?" Cole saw the point, but he wanted a moment to collect his wits.

"I was merely saying that in a family matter one is particularly disposed to be reasonable and conciliatory."

It was cleverly put, and Cole saw that he was cleverly caught. He was almost betrayed into a smile.

"Did he lease or sell—Billy?" he asked, hesitating at the name.

"He sold, Daddy."

Cole winced, but he made no protest

"I scared him into selling to you," he remarked. "How much did you have to pay?"

Billy named the price.

"What?" cried Cole. "No more than that?"

"No more than that, Daddy."

Cole winced again, but he was game.

"How much to me—Billy?" he asked.

"Well, now," said Billy reflectively, "that doesn't sound just right, Daddy."

"What doesn't, Billy?"

"It's doing pretty well," remarked Billy, "but it doesn't get the bed-rock price."

Cole looked at Bessie, and Bessie smiled. She drew her chair closer to her husband and took one of his hands in hers. The light of understanding dawned on Cole. He frowned, and then he actually laughed.

"Son," he said, "what's the price to the old man?"

"Why, Daddy," replied Billy, "it's precisely what it cost me."

Then Bessie kissed them both, and, somehow, it was midnight before Daddy got away, after discussing business consolidation and explaining that his reference to leased happiness contemplated nothing shorter than a life lease.

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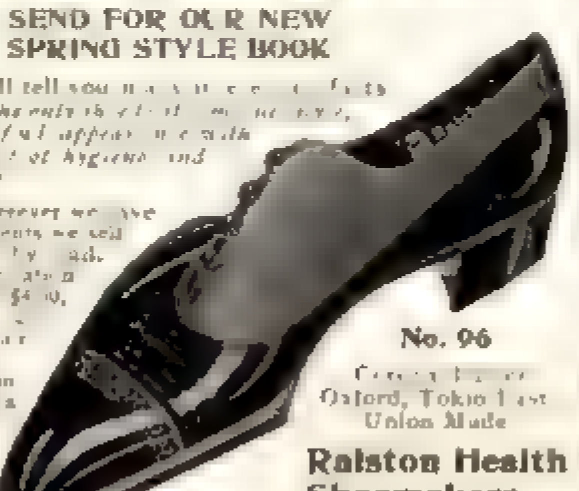

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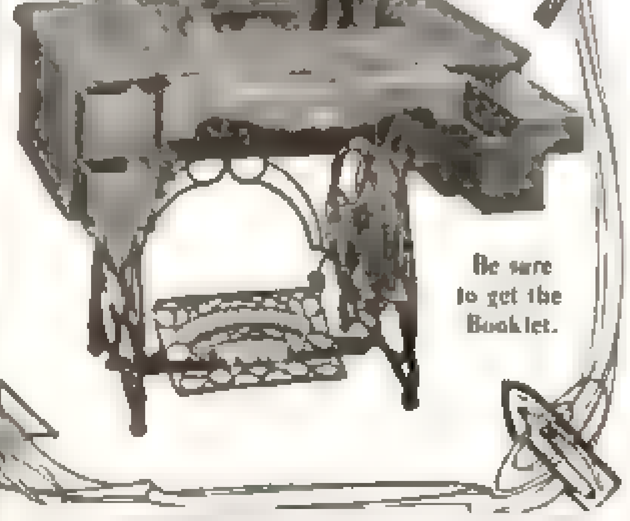

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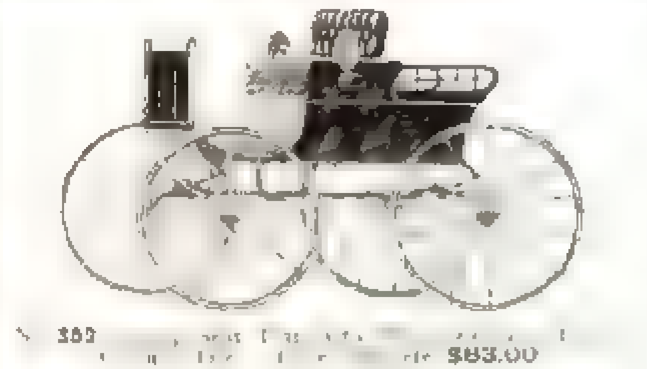

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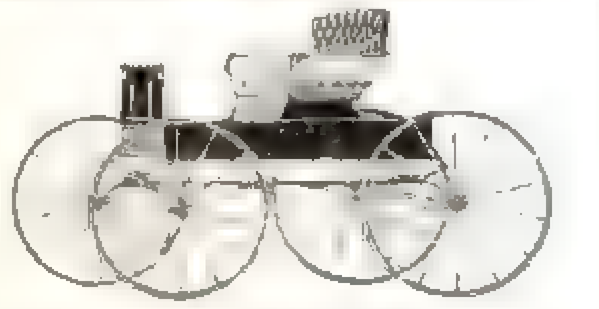

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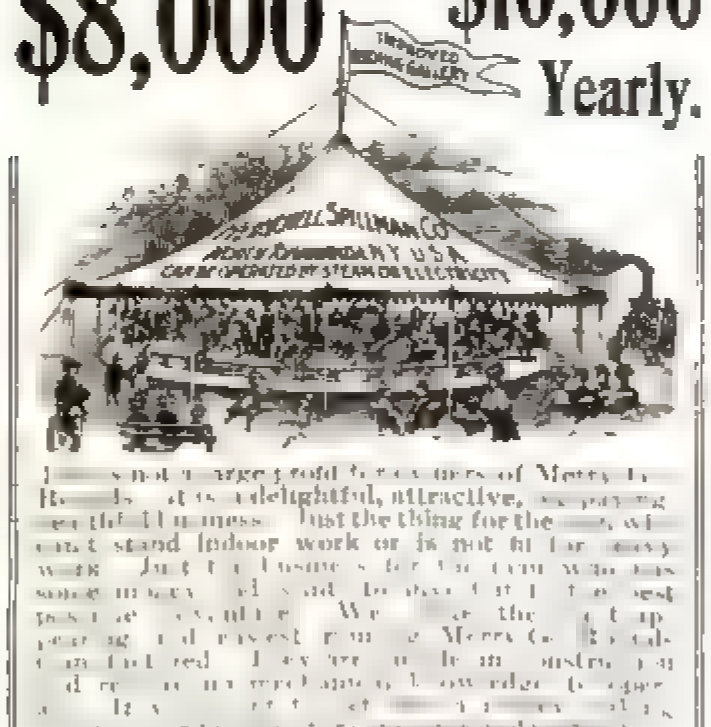

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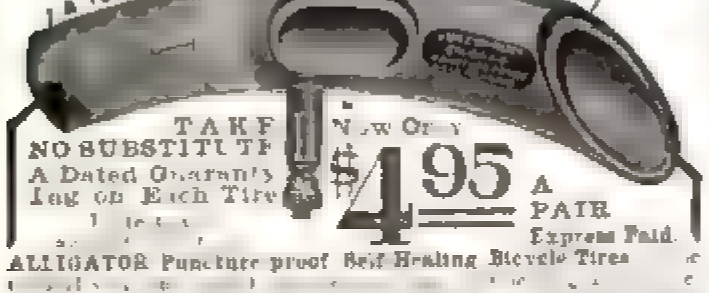

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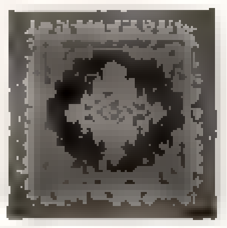

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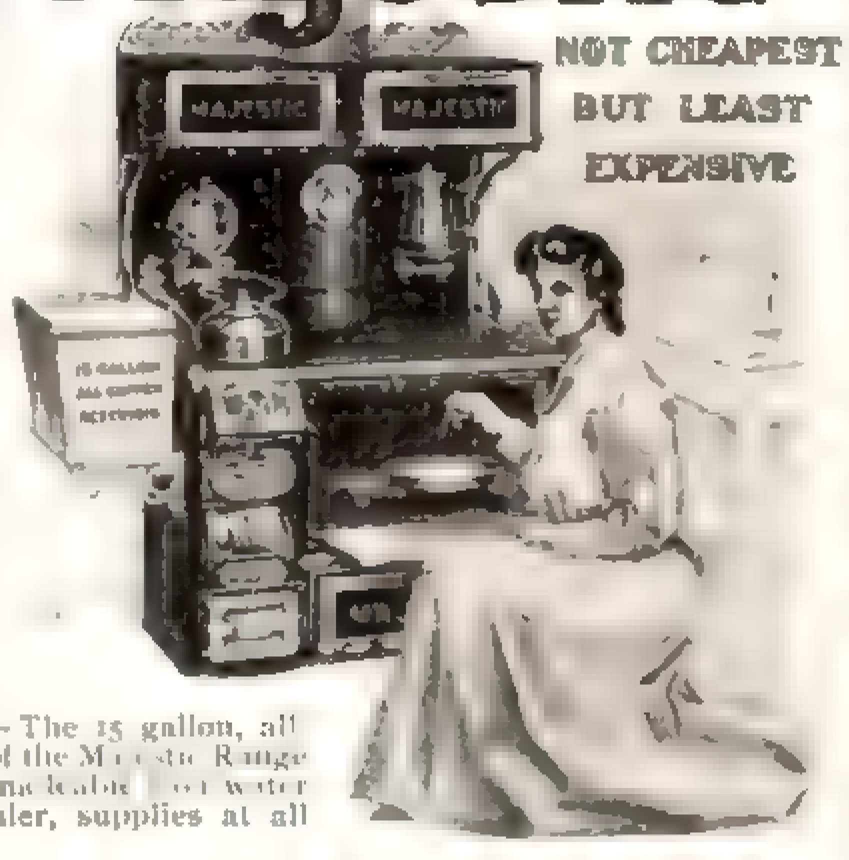

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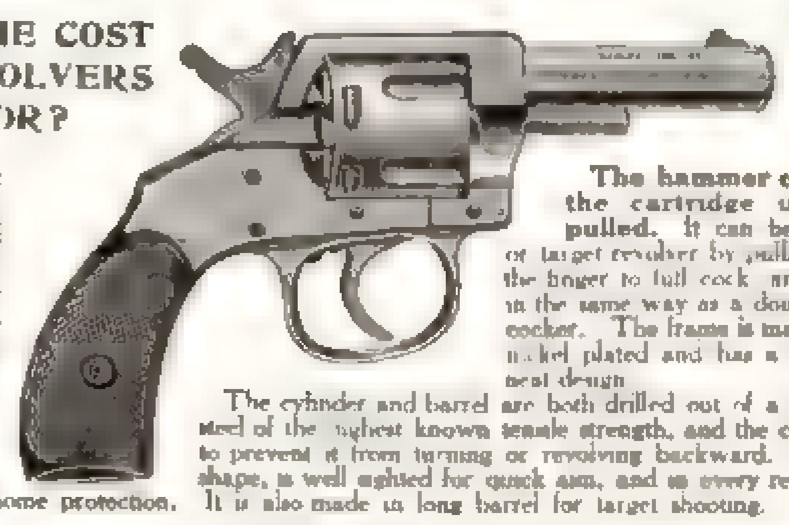

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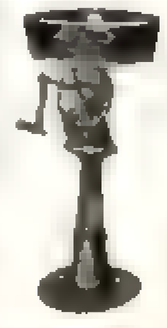

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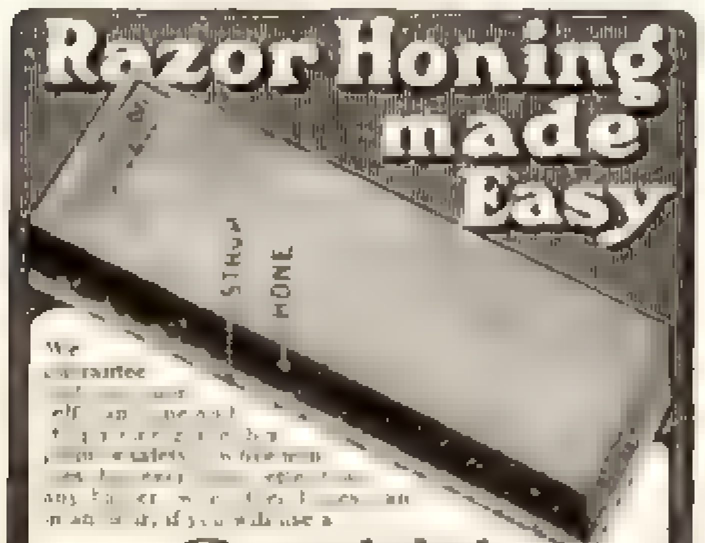

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A. GOODRICH, Mfgr., 541 Madison Street, CHICAGO.

"Till Russia Shall be Free!"

(Continued from Page 2)

"You must wait. We are not ready."

I traveled in the uniform of a country physician, but the only medicine I gave was Revolution.

And now proud, weak little Nicholas made the scheme that murdered three hundred thousand men. He was urged to start the war by the Grand Dukes for their private profit in Manchurian timber. His hundred and thirty million people cried "No!" But his little ear was deaf. The war began. The men were marched away.

Then in our forest meetings by the torches you could see the terrible faces—faces of wives for whom the husbands had been killed, faces of young mothers who all day must see their babies starve, faces of big, angry men with black beards, faces of old men, weak and white—the terrible faces!

"Down with him!" shouted one white old farmer—and his voice, so high and thin, was shaking. "Down with him! Why is he Czar? Why can he kill my son? My son—him I used to scold—but now I wish I had not! My son—why is he dead? My son—what did he wish with Manchuria? Down with this Czar!"

"You must wait!" How many hundred times I said this!

The movement grew still swifter in Petersburg.

Gapon made his plan. A hundred thousand men and women walked to their "Little Father"—to make their last appeal against this war, these Cossack whips, all these outrages. Did they go for blows and blood? If they did, why did thousands take along their wives? Were they very quiet in the march? Ask all the correspondents.

Last April, still a "physician," I went to Narva, on the Baltic; and there in the cotton factories I begged forty thousand men to wait.

Again I had bad luck. I had worked all the day until midnight; I lay in the back room of a friend's house; it was nearly two o'clock, but still I could not sleep. I was always thinking.

The quick, heavy steps, the loud knocks on my door! The police! But I had made the habit to lock always my door, and before they could break it down I had leaped from the window. I was very quick, I stopped not to take the shoes or any clothes at all, and I ran half a mile to the house of a friend. It was a funny time—running through the night in my bed-suit. My friend laughed when he saw me.

Soon he had a false beard glued on my face—a splendid black beard! He dressed me in fisherman's clothes, and before the day came I had walked up into the forest. Five miles from the city I found a little hut where was a strong old Revolutionist mountain-man. I lay in his hut for two days, and then in the night I came out with him and he led me by crooked paths through the forest, down the mountain-slopes, to the sea. I walked to Helsingfors, and from there came to Germany by boat. In Berlin I stayed till the second rising in Russia last fall.

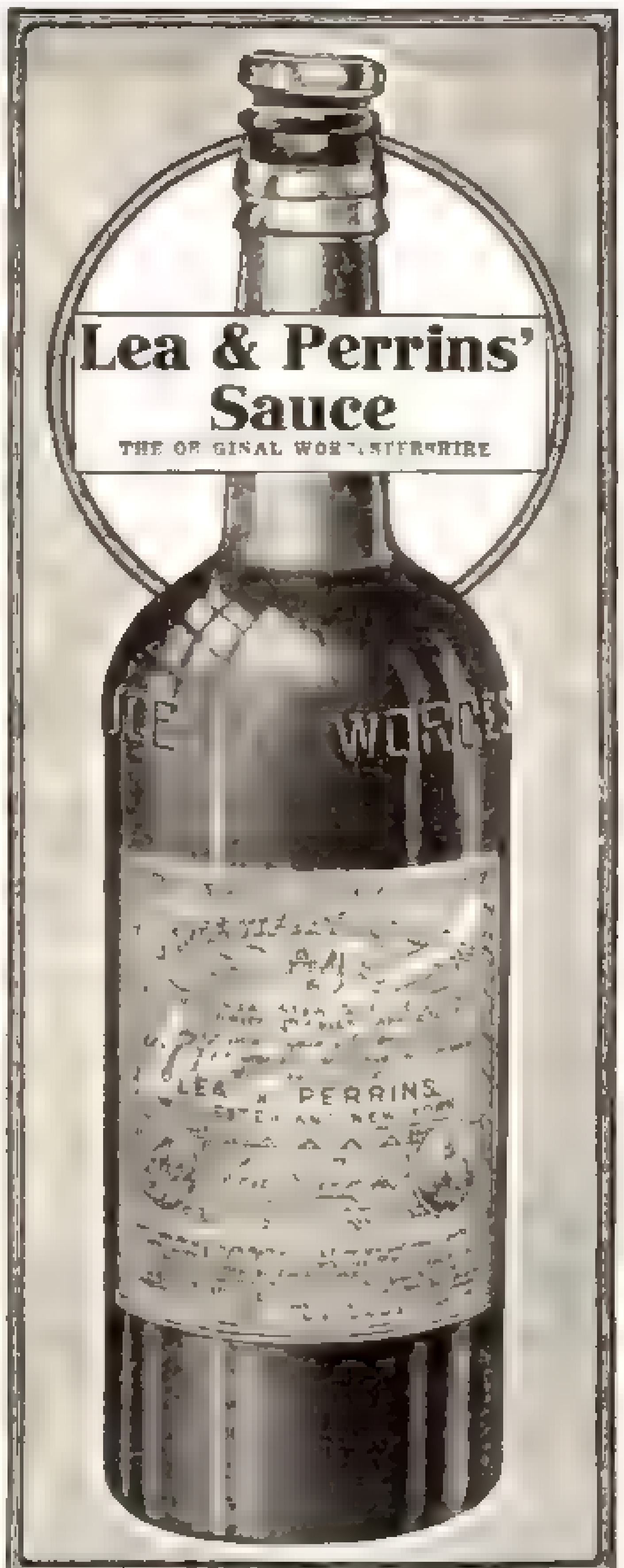
At this I made for myself a new name and I came to Petersburg. Tremendous change! My newspaper friends were enjoying their lives both in the day and the night—writing very fast all they had felt for twenty years inside of their souls.

It was decided I should go to Kronstadt, the great Russian seaport. There I met the men whom I had left in charge of our work—one man in every soldiers' barracks. I saw these twenty leaders one by one. We consulted all the night and decided to make a test—only to see how strong we were.

I gave the order for the next evening. At midnight each leader rushed through his barracks and called the soldiers to rise for Russia! In one hour all the forty thousand were shouting in the streets!

How could we use such sudden power? My leaders shouted to great crowds and told them to do no violence. All the officers were driving fast in carriages out of the city.

How could we use the power? It was a terrible thing—just to have too much success. We had expected nothing but a demonstration by a few thousand men, and now we had all Kronstadt! There was no organization to fight the fifty thousand Cossacks that would soon come from Petersburg. I saw that the fight would only waste thousands of lives without good. So I must send



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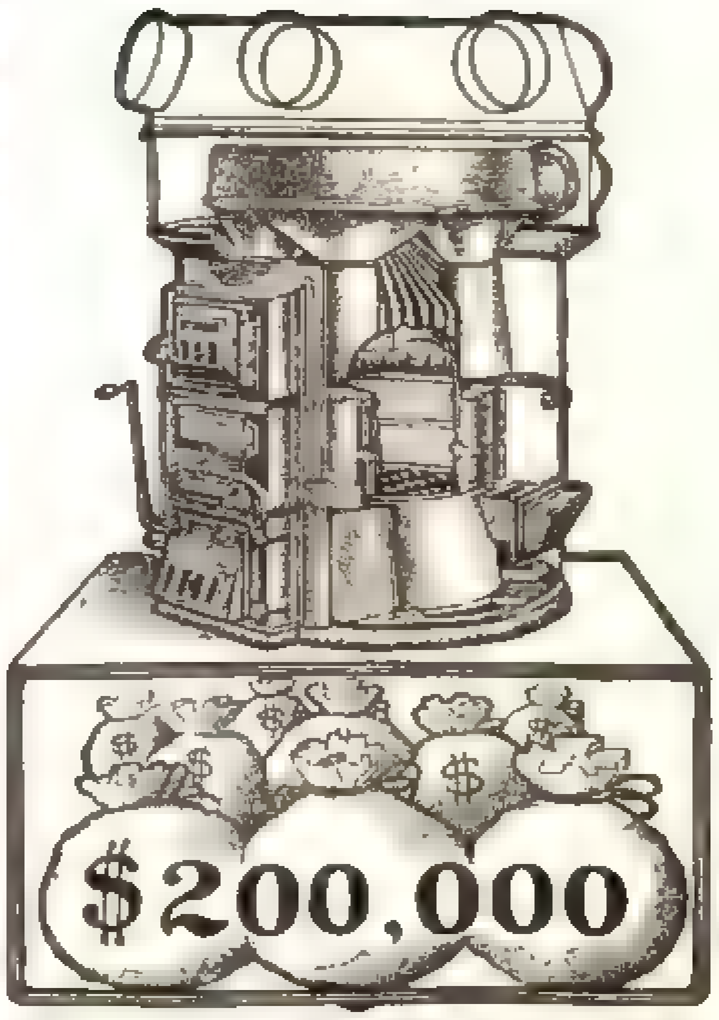

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the soldiers back to their barracks; and so ended this test. But the next time in Kronstadt we shall know how to use the power which now we know we have!

In December I went back to the Esthonian valleys. I had some happy times with my wife and my babies. And then I went all through those Baltic Provinces to see again my temperance societies. I found them swelled ten times the old numbers. Old and young, men and women—all were so eager now that they could not longer be held back. And then came the revolt!

Again we had instant success. In a week thousands of German barons were hurrying out of the country. The Russian police and priests and judges went, too.

But we made no bloodshed. Foreign newspapers told you bad stories, but now the records have been brought all together and the records prove what I say. Only a few peasants remembered past wrongs and burned some estates. But the great mass were like your farmers in the American Revolution. They wanted freedom—not revenge.

It was a glad month! All up and down the country bells of churches rang the people to the meetings. Right in those churches of the Czar-God we had tight crowds of happy faces—flashing eyes! Eyes with the tears because they were glad.

Glad—but too peaceful. It was hard to make them see that Cossacks soon would come. And what could they do? We had no guns to give them.

So when the Cossacks came it was not fighting. It was only the shooting down men who had no guns—only the butchering women and little children.

My log home was burned. I was not there to help. My wife and my two babies—they were killed.

This made all the life for me bad.

It was worse for the movement, because in my house were very valuable documents.

I came back to Petersburg. How changed I felt. How changed did I find the city. The soldiers, the police, the Cossacks—all filled the streets. The little Czar had come out of his fright, and very fast he was breaking every fine promise he had made. The Douma is but a sham body of Czar's men in disguise. Even from America you can see that nothing has been done. The "amnesty" is broken—thousands are in jail. Women have been murdered. Presses have been choked again. Free meetings are forbidden. Broken—all broken! What a foolish little Czar.

So we go on working—very quiet now.

One month ago I was in a secret meeting in a little hall. Over us was a black shadow. No gladness but only strong anger, deep purpose to make ready again.

The doors burst open! Loud cries below, hoofs of horses, clanking swords!

I was one of the three they had come for. I must escape! No time for the coat or the hat. I smashed with both fists a window, I leaped out on a roof, I ran and I dropped into a courtyard—into a crowd of Cossacks and police!

I must think fast! Then I ran up to the most big and stupid policeman I could see, and whispered:

"Quick! I am a secret policeman! Your cloak, your hat!"

I helped him to tear it off and left him staring after me, trying so hard to pull up his own big, heavy thoughts. Now I was in the street, I took a sledge and galloped to the rooms of a friend. I glued a fine black beard on my face, and at day-beginning I was in the railroad station.

There I met one of my Revolutionist friends escaping. He was a very little man, but his cloak was very large. He had a tremendous hat pulled over his eyes; and his brown beard was dyed black. It was a funny black—half blue. He whispered to me:

"I could find only ink!"

So at last I came near to the German frontier. I took a false passport, and with this I escaped from Russia.

And that was three weeks ago.

Soon I shall make a new name and go back into the splendid rising that will come—so much more mighty than any we have had before, so much more wide, so much more deep, so much more careful in the plan!

But now I am in a free country. Free people, warm hearts! To them I must speak! It is hard to speak slow at such a time. But now I learn in the day and in the night. Soon I must speak in the meetings to Americans. I must speak into their hearts! And they shall help—till Russia shall be free!

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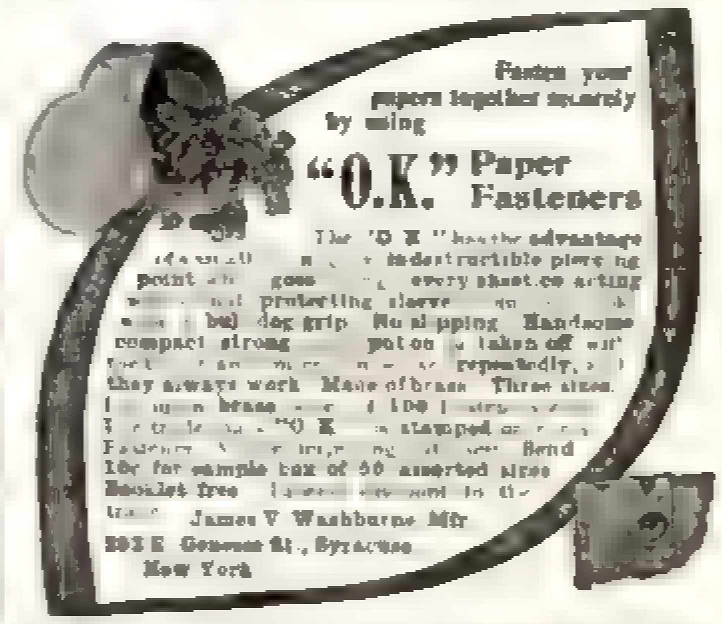

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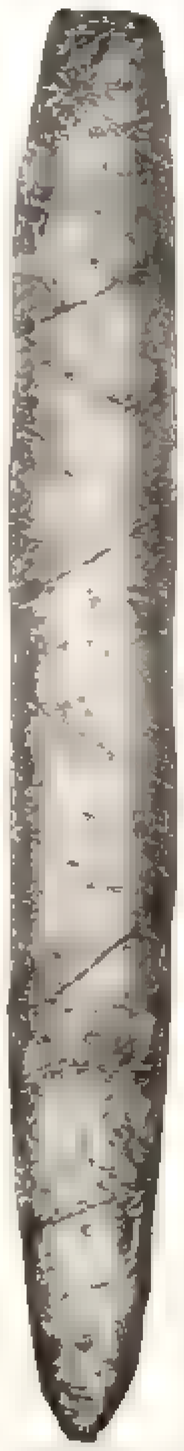

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The Incomplete Amorist

(Continued from Page 13)

to Lady St. Craye. I suppose you will be married quite soon now. And I am sure you will both be very happy.

Yours very sincerely,
ELIZABETH DESMOND.

THIS was the letter that Vernon read, standing in the shadow of the arch by the concierge's window. The concierge had hailed him as he hurried through to climb the wide, shallow stairs and to keep his appointment with Betty when she should leave the atelier.

But yes, Mademoiselle had departed this morning at nine o'clock. To which station? To the Gare St. Lazare. Yes—Mademoiselle had charged her to remit the billet to Monsieur. No, Mademoiselle had not left any address. But perhaps *chez* Madame Bianchi?

But *chez* Madame Bianchi there was no further news. The so amiable Mademoiselle Desmond had paid her account, had embraced Madame, and *voilà* she was gone! One divined that she had been called suddenly to return to the familiar roof. A sudden illness of Monsieur her father, without doubt.

Could some faint jasmine memory have lingered on the staircase? Or was it some subtler echo of Lady St. Craye's personality that clung there? Abruptly, as he passed Betty's door, the suspicion stung him. Had the jasmine lady had any hand in this sudden departure?

"Pooh—nonsense!" he said. But all the same he paused at the concierge's window.

"I am desolated to have deranged Madame." A gold coin changed hands. "A lady came to see Mademoiselle this morning, is it not?"

No, no lady had visited Mademoiselle to-day; no one at all, in effect.

"Nor last night—very late?"

"No, Monsieur," the woman answered meaningly; "no visitor came in last night except Monsieur himself, and he came, not to see Mademoiselle—that understands itself—but to see Monsieur Beauchèsne *au troisième*. No—I am quite sure—I never deceive myself. And Mademoiselle has had no letters since three days. Thanks a thousand times, Monsieur. Good-morning."

She locked up the gold piece in the little drawer where already lay the hundred-franc note that Lady St. Craye had given her.

"And there'll be another fifty from her next month," she chuckled.

To Vernon Paris was empty—the spring sunshine positively distasteful. He did what he could; he inquired at the Gare St. Lazare, describing Betty with careful detail that brought smiles to the lips of the employees. He would not call on Miss Voscoe. He made himself wait till the sketch-club afternoon—made himself wait, indeed, till all the sketches were criticised—till the last cup of tea was swallowed or left to cool—the last cake munched—the last student's footfall had died away on the stairs, and he and Miss Voscoe were alone among the scattered teacups, blackened breadcrumbs and torn paper.

Then he put his question. Miss Voscoe knew nothing. Guessed Miss Desmond knew her own business best.

"But she's so young," said Vernon; "anything might have happened to her."

"I reckon she's safe enough where she is," said Miss Voscoe with intention.

"But haven't you any idea why she's gone?" he asked, not at all expecting any answer but "Not the least."

But Miss Voscoe said:

"I have quite a first-class idea and so have you."

He could but beg her pardon interrogatively.

"Oh, you know well enough," said she. "She'd got to go. And it was up to her to do it right now, I guess."

Vernon had to ask why.

"Well, you being engaged to another girl, don't you surmise it might kind of come home to her there were healthier spots for you than the end of her apron-strings? Maybe she thought the other lady's apron-strings 'ud be suffering for a little show!"

"I'm not engaged," said Vernon shortly.

"Then it's time you were," the answer came with equal shortness. "You'll pardon me making this a heart-to-heart talk—and, anyway, it's no funeral of mine. But she's

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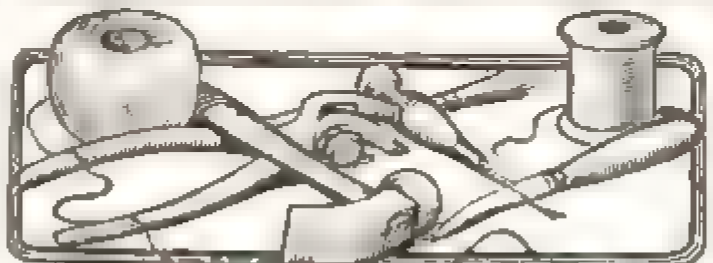

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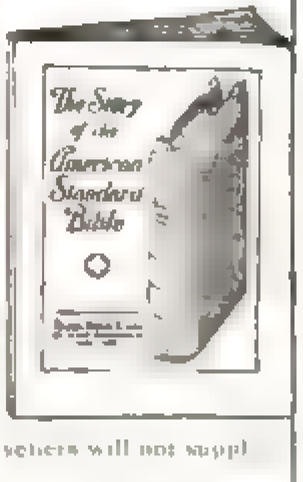

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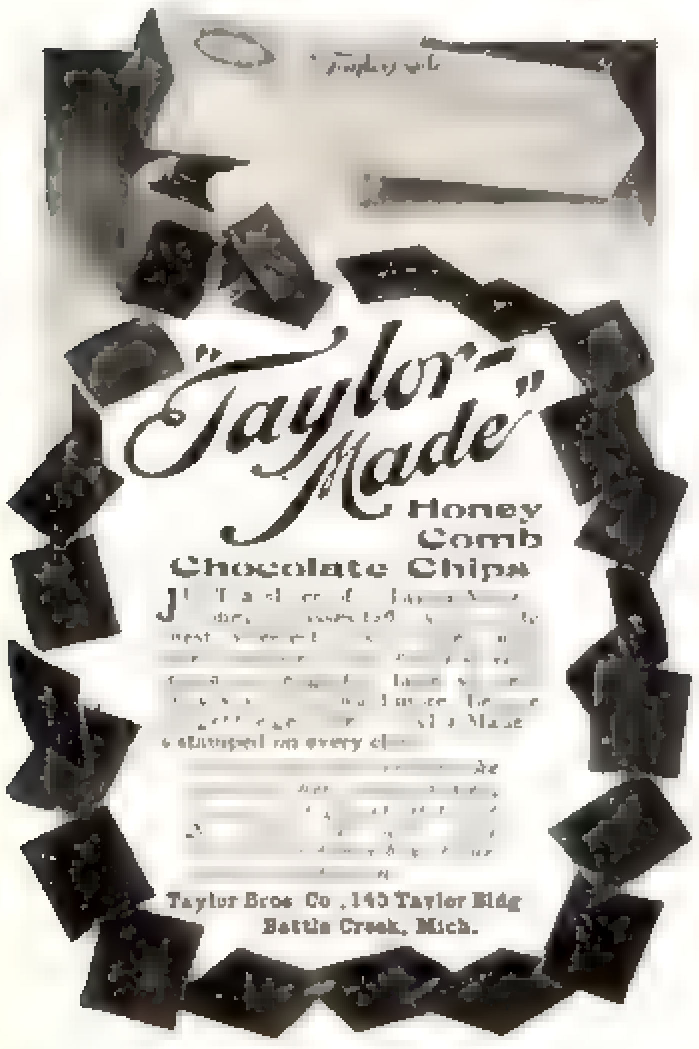

the loveliest girl, and I like her. So you take it from me. That F. F. V. Lady with the violets—oh, don't pretend you don't know who I mean!—the one you're always about with when you aren't with Betty—*she's* your ticket. Betty's not. Your friend's her style. You pass this hand, and give the girl a chance."

"I really don't understand ——"

"I bet you do," she interrupted with conviction. "I've sized you up right enough, Mr. Vernon. You're no fool. If you've discontinued your engagement, Betty doesn't know it. Nor she sha'n't from me. And one of these next days it'll be borne in on your friend that she's *the* girl of his life."

So Vernon went off laughing, and wondering why he didn't hate Miss Voscoe. He did not laugh long. He sat in his studio, musing till it was too late to go out to dine. Then he found some biscuits, ate them, and spent the evening in thinking it all over.

When he did begin to think, he moved uneasily in the dark as thought after thought crept out and stung him and slunk away.

He had smiled at Temple's confidences—when Betty was at hand—to be watched and guarded. Now Betty was away—anywhere. And Temple was now deciding whether it was she whom he loved. Suppose he did decide that it was she, and, as Miss Voscoe had said, made her see it?

Vernon was beginning to be a connoisseur in the fine flavors of the different brands of jealousy. Anyway, there was food for thought.

There was food for little else in the days that followed. Mr. Vernon's heart, hungry for the first time, had to starve. He went often to Lady St. Craye's. She was so gentle, sweet, yet not too sympathetic—bright, amusing even, but not too vivacious. He approved deeply the delicacy with which she ignored that last wild interview. She was sister, she was friend—and she had the rare merit of seeming to forget that she had been confidante.

It was he who re-opened the subject after ten days. She had told herself that it was only a question of time. And it was.

"Do you know she's disappeared?" he said abruptly.

"*Disappeared?*" No one was ever more astonished than Lady St. Craye. Quite natural, the astonishment. Not overdone by so much as a hair's breadth.

So he told her all about it, and she twisted her long topaz chain and listened with exactly the right shade of interest. He told her what Miss Voscoe had said—at least most of it.

"And I worry about Temple," he said; "like any schoolboy, I worry. If he *does* decide that he loves her better than you—you said you'd help me. Can't you make sure that he won't love her better?"

"I could, I suppose," she admitted. To herself she said: "Temple's at Grez. *She's* at Grez. They've been there ten days."

"If only you would," he said. "It's too much to ask, I know. But I can't ask anything that isn't too much! And you're so much more noble and generous than other people ——"

"No butter, thanks," she said.

"'It's the best butter,'" he earnestly urged. "I mean that I meant it. Won't you?"

"When I see him again—but it's not very fair to him, is it?"

"He's an awfully good chap, you know," said Vernon innocently. And once more Lady St. Craye bowed before the sublime apparition of the Egoism of Man.

"Good enough for me, you think? Well, perhaps you're right. He's a dear boy. One would feel very safe if one loved a man like that."

"Yes—wouldn't one?" said Vernon.

She wondered whether Betty was feeling safe. No: ten days is a long time, especially in the country—but it would take longer than that to cure even a little imbecile like Betty of the Vernon habit.

Quite suddenly and to her own intense surprise she laughed out loud.

"What is it?" His alert vanity bristled in the query.

"It's nothing—only everything! Life's so futile! We pat and pinch our little bit of clay, and look at it and love it and think it's going to be a masterpiece—and then God glances at it—and He doesn't like the modeling, and He sticks His thumb down, and the whole thing's broken up, and there's nothing left to do but throw away the bits."

"Oh, no," said Vernon; "everything's bound to come right in the end. It all works out straight somehow."

She laughed again.

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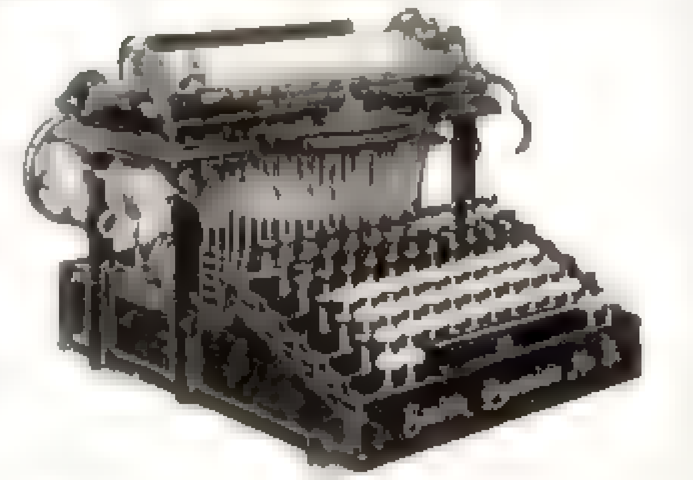

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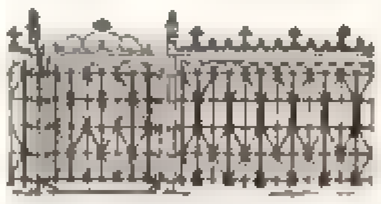

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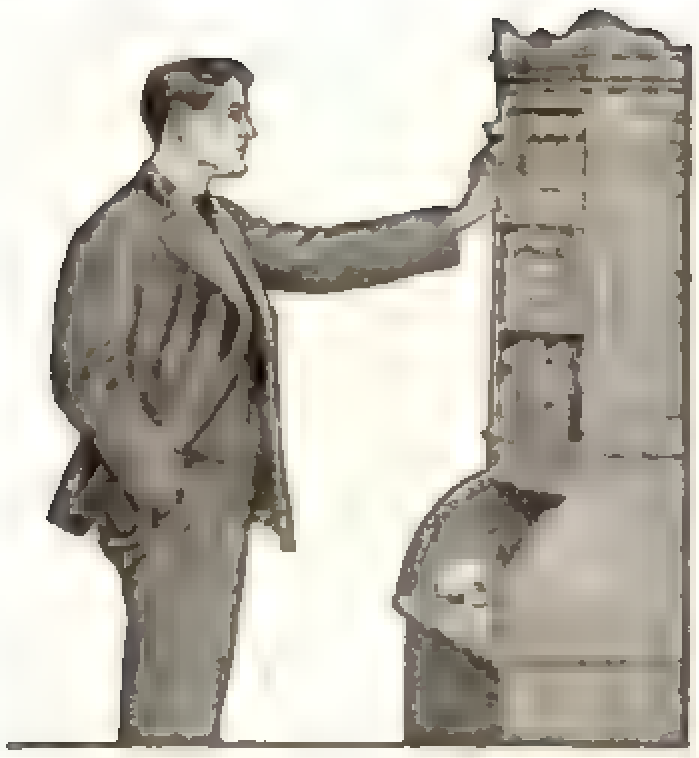

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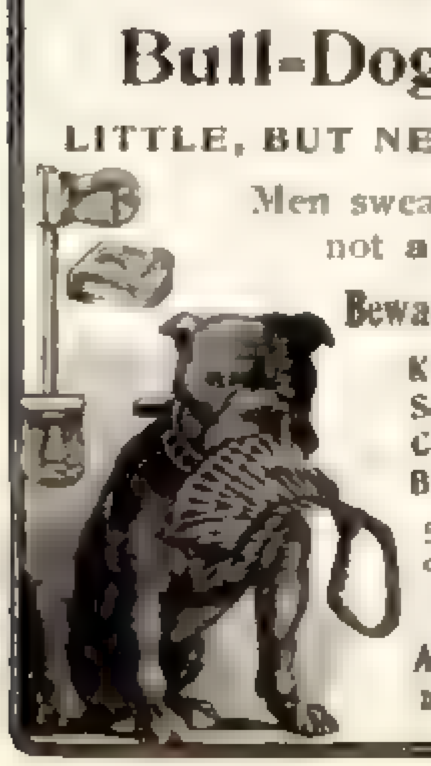

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"That's exactly what I said, my dear," said she. She permitted herself the little endearment now and then with an ironical inflection, as one fearful of being robbed might show a diamond, pretending that it was paste.

"You think He made it for a joke?"

"I see your point of view," said she. "There can't be so very much wrong with a world that has Her in it—and you—and possibilities."

"Do you know," he said slowly, "I'm not at all sure that — do you remember the chap in Jane Eyre? He knew quite well that that Rosamund girl wouldn't make him the wife he wanted. Yet he wanted nothing else. I don't want anything but her; and it doesn't make a scrap of difference that I know exactly what sort of thing it is."

"A knowledge of anatomy doesn't keep a broken bone from hurting," said she, "and all even *you* know about love won't keep off the heartache."

She gave him tea.

"It's a sort of judgment on you, though," was what she gave him with his first cup. "You've dealt out this very thing to so many women—and now it's come home to roost."

"I didn't know what a fearful wildfowl it was," he answered, smiling. "I swear I didn't. I begin to think I never knew anything at all before."

Next day he breakfasted at Montmartre: the neatest little *crémerie;* white paint, green walls stenciled with fat, white geraniums. On each small table a vase of green Bruges ware or Breton pottery holding not a crushed, crowded bouquet, but one single flower—a pink tulip, a pink carnation, a pink rose. On the desk from behind which the proprietress ruled her staff, enormous pink peonies in a tall pot of Grez de Flandre. Behind the desk Paula Conway, incredibly neat and businesslike, her black hair severely braided, her plain, black gown fitting a figure grown lean as any greyhound's, her lace collar a marvel of fine laundry work.

Dapper-waisted waitresses in black, with white aprons, served the customers. Vernon was served by Madame herself. The clientèle formed its own opinion of the cause of this, her only such condescension.

"Well, and how's trade?" he asked over his asparagus.

"Trade's beautiful," Paula answered, with the frank smile that Betty had seen, only once or twice, and had loved very much: "if trade will only go on behaving like this for another six weeks, my cruel creditor will be paid every penny of the money that launched me."

Her eyes dwelt on him with candid affection.

"Your cruel creditor's not in any hurry," he said. "By the way, I suppose you've not heard anything of Miss Desmond?"

"How could I? You know you made me write that she wasn't to write."

"I didn't *make* you write anything."

"You approved. But anyway, she hasn't my address. Why?"

"She's gone away: and she also has left no address."

"You don't think ——? Oh, no—nothing *could* have happened to her!"

"No, no," he hastened to say. "I expect her father sent for her, or fetched her."

"The best thing, too," said Paula. "I always wondered he let her come."

"Yes"—Vernon remembered how little Paula knew. "Oh, yes, she's probably gone home."

"Look here," said Miss Conway very earnestly, "there wasn't any love business between you and her, was there?"

"No," he answered strongly.

"I was always afraid of that. Do you know—if you don't mind, when I've really paid my cruel creditor everything, I should like to write and tell her what he's done for me. Do you think I might?"

"It could do no harm," said Vernon after a silent moment. "You'd really like her to know you're all right. You *are* all right?"

"I'm right, as I never thought I could be ever again."

"Well, you needn't exaggerate the little services of your cruel creditor. Come to think of it, you needn't name him. Just say it was a man you knew."

But when Paula came to write the letter that was not just what she said.

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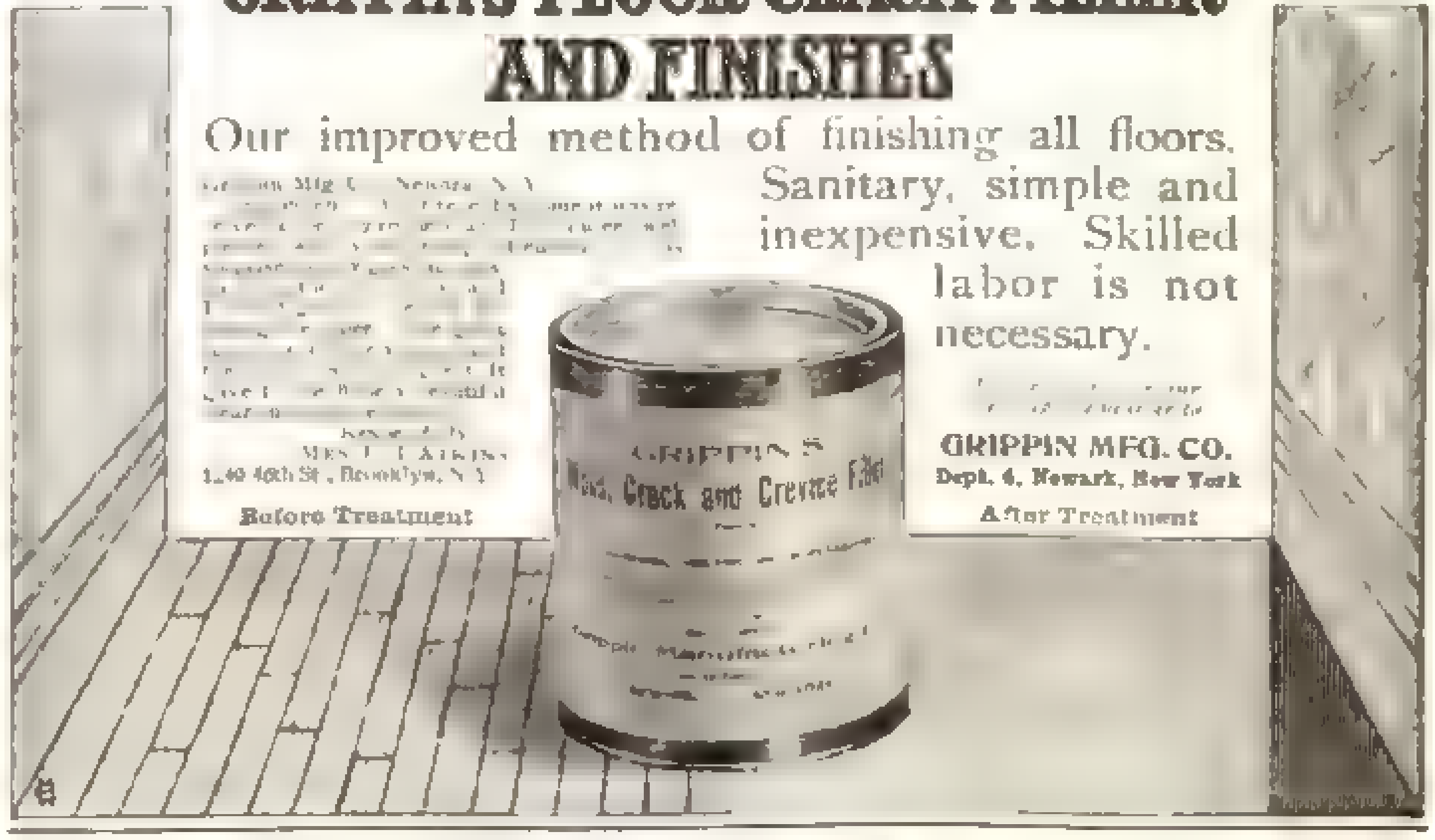

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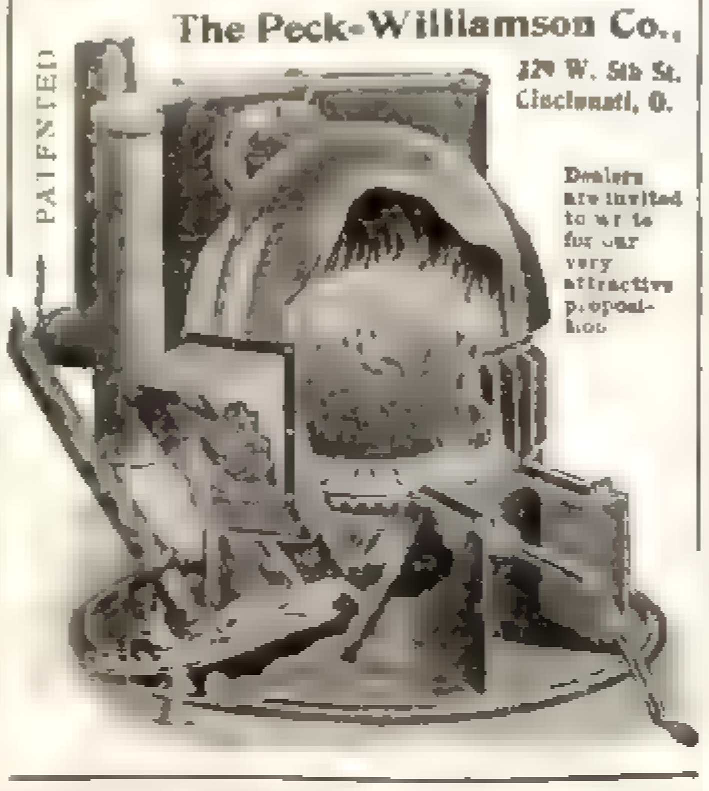

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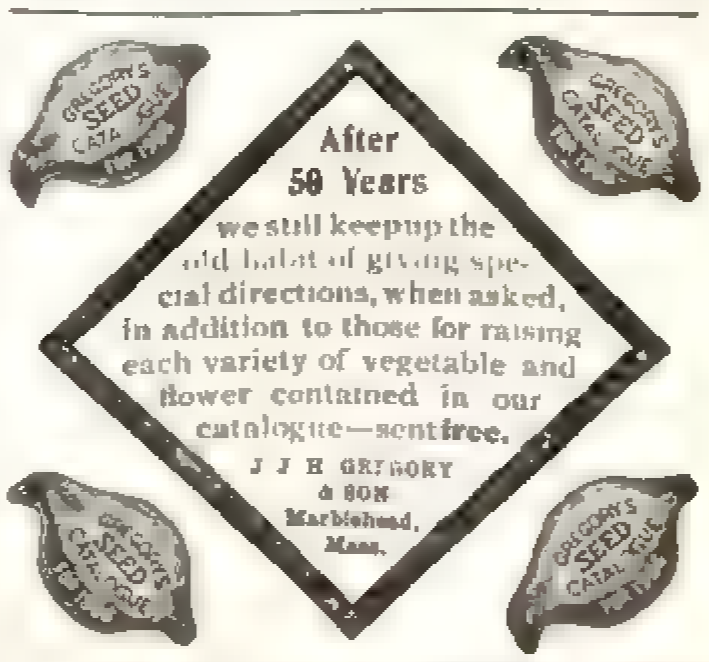

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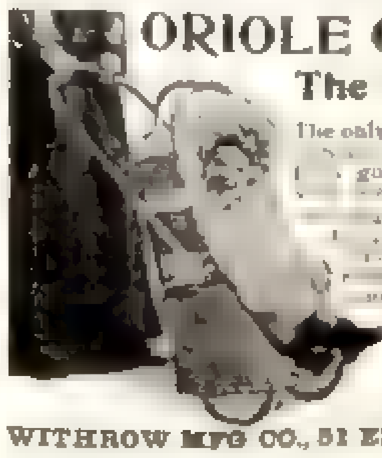

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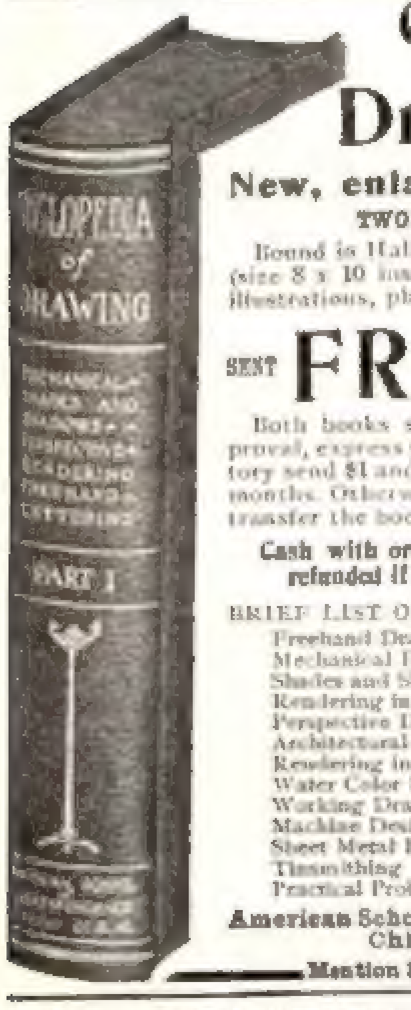

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JOAQUISTITA

(Continued from Page 11)

from the plains themselves, and large numbers of scouts continually roamed the gorges and foothills.

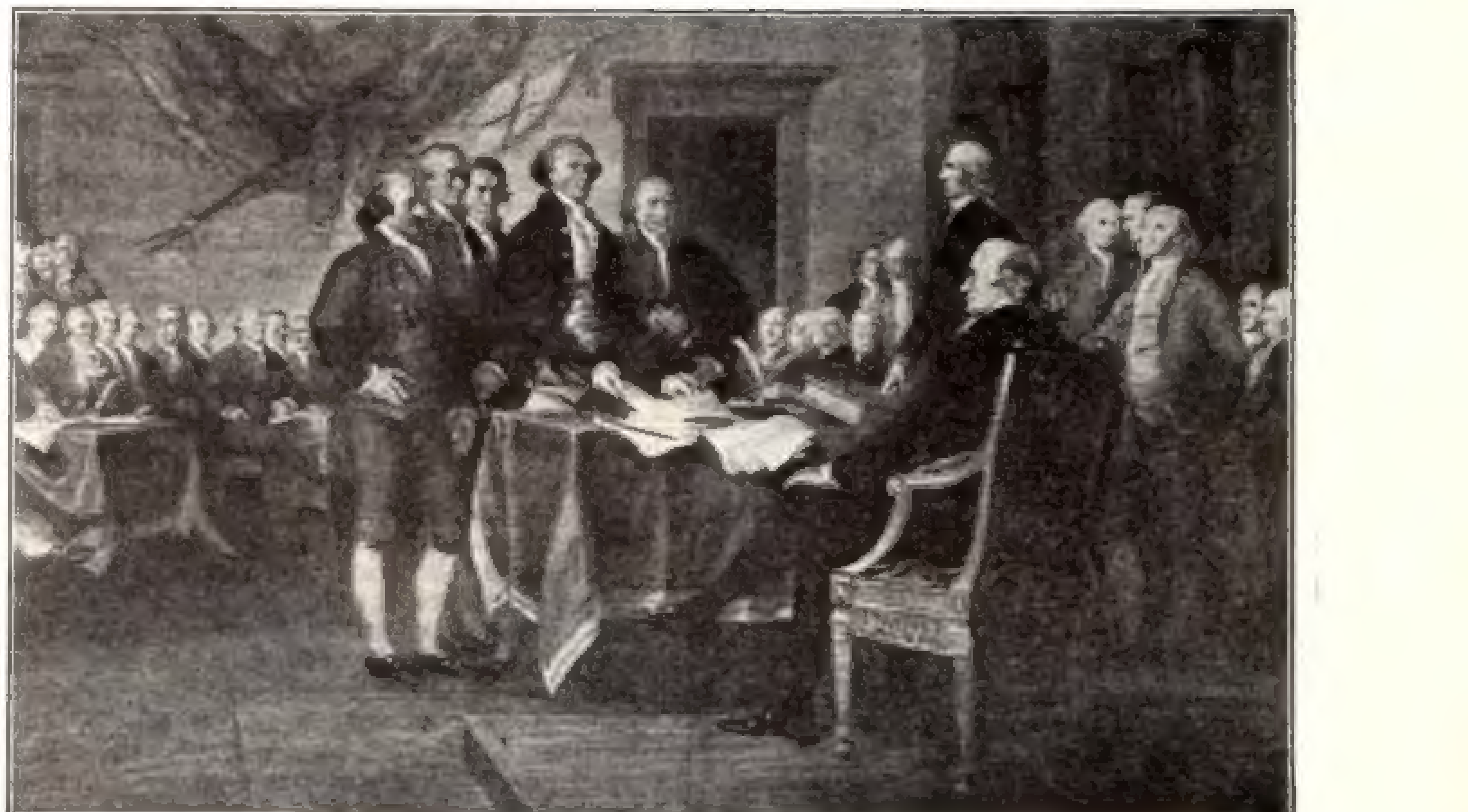
The people recognized no authority whatsoever outside of their own elected principal chief, who was chosen for life with a practical power of appointment of his successor. On rare occasions Mexican troops had followed war-parties into the lower cañons, but had invariably been beaten off without even getting near the more strongly fortified points, which the father explained were constructed above the hanging boulders I have mentioned. The Mexicans, he assured me, had no knowledge of the hidden plateau and probably took their war-parties for those of wandering Apaches or Yaquis. Father Joseph explained that the captured Mexicans lived in a village of their own near the mines, which was called San Noma, watched over by a strong guard of young warriors. The ore was smelted and then brought to the village and placed in the storehouse, the third building facing on the square, next the residence of Cohome.

The father further said that the plateau was thickly populated throughout, and estimated the total population at about five thousand souls, of whom some three thousand dwelt in the town. Hunting and fishing formed the pursuits of the men, and the agriculture was attended to by the women and by Mexican peons disqualified by age or ill health from labor in the mines. The presence of these captives surprised me exceedingly, and my astonishment was even greater when I learned that the custom of making raids and capturing Mexicans for enslavement was a matter almost of tradition. No one could remember when it had not been done, and the supply was continually kept fresh, as the earlier captives died off. There were no other white men save Father Joseph and myself.

For crops the Quistitans raised corn, beans, maize and cabbage, besides many other vegetables, such as we raise ourselves, in great abundance. In addition, they cut two crops of hay each year. Large conical-shaped adobe storehouses flanked the square on one side of that occupied by the temple and the chiefs. These were sixteen in number and presented a very curious and remarkable appearance, being about ten feet in height and eight in diameter, and for a long time I could not make out for what purpose they were intended. I then learned that many years before there had been a famine, and that these storehouses were kept constantly full of corn and beans in anticipation of another. This famine was due, so it was believed, to the failure of the Quistitans to offer up the usual human sacrifice to the Sun God in April.

This naturally brings me to an account of the religion of these descendants of the Aztecs. Primarily they worshiped the sun, "the Perfect Man," as originator, fructifier and protector. Each morning at sunrise the whole village sank upon its knees, raising their arms to the east, and chanting a strange but melodious hymn. This was repeated at sunset, when they faced westward and bade the sun good-night across the lake, praying him to guard them safely during his absence and return to them in the morning. They believed as an evidence of his peculiar favor that, owing to their constant prayers, he had never failed to grant this request. In addition to the sun, they regarded the moon and morning star as secondary deities, although they addressed no hymns or prayers to them, and this triumvirate of gods was the explanation of a thing which puzzled me exceedingly upon my arrival among them.

In front of many of the houses, including that of Cohome and the temple, I perceived several little crosses. At first I supposed that this meant that they were Christians, although Father Joseph had told me of his failure to convert any of them, but I soon learned that they were representations of the sun, the moon and the morning star. Besides the astral bodies, the Quistitans had a personal or national private god of their own called "Okio." This was a wooden figure standing upright upon a platform of granite in the centre of the temple with his right arm elevated and pointing toward the east. He was represented as a Quistitan or Aztec warrior and was clad in a gorgeous suit of buckskin, marvelously worked, and adorned with trailing scalp-locks. Upon his head was a



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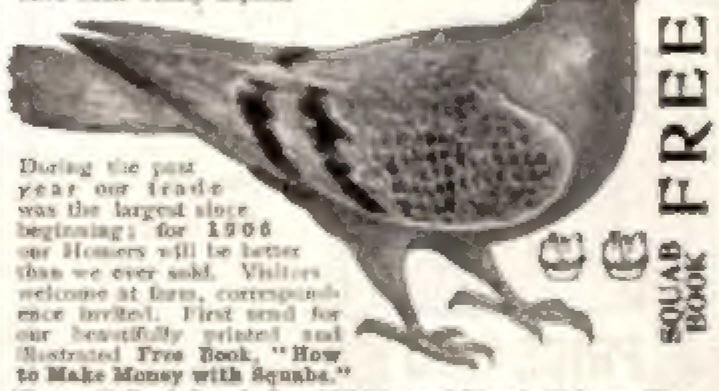

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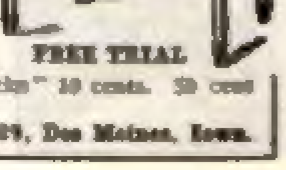

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brilliant head-dress of macaw feathers. The figure was beyond all doubt centuries old and the work was crude in the extreme. Nevertheless, the features were typical of the people who worshiped them.

This worship consisted in assembling daily in the temple and chanting a solemn hymn, after which an old shaman, or medicine-man, would go through various weird antics before the god, sometimes frothing at the mouth and seeming to be in a fit. The seventh day was a holiday (why I never found out), and the corn feast was celebrated twice yearly, in April and again in October, but these deserve a separate description. Father Joseph had intimated that on these occasions human sacrifices were offered up.

The most interesting feature of the life lay in the fact that the system of communism was carried out in its entirety. All the land was owned by the tribe as a whole, being parceled out and assigned by Cohome the chief—who was also, ex officio, the "priest of Okio"—as he saw fit. The product of the mines was held by him also in trust for the tribe and expended at his will for arms and supplies. The third house next the temple I have described as a storehouse for the ore, but in addition it was used as an arsenal and warehouse. Here Cohome kept rifles (the regulation army Springfield), pistols, knives, iron plowshares, powder, ball, cloth, fish-hooks, axes, picks and dynamite, and these he doled out as the necessities of the case demanded. Juz and Chapo were military sub-chiefs, or generals, and to them was intrusted the distribution of arms. Two others had charge of the mines, Pextl and Hengo, and they were personally responsible for the picks and dynamite. How these were obtained was always a mystery to me, and Father Joseph could shed no light upon the matter. I believe that a continual and secret traffic was carried on via the Sonora Cañon through a base near the Arizona or New Mexican border with some dishonest government agent. At all events, every warrior had his rifle and the supplies were always on hand when needed. Sometimes at night I heard the tramp of hoofs and the tinkle of a mule's bell and saw heavily-laden pack-trains enter the village and stop near the storehouse. But by day nothing of the sort was to be seen. On one such occasion I counted thirty horses and mules entering the village.

There were some twenty subordinate chiefs, all of them absolutely under the authority of Cohome, who had ruled since he was eighteen and was then about sixty years of age. Each chief was permitted to have eight legal wives, which also were assigned to him by Cohome. The ordinary warrior was entitled to two. The marriage ceremony consisted in the contracting parties taking either end of a twig in their right hands and bending it until it broke. They were then man and wife as effectually as if they had gone to the city hall and been married by an alderman, followed by a church service. The women were invariably extraordinarily good cooks and the people as a whole lived better than any Indians I have ever known.

Deer of two varieties were common; trout in the lakes and streams were plentiful, and the earth groaned under its weight of increase. Twice a week hunting-parties went forth to the mountains for venison, and a specially appointed body of men supplied the village with fish. Each warrior raised his own vegetables and tobacco, which latter grew abundantly and was smoked in the form of cigarettes, a trick learned probably from the Mexicans. Iron pots were in ordinary use. Gourds served for drinking-cups, and the women were skillful at making earthen pottery, although the most beautiful and highly-decorated specimens of this were heirlooms handed down from the remote past. No one then living could reproduce the colors and designs of many that were in use in Cohome's household. In addition, the women wove a coarse cloth, as well as girdles and mats, but most of the cloth came directly from the storehouse, so much per year for each household.

For amusements the Indians hunted, shot at a mark, played with a ball made by wrapping rags around a piece of wood and winding string about it, and attended bull fights once a month at the full moon. These were managed and directed by Cohome himself, and on the whole were rather tame affairs, since the bulls were rarely killed and were used over and over again.

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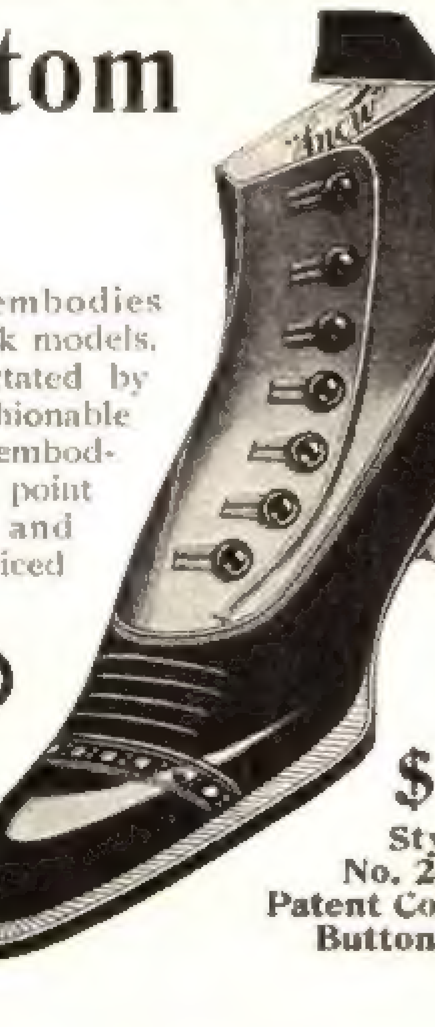

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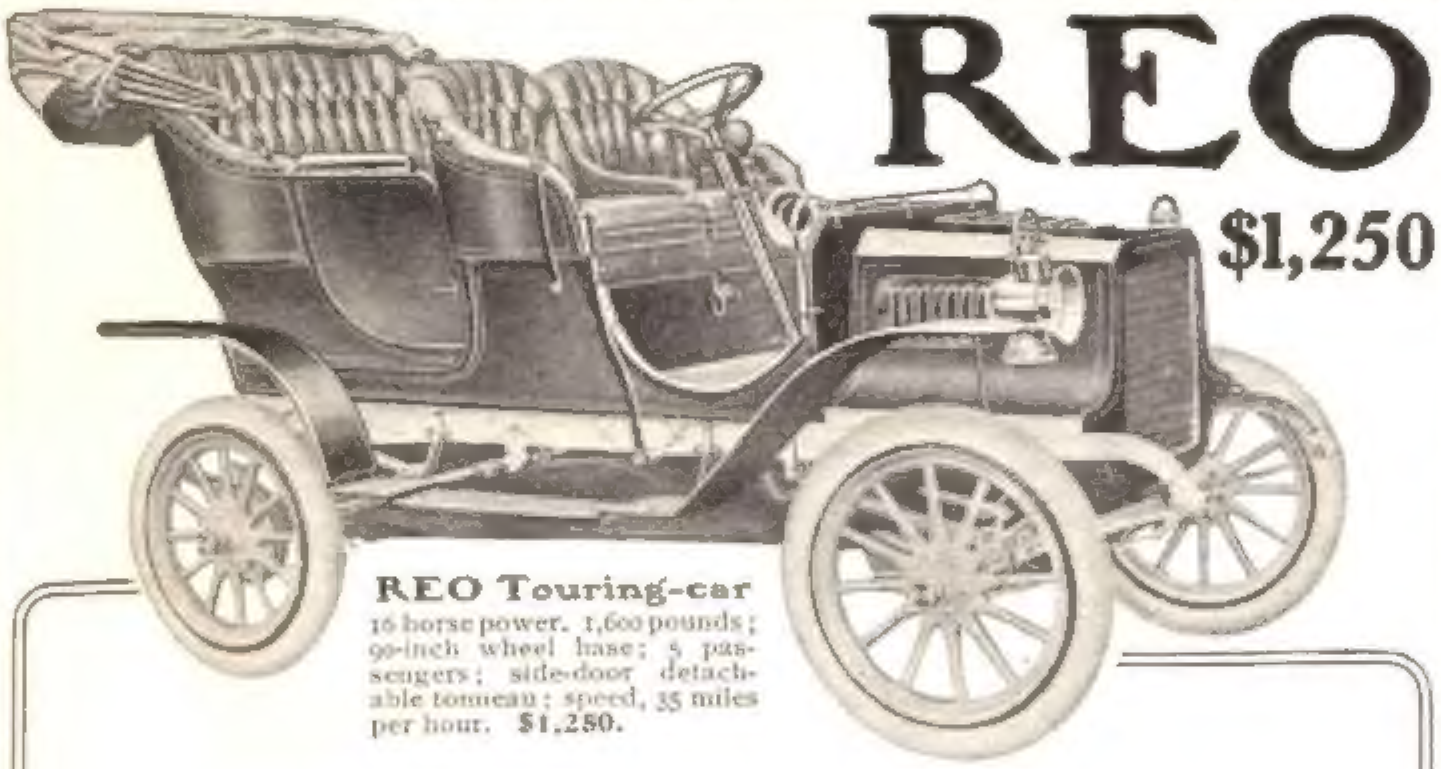

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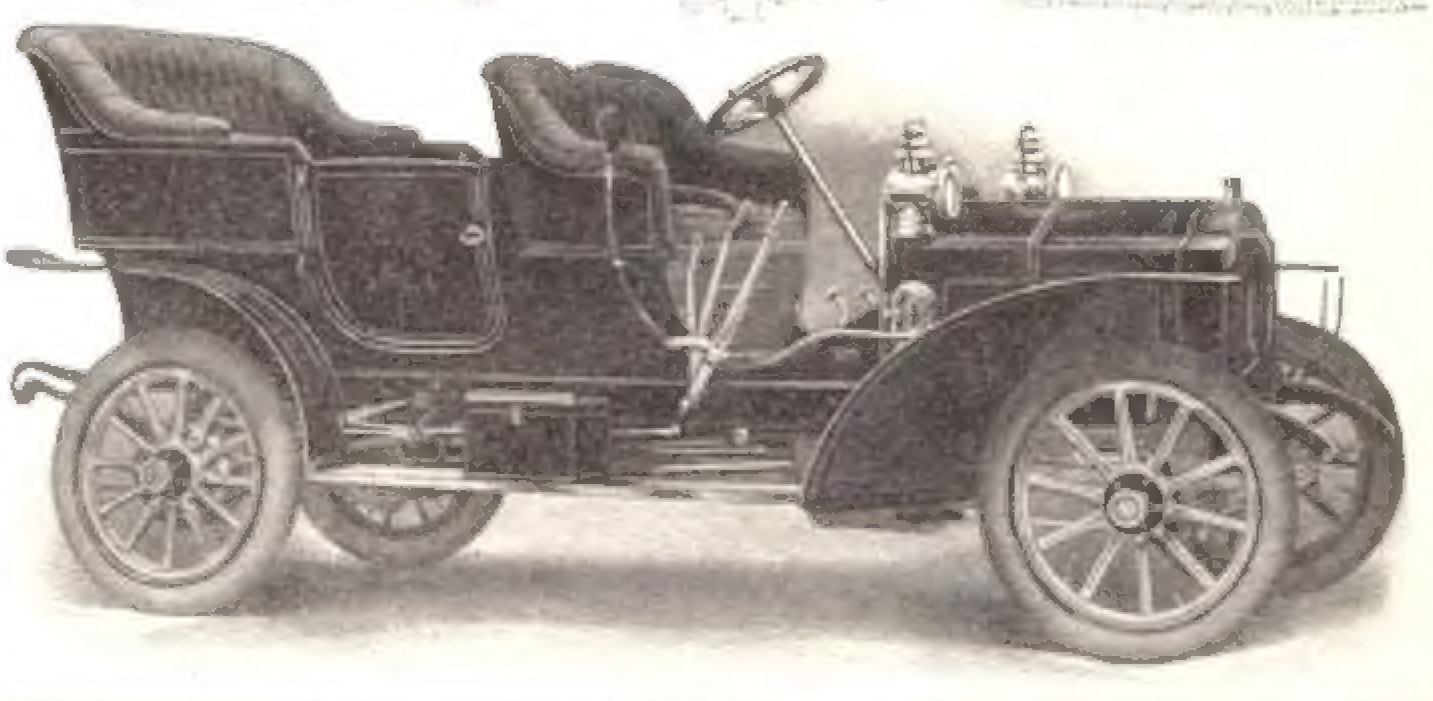

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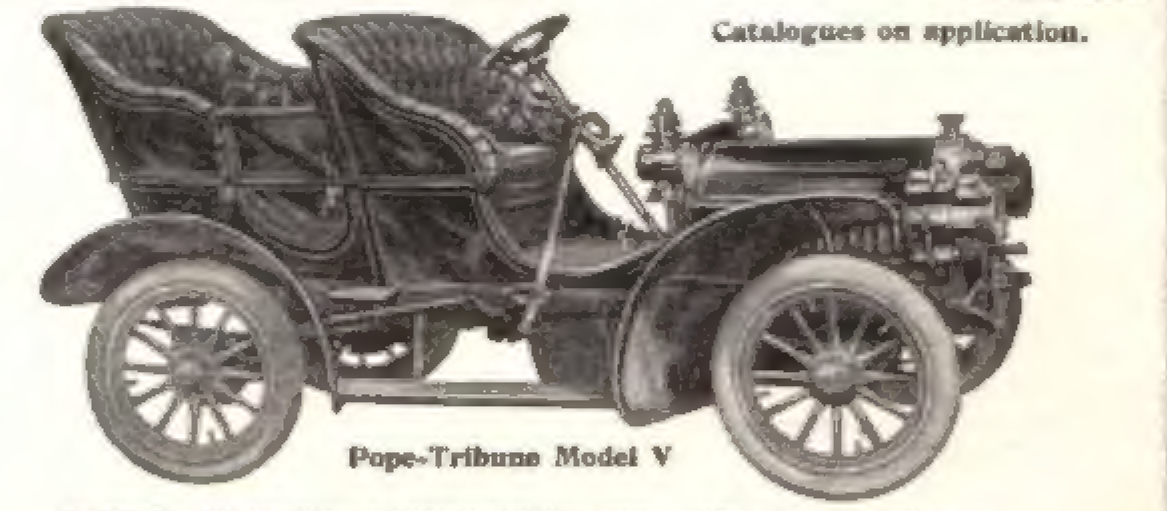

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